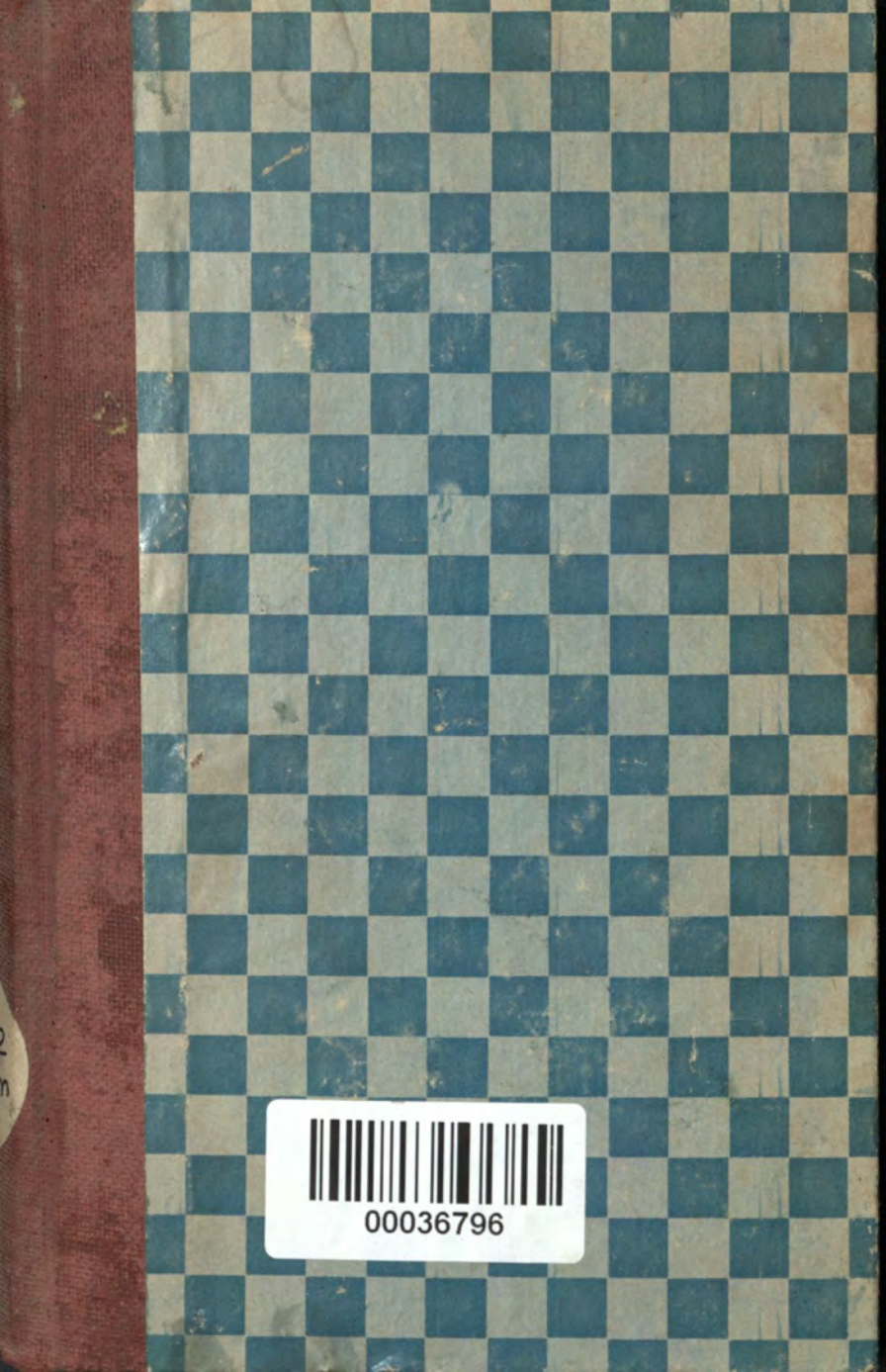
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COMMENTARIES

ON

THE LIFE AND REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST,

KING OF ENGLAND.

36796

BY I. D'ISRAELI.

VOL. I.

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A new and greater inconvenience was, however, often incurred by this modern method of writing history. To establish a pre-conceived theory, either of political feeling or curious novelty, the historian sometimes distorted facts, or joined together events which were no otherwise connected than by his own fallacious imagination.

But the page of the popular historian, even when unalloyed by this depreciating quality, and even when guided by a searching spirit, still necessarily retained some of the objectionable characteristics of the mere annalist. In the rapid succession of events which he records, the imagination is little affected; in the history of a people, for a tale we find but a catastrophe, and a great character becomes little more than a name. We are startled by extraordinary results which violate our conception of nature and truth, and our sympathies are little excited by the shadowy appearances of personages who vanish ere we can penetrate into the

constituent principles of the minds, whose acts are exhibited. But the harmony of historical proportion would be destroyed, were the historian to pursue investigations, or agitate inquiries, which would increase our experience of our fellow-creatures, confirm our self-knowledge, and throw light upon the obscure, though regulating, principles of society.

It is the object of these Commentaries to form this necessary supplement to our knowledge, by combining secret with public history—these reflect light on each other. The revelations of private history give completeness to the imperfect tale of the popular historian, and the great results of human events, which the private memoir cannot afford, are to be found in the record he opens for us. Vast and innumerable are the sources of secret history which, during the last half-century, have accumulated in masses; and we are furnished with materials for the history of human nature, to which the ancients could

have no access. One particular department seems peculiar to our own times—the history of negotiations in the dispatches of ambassadors. Immense archives of contemporary documents are opened to us in the entire correspondence of eminent men, and the inedited history of Manuscripts. By these we may best learn the genius which prevailed when the transactions occurred; by these the interest deepens of the great drama of history. The narrative opens a living scene, and the motives of the personages are sometimes as apparent as their actions. It is not fanciful to say, that we often know more of our ancestors than they themselves knew. Many a secret for them is none for us. The letter which was prayed to be thrown into the flames when read, we hold in our hands; the cabinet conversation, unheard but by two great statesmen, we can listen to. They viewed the man in his occasional actions; we scrutinize into his entire life. They marked the beginnings, but we the ends.

From such sources, and with these views, have these imperfect Commentaries been composed. I have long considered the age of Charles the First as the most favourable epoch for the purposes of historical and philosophical investigation. It was an age when unsettled opinions and contested principles, produced such a variety of human conduct that all that has happened, or is happening since, seems only a repetition of attempts at what was then first discovered to be impossible; a consummation of what was then left unfinished; or a furtherance of what then remained imperfect.

This history has been frequently written, and even now occupies the studies of foreigners. It has excited such vehement but opposite feelings among the most eminent men in our nation, that we almost despair of an impartial narrative. An intelligent foreigner has recently observed, that since the days of our first Charles, English histories are the polemics of politics. The

Monarchist and the Commonwealth-man have bequeathed their mutual recriminations and their reciprocal calumnies. At a later period, when Whigs and Tories infused their controversies into their degraded history, trying events and persons by their own conventional tests, they judged of their ancestors as of their contemporaries; narrowing their views by their own notions, their own interests, and their own passions. Such partial estimates of human actions, and modes of thinking, may become anachronisms in morals and in politics.

It must, however, be acknowledged that historical truth is of a relative nature. There is a difficulty in deciding on events, although the facts be ascertained, and on historical characters, although the persons are well known; for different men will deduce different results from the same event, and the motives of the most open actions may be mixed and ambiguous. One fatal truth is alone incontestable, that all parties stand in need of mutual compassion, and may cer-

tainly triumph in mutual recrimination; and thus the passions, the prejudices, and the parties, which it has ever been the interest of the Few, to excite, to confirm, and to create among the Many, have prevented mankind from advancing so much as they flatter themselves by the "fore-passed miseries" of their experience.

When a great critic declared that an historian should be of no religion and of no country, it might have excited inquiry, whether he himself was this "perfect monster" of passionless integrity? Was there ever man impartial whose business is with the passions of mankind? Rushworth says of himself that, "It is possible for an ingenuous man to be of a *party* without being *partial;*" —an airy clench which hardly suited the sobriety of a preface to "Historical Collections," and seems to betray the weak pang of a half-conscience.

Nevertheless, with all these hopeless imperfections of human historians, we must discriminate between the philosophical and

the mere party spirit. The former addresses mankind—he opens a volume for their perpetual instruction, and the noble end of this historian cannot be obtained, unless he pass beyond the limit of temporary passions and transient interests. The latter is narrowed and devoted to the purposes of a Few; the writer sets off with the predilections and the prejudices often inherited or taken up in early life; time will not soften this temper, knowledge will not alter these pre-judgments. His history, reflecting back all the calumnies, the heats, and the misrepresentations of a former period, gratuitously assuming principles, and deducing results accordant with its own system—collecting its materials with sinister industry, and in a spirit of indiscriminate animosity, must necessarily be unjust, often untrue. The philosophical historian, in developing characters, looks into Human Nature alone for the principles which are to guide him; but the party-spirit raises up the creatures of its own pas-

sions—men whom it would elevate above humanity, or disguise into political chimeras. He who looks round for Nature, and consults Truth, faithful copyist of the mutable and uncertain purposes of mankind, may perhaps emancipate himself from the bondage of a party; careful of Truth, but careless of its tendency, he will show men as they are—for never will man be improved by flattery or by calumny.

We must not then, I fear, be allowed to imagine that an historian may resemble the ancient Herault, who was equally regarded by both camps, and allowed to pass from one to the other, the hallowed bearer of their messages, but not the armed champion of either party.

It may be due to the reader to offer him the confession of the Author of these Commentaries. He has lived long enough to have been gratified by observing his historical researches, as well as his opinions, referred to by writers of opposite parties; and were it a cause of exultation, he might

exult with the great poet of Reason, that Whigs have denounced his Toryism, and Tories have misliked his independence. But lately he must confess he was mortified, in discovering in the ardent volumes of Mr. Hallam, that after referring to him for an instance of the arbitrary proceedings of he administration under Charles the First, that writer gives him but an indifferent character to that very party, for whom, at that instant, he had been pressed into service, and had honestly done his duty. "This ingenious author is too much imbued with

'The monstrous faith of many made for one,'

and sets the private feelings of Charles, for an unworthy and dangerous minion, above the liberties and interests of the nation." "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." I fear there is more of scepticism than of faith in my composition. I described the private feelings of Charles, and in the

present work have taken still more enlarged views of the historical "Minion." Nor would I omit a moral portrait of striking singularity, even to obtain "a better character from my last place," aiming still to be "the servant of posterity." Should the reader, like myself, be satisfied that I have unfolded to him the true state of *all the parties*, he will feel that I am not raising any paradox of "monstrous faith," studious only to paint the human nature before me.

The most copious source of the historical materials for the reign of Charles the First, must be drawn from the collections of Rushworth.

To RUSHWORTH, Clerk-assistant to the Long Parliament, and their frequent agent, whose ruling passion was the amassing of State-papers, posterity owes a vast debt of gratitude; but we cannot forget that our collector may have exerted his diligence in suppression, as well as in preservation; since he laboured under the eye of Cromwell, de-

dicated his earlier volumes to his son, and since Whitelocke was employed as their official reviser. We sometimes find remarkable curtailments on the plea of abridgment: in the proceedings of the House of Lords, he carefully gave those which concurred with the resolutions of his masters the Commons, and as carefully omitted the others. He was, however, an eye and an ear-witness of the greatest transactions of the times, admitted to the most secret results of councils of war, and Charles himself once applied to Rushworth to have a copy shown to him of the speech which he had delivered that day to the Houses. It cannot, however, be asserted that this valuable collection, which professes to "set forth only matter of fact, without observation or reflection," is as impartial as the collector asserts.

RAPIN, from the circumstance of being a foreigner, is generally received as the most impartial of all our historians of this period; and there is a great appearance of imparti-

ality in his history. There is often a frankness in the confession of his perplexities, and he has exercised considerable sagacity in detecting the artifices and the evasions, the errors and the passions of the King and the Parliament. The materials of his history are little more than comments on Rushworth; he had not even seen Whitelocke's Diary; and at the period he wrote, he could not have any compass of research. His position in society was also unfavourable to an historian of this ambiguous epoch. An expatriated Huguenot and French Calvinist, in his terror of Papistry he sympathized with the Puritans of the Parliament. Convinced that Charles the First was no Romanist, yet persuaded that the Queen and some of the Ministry had conceived the most extensive projects to restore the abrogated religion, and that Charles the First in imitation of his father, (according to the popular notions of that father) had resolved to reign by the most arbitrary mea-

sures, Rapin hit on this fatal expedient, which he calls his "scheme" to adjust all his perplexities. To this "scheme," he is always appealing; and we cannot but smile when he acknowledges, that having made collections from Frankland, Nalson and Clarendon, he did not use them, because "they let no fact, nor paper pass without applying *their* "scheme" to it, which is not always agreeable to *mine*." This mode of writing history by a "scheme" is perhaps not peculiar to Rapin; but the honesty of the confession is.

We have a life of Charles the First by Dr. WILLIAM HARRIS, whose collected writings have been not long since republished. HARRIS is a curious researcher; but what appears more striking in his historical character, is the impartiality with which he quotes authorities which make against his own opinions and statements. Yet is Harris a writer likely to impose on many readers. The extraordinary impartiality which he

affects in his faithful quotations from writers on opposite sides, is only the more likely to deceive us; for with that unalterable party-feeling which never forsakes the Presbyter, the facts against him he studiously weakens by doubts, surmises, and suggestions; a character sinks to the level of his notions by a single stroke; and from the arguments adverse to his purpose, he wrests the most violent inferences. All party writers must submit to practise such mean and disingenuous arts, if they attempt to disguise themselves under a mask of impartiality. Harris announces in his title-page, "After the manner of Mr. Bayle." This is but a literary imposition, which perhaps he might have practised on his own judgment; for Harris is, perhaps, the meanest writer in our language, both for style and philosophical thinking. Bayle, intent on collecting facts, was indifferent to their results; but Harris is more intent on the deductions than the facts. The truth is, Harris wrote to

please his patron, the republican Hollis, who supplied him with books and every friendly aid, and probably imagined that he had discovered another Bayle.

HUME, of late, has suffered considerable depreciation. We writers are but sheep; and one bell-wether will serve to lead the flock. The contagion of our criticism even infects the foreigner, and Monsieur Guizot exclaims "*Hume ne suffit plus à personne!*" Dr. Lingard absolutely refuses to open his volumes. Hume composed his immortal pages before our great historical collections were given to the world; and ere the public repository of our national history was yet opened. Our epicurean philosopher, when librarian of the Advocates' library, loved to indulge his inquiries reclining on his sofa, rather than busying himself among the shelves. Hume looked to obvious sources and accepted the general accounts. Without a tithe of his penetrating genius, we can multiply his scanty information; but with more

knowledge we shall often be compelled to come to the conclusions of this philosophical historian. The inimitable charm of his style, the indifference of his contemplative temper to the politics and the religion of factions, and the lucid results which his philosophical sagacity was accustomed to deduce from all objects of his meditations, are a spell of immortality.

This philosophical historian is accused of being the apologist of Charles the First. Be it remembered, that if his history is to be considered as apologetical, it was the result of his after-thoughts, not of his first notions. If the great philosopher be a party writer, at least it was not from any prepossessions; for in his first editions, Hume was more favourable to the opponents of Charles the First than in his maturer revisions, and altered his history in above one hundred places in favour of the prerogative and the Tories.

But to a commonwealth lady, as was Mrs.

Macauley; or to a Scotch covenanter as Mr. Brodie, Hume would appear a person "betraying the rawness of a solitary student who has not surveyed society with a practical eye;" and "not devoid of a species of intolerant bigotry, though of a different kind from that he every where censures, as well as of an interested predilection for the aristocracy of Letters."

Such is the fiat of Mr. BRODIE, who indeed had his precursor in Mrs. MACAULEY. That female historian was a person of high passions, which were displayed in the extravagant incidents of her life; but a masculine genius invigorated her historical compositions; and her levelling reveries, which at the time had the delusion of novelty, and perhaps her sex, created about her a party of political enthusiasts. She beheld a statue raised to herself, but she lived to see it pulled down for ever; and her unquoted name has long been deserted by every historical writer.

Mr. BRODIE'S recent work is devoted to the degradation of the character of Charles the First, and like a voluminous counsellor's brief, is a clumsy accumulation of *ex parte* evidence. The most tyrannical motives are assigned to Charles's conduct; the meanest notions are given of his capacity; and endless misrepresentations, unfounded surmises, and extravagant inferences, are industriously worked into the dark narrative. But the historian cannot boast of the skill of the executioner of Charles, who at least performed his evil task with the dexterity of a master. With such warmth, and such bitterness, one might have expected at least an animated narrative; yet such as it is, it may still be accepted as authentic history, should there still remain some Rumpers of that secret society of which we used to hear something in our youth; and in that case, we would hail Mr. Brodie, as the historiographer of "The Calves-head Club!"

Some years have passed, since I observed

that "the French Revolution is the Commentary of the English." Monsieur Guizot, in his recent "Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre," has more happily expressed my idea, and conveyed a new truth: "Such, in a word, is the analogy of the two Revolutions, that the first could never have been perfectly understood had not the second burst forth."

It is indeed among the most extraordinary instances of the great change operating in the national character of France, that Monsieur Guizot has been enabled by the sole patronage of public opinion, to complete a collection of original Memoirs of the times of Charles the First, and that the curiosity of his readers was not overcome by the twenty-fifth volume; a collection of our own history which,—shall we record it to our shame?—we possess not! It is another circumstance, almost as remarkable, that several French writers have recently composed the history of this period. The his-

tory of Cromwell has furnished an elaborate subject to Monsieur Villemain; and a voluminous drama to a Monsieur Victor Hugo; while Monsieur Mazure, in his History of the English Revolution under William the Third, by his admission to the State Paper office of France, has even added to the original stores of English History.

But will these ingenious and animated French writers pardon me, when I assert that French historians must ever remain incompetent to the task of writing on the critical and impassioned times of our Charles the First; for them it is a difficulty as insurmountable as the idiom of Shakespeare. It is not by following closely the great authorities of our history, as Clarendon, Whitelocke, and Rushworth, that Frenchmen can acquire the intimate knowledge, and catch the sympathy of an English writer. Researches, which must escape the notice of him, who is not a native; shades of truth, which may colour the style of a writer; se-

cret history, which corrects so many errors of the individual, and so many prejudices of the populace,—even the character and situation of the writer of a volume, or of a letter, which may be as necessary as any information they may contain—all this minuter knowledge in the trepidations of the scales of research, will be found to have more weight than size. The results of a sagacious historian are as much the work of delicacy as of labour. In the present state of historical inquiry, when all the prominent events of history are familiar to us, these alone can create that critical spirit which searches into the obscure, strikes out novelty from the old, and fixes in certitude what before floated in conjecture and doubt.

It is my intention to pursue the system of investigation commenced in these Volumes throughout the whole of the life and reign of Charles the First, and it is my fervent hope that this intention will be fulfilled. Great subjects are before me—and long meditated!

But there are many causes which make this result uncertain; nor do I offer the present Volumes as an imperfect work, since a continuation is uncertain, and since they complete an important period in the life of this monarch.

With regard to my authorities, I have not chosen to cover the margins with perpetual references for facts with which few readers are unacquainted, and to books too well known to require a transcription of their titles. Whenever my narrative, or my opinions, are founded on manuscript information, I have scrupulously registered the authorities. During the many years in which this period has attracted my study, I have, at various times, examined a variety of unpublished diaries and a vast mass of unpublished correspondence connected with it. These are chiefly preserved in our great national repository. I ought, however, among other literary favours conferred on me by that re-

spected gentleman, to express my acknowledgments to my learned friend, Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, for the loan of a manuscript copy of Panzani's Memoirs, by which I discovered that the late editor of that volume had castrated it on various essential points. Nor should I forget to state, that I am indebted to the obliging conduct of my publisher, for a very curious Memoir drawn up by one of the Capuchins who attended on Henrietta Maria, till the day of her flight from her palace.

NOTE ON THE MERCURE FRANÇOIS.

The reader will not fail to observe, that the Mercure François is frequently quoted in these Volumes as authority.

Some years have elapsed since, struck by the curious and important information, which was constantly afforded by this journal, I observed that "the ancient Mercure François is a sort of official annual register of the times, and contains a good deal of our own secret history, which I have found to my surprise, so accurate, that I am convinced that it must have come from a

well-informed correspondent in England. It is, perhaps, singular enough that I have found in two or three instances, circumstances and conversations in this *Mercure* which I have myself drawn from contemporary manuscripts, and which had never been printed in any English Work."

Since these observations were made, I have discovered a fact apparently unknown even to the French Bibliographers; viz., that Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent correspondent of this journal, and that even the King himself, Louis the Thirteenth, often contributed to its columns. Many articles in the royal hand-writing and corrected by the royal hand, are still in existence. With regard to the Cardinal, the style and the hand of the great Minister are easily to be recognized. Besides exercising a constant supervision over the Mercure, and himself waging the war of words whenever the contest was important, Richelieu furnished treaties of alliances, capitulations, narratives of battles and sieges, written by the commanders, and the despatches of Ambassadors whenever they contained any facts which he desired should be known to Europe. Many of these articles are found in the Manuscripts of De Bethune.

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LIFE AND REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Two centuries have elapsed—a short period in the history of national revolutions, since CHARLES THE FIRST ascended the throne of England, and the name of this monarch still awakens the most conflicting opinions. Yet a right understanding of the character and conduct of one who involuntarily became a most eminent actor in a mighty revolution, can never be a matter of indifference to the philosopher and the politician; nor should such an exhibition of human nature, where the ennobling and the degrading passions are at the same time called forth, fail to interest the sympathies of man.

Charles the First ascended the throne under circumstances in which no monarch had hitherto been placed.

The course of events had rendered necessary a great change in the condition of mankind throughout Europe; for the social system was constructed on a scale which bore no relation to the increased and complicated interests of society. The impending Revolution was not to be a partial change, as had sometimes happened, when the rule and power had been merely transferred to the aristocracy, or to the hierarchy, or assumed by the absolute sovereign; nor was it to be a temporary concession to the excited apathy of a suffering people, a change which merely reduced the privileges of the few and the miseries of the many. But it was a total and perfect change of all the principles of human action. It contradicted the fundamental doctrines of the existing order. It was to mark out new classes in society, to form new interests, to define new rights, and to substitute new modes of thinking. And chiefly and finally, it was to develope the true principles of government, and to explain and confirm the source and object of all delegated authority.

It was long doubtful in which country the

great Revolution was to commence. The minority of Louis the Thirteenth, in the ambition of the turbulent princes of France, and the republican spirit of the Duke of Rohan and the Hugonots, exhibits some faint outlines of the Revolution under our Charles the First, which it had preceded. In an ingenious parallel, we might detect some very apt resemblances. Long afterwards, the Frondeurs under the administration of Mazarine, often appealed to the English revolt under Charles the First; and finally the vast concussion of France opened in imitation of our own, and terminated with a similar catastrophe. The genius of one man directed for a time the tempest from France, and consequently from the Continent; for there are reasons to believe that the social condition of the Continent of Europe will never be materially affected, except through the agency of our great neighbour.

There were peculiar reasons which might have justified the supposition, that England would be the spot in which the important struggle would commence. The establishment of the reformed faith had habituated the English to a greater freedom of inquiry than their neighbours, a freedom of inquiry unknown in preceding times, when authority was the sole

test of opinion; and a long and luxuriant peace had raised up among the Commons of England a new class of men;—new, by possessing a weight and influence in society which they had never before held. There were other causes, which, though not so evident, were scarcely less influential, but which must be developed as we proceed. It was fated that England should be the theatre of the first of a series of Revolutions which is not yet finished.

Authorised by the doctrines of the age, by his consequent education, and by the natural gravity and elevation of his own mind, to ascend the throne as the anointed of his Creator, it was the doom of Charles the First to witness the divine authority of his crown trampled upon, the might of his magnificent hierarchy overwhelmed, the civil institutions of his realm swept away, all that he deemed sacred profaned, all that he held received denied, all that he considered established subverted; and in their stead new doctrines and new practices introduced, much of which was monstrous, and all extraordinary.

In this unparalleled state of affairs, for we must never forget that in our Revolution history afforded no parallel to instruct and to warn, instead of disappearing from the stage,

like an insignificant actor overwhelmed by the unexpected importance of his part, we find, on the contrary, the English monarch the most eminent, the most energetic, and the most interesting personage, during the long, the fearful, and the dubious struggle. When the struggle was over the King came forward, and closed his career by a most memorable death—dying with the same decision with which he had lived; and while he was covered with execration and obloquy as the TYRANT by one party, who feared that if he were not a tyrant they might perhaps be considered traitors, he was hailed by the greater portion of the nation with prayers and tears as the MARTYR.

It is difficult to believe, that a man who thus lived and thus died could have been the individual whom it has always been the supposed interest of a successful party to represent him. Tyrant and Martyr are rarer characters than mankind is accustomed to consider them; and they often vanish before the impartial student, who, searching neither for the *tyrant* nor the *martyr*, dares to seek into history for the *man*.

We have hitherto obtained but a slight acquaintance with the personal character of CHARLES THE FIRST; for it has been assumed

by those who have been unable to make the King despicable, that the private character of a monarch stands unconnected with his public one. But it is as impossible to form a just conception of the character of a king without becoming acquainted with his private history, his motives as well as his conduct, as it is to form a just conception of the individual, without becoming acquainted with the times in which he lived. We are not, therefore, surprised that those who maintain that the private character of Charles the First is unconnected with his public one, have judged of that public character as if he were their contemporary.

The characteristic of the mind of CHARLES THE FIRST was that inflexible firmness to which we attach the idea of strength of character. Constancy of purpose, perseverance to obtain it, and fortitude to suffer for it, this is the beautiful unity of a strong character. We should, however, observe, that this strength of character is not necessarily associated with the most comprehensive understanding, any more than the most comprehensive understanding is necessarily supported by this moral force. Hence the stronger the character of the man the stronger may be its errors, and thus its very strength may become

its greatest infirmity. In speculating upon the life of Charles the First, through all the stages of his varied existence from the throne to the scaffold, we may discover the same intellectual and moral being. Humiliated by fortune, beneath the humblest of his people, the King himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach, or to sympathise, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable Fate.

CHAPTER II.

OF CHARLES THE FIRST DURING HIS BOYHOOD.

We may be excused for unfolding the minuter characteristics of a young prince, those obscure intimations of the future personal dispositions, which Alfieri has called *Sviluppo dell' indole indicato da vari fattarelli*, "developement of the natural disposition indicated by various little matters," for in this respect, princes differ from other men; their early characteristics are not likely to change. The youth of princes is seldom passed in submission. Surrounded by those who seek by compliance, or officiousness, to cultivate a friendship with their future sovereign, princes are unfortunate enough to be flattered even in their boyhood. This and the impossibility of being influenced by those circumstances which make other men the creatures of events, and dependent on the caprice

of fortune, effectually prevent their early character from changing, and render the conduct of their life subordinate to their constitutional dispositions.

In the history of one who was afterwards remarkable for a hardy frame tried by unwearied activity, and who, at his death, exhibited those physical appearances which are indicative of long life, it may deserve notice that he was born, and lived some years, in a state of extreme debility, and that he struggled with, and overcame, several personal defects.

Circumstances, apparently trivial, in the history of Charles the First, had often the fatality of connecting themselves with the unsettled disputes of the Church and the State. The accidental circumstance of the birth of this royal babe in a state of weakness, which even threatened a speedy dissolution, occasioned a hasty baptism; the place of ceremony unrecorded, the officiating person unnamed, whose was the episcopal hand which had sprinkled the Martyr of the Church? or had a Presbyterian teacher, as it was rumoured, administered the baptismal rite?

Such were the tormenting inquiries which agitated Churchmen and Dissenters, in the protracted controversy of *Lay-baptism*. The eccle-

siastics insisted that all non-conformists were mere laymen, a principle which was designed to invalidate their baptisms. Burnet, not hostile to the Presbyterian cause, having at a later period alluded, in one of his charges, to the circumstance recorded of Charles's unepiscopal baptism, this Bishop's opinion renewed the old heats with those who persevered in their axiom, that "Bishops and Presbyters were the same." The Dissenters had long exulted, and the Churchmen had long been mortified, that Charles had not received any of the benefits of episcopal baptism, when a hundred and fifty years after the event, Carte startled the contending parties, and settled the dispute on the side he wished to favour, by referring to the document of "John Blinsale, Ilay Herald, who assisted at the baptism." In that hitherto undiscovered narrative was specified the name of the bishop, the royal chapel where the ceremony had passed, the minutest occurrences of the magnificent solemnity, the pall of gold, silver, and silk, wrought "as it was spoken, by his Majesty's umqhulie mother," on which the bairn was laid, the names of the lords who bore the ducal crown, the lawver, the towel, the bason, and, finally, the "Marchioness of Huntley, who bare

the bairn instead of the nourrice." This discovery of Carte's instantly changed the former appearance of the question, and the Dissenters could no longer triumph in the obscure baptism of a prince, administered by a Presbyter.

But if the ceremony of Charles's baptism had been thus solemnly performed, with all the pomp and regality of the Court, could it possibly have escaped the knowledge, or the notice of Spotswood, who tells us, that "the christening was hastened because of the weakness of the child," or of Perinchief, the eulogist and advocate of Charles, who positively informs us, that "he was deprived of the usual ceremonies wherewith such royal infants are admitted into the Church." Who then is this Ilay Herald who has marshalled knights, lords, and ladies, and heralds, preluding with a flourish of trumpets? Harris asserts from internal evidence, the whole narrative to be a clumsy forgery!

Thus at the very threshold of our history we stumble on error, or imposture, a circumstance not uncommon in more important matters than the present.*

* An idle antiquary might employ an hour in examining into the authenticity of this suspected record, it being in MS. in the Heralds' Office at Edinburgh, (the Lyons' Office)

It must, however, be observed, that some circumstances which Harris brings forward as the mere inventions of an ignorant person, are not of the nature which he supposes them. The Ilay Herald, he observes, represents "the Chancellor Cassils, as present at the solemnity, though there was no such Chancellor then in being; and he tells us that Monsieur de Rohan, and his brother called Monsieur de Soubise, were his Majesty's gossips, though the Scotch historians never mention their being in that kingdom." The Chancellor Cassils I must leave to the researches of the Scottish antiquary; but as for Monsieur Soubise standing at the christening in Scotland as Charles's godfather, I find this very circumstance incidentally noticed in the Diary of Sir John Finett, the Master of the Ceremonies. Soubise's brother, the Duke of Rohan, the eminent chief of the French Hugunots, was also in Scot-

written by John Blinsale, Ilay Herald, who assisted at the baptism. It is entitled "an account of the birth and baptism of King Charles the First." The subject ceases to interest us, but the detection of an historical forgery is always gratifying. This document was first printed by the Rev. Henry Cantrell, in "the Royal Martyr, a true Christian," &c. &c. 1716, long before Carte wrote. The Presbyter Harris fiercely disputed its authenticity, merely from party-feeling.

land, and by the desire of James, stood as godfather to Charles, which circumstance is mentioned in his life. This strongly corroborates the suspected narrative of the Ilay Herald. By the expression of Spotswood, we can by no means infer that the episcopal and regal ceremonies were not performed, and as for the vague style of Perinchief, as that book was written by one man, and published under the name of another, a circumstance none of our writers notice, its authority is not unquestionable.*

It is certain, that the infant Duke long continued in a weakly state, for many ladies who had been proud suitors for the keeping of the royal child, were now detained from soliciting this anxious charge. When in his fourth year, he was delivered to Lady Cary, that perfect courtier, her husband, (afterwards the Earl of

* Perinchief's Life of Charles the First is of little value, but that little may be authentic, and it is frequently referred to. Perinchief must not, however, be considered as writing from his own knowledge, for the materials were chiefly collected by the learned William Fulman, who at his death left them unfinished. Colonel Titus, the author of the famous political pamphlet "Killing no Murder," also supplied him with some notices for the two latter years of the King's life. Such assistance only proves that Perinchief himself was a poor workman.

Monmouth) declares, that "those who wished him no good were glad of it, thinking that if the Duke should die in our charge, then it would not be thought fit that we should remain in court after."

The Earl's candour is as admirable as his loyalty, for he was at least as fearful of losing his place, as of losing his prince. The Earl of Monmouth has also alluded to "many a battle my wife had with the King, about slitting the string under the child's tongue, and putting his legs into iron boots." The parental care of James was accompanied by all the force of argument, but, as was usual with him, he yielded up the point of debate.

This physical weakness cast a sullen air over the manners of the young Prince, and Lilly sends down a tradition of the evil nature of his infancy "from the old Scottish lady his nurse." His debility withdrew him from those sports and exercises in which his brother excelled, and contracting retired habits, Charles loved the hours of study. It is probable that these untoward circumstances led to the early formation of the reserved and thoughtful character of the future monarch, as well as conduced to the variety of his acquired knowledge. Charles had a vigilant tutor in Thomas Murray, a learned

Scotchman, whom afterwards he chose for his secretary, and whose zeal he finally remunerated by the provostship of Eton. The unalterable affection of the pupil for the tutor is a strong indication of the man.

Charles was educated to ascend the throne. His learned father, who has been so freely taxed with pusillanimity and folly, cannot however be reproached with having engendered them, and the anxious care he bestowed on all his progeny appeared in Henry, in Charles, and in Elizabeth, who alike sustained their princely character in the heroic elevation of their minds. There was no royal family in Europe which then equalled the English Court in the early promise put forth by its accomplished princes. Jonson was struck by the paternal zeal of James the First, whom, without court flattery, he addressed in a masque:

"You are an honest, good man, and have care of your bairns!"*

* I find a curious anecdote of that zealous paternal attention of our "pedant king," which I have not met elsewhere. James took such minute care of their education, that "the children of James were well instructed in music and dancing: his Majesty desired them to keep up their dancing privately, though they whistle and sing to one another for music." Harl. MSS. 6987, (24.)

King James, to provoke Henry to apply himself more ardently to his closet studies, had intimated that his brother, who already loved his books, would prove more able in the management of affairs, and the science of his favourite "king-craft," than he, who chiefly consumed his days in the tilt-yard, and passionately pursued his military exercises. The fatherly admonition was received in silence, but when his tutor, Sir Adam Newton, reiterated the King's reprimand, the Prince asked whether he really thought that his brother would prove so good a scholar? Sir Adam was of that opinion. "Then," rejoined Henry, "will I make him Archbishop of Canterbury."

A spark of rivalry had been kindled between the royal brothers. When Charles was about ten years of age, the young Prince had already attracted observation by the progress of his studies, and by the warmth of his temper. The princes, with Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other noblemen, were waiting in the privy-chamber for an audience. Henry, in allusion to his brother's proficiency in his studies, jocularly placed the Archbishop's cap on his head, observing, "that if he continued a good boy, and followed his books, he would make him one day Archbishop of Canterbury."

The little Prince indignantly flung down the square cap, and trampled on it. Duke Charles, it would seem, had heard too frequently of the future Archbishopric, and the taunts from his heroic brother stung the little Prince into an ebullition of momentary feeling. This feeling was constitutional. Warm and hasty passion was long an infirmity with Charles, and one of which he was very sensible. At various periods of his life, the King used preventive means against being overcome by his natural impatience. In more than one interview, which was likely to turn on subjects where his feelings might seize on him unawares, it was preconcerted that they should not be debated by him with the Ambassador, but left to his council. This defect in his temperament was one which, like his stammering, could only be mastered by a stronger impulse of the mind, as when he stood calm and unsubdued in the greatest day of his adversity.

From this anecdote of the royal boys, the contemporaries of Charles, in the taste of the times, deduce opposite inferences. One detects a mystical presage of the future fall of episcopacy under his administration; to another it seemed peculiarly ominous of the fall of the archbishop himself, who afterwards was sus-

pended from his offices by the displeasure of his sovereign; a third, with the malignity of a commonwealth's man, accepts it as an evidence of the latent sullenness and stubbornness of the future monarch; while an ultra-royalist, in the depth of his wisdom, discovers in it "a sign of bigness of spirit, and a humour that did not love jesting or levity." It is evident, that every one of these philosophers would have composed the history of Charles, on the principle which they had already so happily discriminated. So many historians, so many Charles's!

The fraternal intercourse between the sons of James was however rarely interrupted; for we have still left several familiar notes written in English, French, and Latin, by the Duke to the Prince. They are dispatches of the hour, perhaps also the playful exercises of his studies. "Sweet sweet brother, I thank you for your letter. I will give any thing that I have to you, but my toys and my books." Sometimes the little Duke visits Prince Henry's stables, and mounts his great horses, "that on his return he may wait on him in that noble exercise." Then there are thanks for two bidets which Henry sends him—or it is an invitation to walk together—or a detail of the studies of the week.

Welwood says of Charles, that he wrote "a tolerable hand for a KING." The republican whig, if we may call him so, grudgingly allows a Stuart and a monarch, even the humble distinction of calligraphy. The truth is, that the hand-writing of Charles, like all his other acquirements, was elegant, and opposite to the slovenly scribble of his father, who, careless in all exterior things, too lightly esteemed the habit of distinct writing; a habit, it may be worth observing to some, which gives pleasure in the intercourse of friendship, and promotes accuracy in that of business. The skilful in autographs may like to learn, that Charles the First's hand-writing, and, perhaps, no man ever wrote more, always free and flowing, as he advanced in life and in reflection became more and more regularly formed, and finally contracted into slender elegance. In a French letter to Prince Rupert unsigned, he observes, *J'espere que vous connoitrez ma petite main.* I have seen some notes to his children, written during his close confinement in his latter days, which are remarkable for the delicacy of their italic character. In the long leisure and still meditations of imprisoned solitude, the fond remembrance of his children seems to have moved the pen in tracing every word.

Charles overcame his corporeal infirmities in his youth; but his defective speech seems to have lasted some years. It was probably the real cause of his brevity in conversation: he used few words; and we smile at Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, entering the royal words in his diary, on some occasion when the King gave him a favourable answer to his request, "because his master's custom affords not so many words." The singular gravity, the deficient freedom in conversation, and the reserved manners of Charles the First, struck the Count de Brienne as circumstances so uncommon as to make it difficult to decide on the prince's character. When Cardinal de Richelieu curiously pressed the Count to be informed of the genius of the Monarch, De Brienne replied, "To me he appeared extremely reserved, and this induces me to judge that he is either an extraordinary man, or one of a very middling capacity. If he affected this *retenue* to prevent any jealousy on the late king his father's side, this would be a mark of his consummate prudence; but if it be quite natural to him, and without any *finesse*, I should draw very opposite conclusions." From this oracular style the cardinal could not have gathered much. The truth is, that it was too

nice a point for the critical and youthful diplomatist, recently returned from the English Court, to venture a decision upon, for the prime minister; nor could he know that the habitual reserve of the prince originated, in great part, in the pain which conversation occasions him whose speech is not fluent.

The King's difficult utterance rendered his addresses from the throne, painful to himself and the Parliament. This early compelled him to have the Lord-Keeper recite his speeches, a circumstance which his friends considered, however trivial it may appear, as having had an unfavourable influence on his affairs. It is our own voice alone, whose modulations can give sanction to our feelings. Charles closed his first speech to Parliament, the only ungracious passage in it, by this declaration:—"Now, because I am unfit for much speaking, I mean to bring up the fashion of my predecessors, to have my Lord-Keeper speak for me in most things, therefore have commanded him to speak something unto you at this time, which is more for formality, than any great matter he hath to say unto you."

After the death of his brother Henry, Charles appears to have felt the propriety of turning his attention to those hardier pursuits, which he

had hitherto avoided; and it was not long ere he excelled in the fashionable accomplishments of the gentleman of that day; the manly exercises of vaulting, archery, running at the ring, and the *manège* of the great horse; shooting in the cross-bow, musket, and "the great ordnance." In the tennis-court he toiled with the racquet; and to his last days, those of his imprisonment, loved the tranquil recreation of the bowling-green. By active sports he invigorated his frame. One who knew Charles, describes him as "a laborious fieldsman;" and another tells us, that he was thought to be the most adroit manager of the great horse of any man in the three nations, and a sharp marksman; he chased a winter-deer as skilfully, which is one of the hardest tasks of "a woodsman," as he excelled in shooting one. At the age of nineteen he distinguished himself among the young nobility in a feat of arms at a justing at Whitehall, and in such a manner, that it was imagined that Prince Charles would become as eminently military as his late brother; and at the later period of his marriage, the Count de Brienne noticed the adroitness of our royal cavalier, "in breaking some lances, in this chivalric exercise." Whatever art and practice could acquire, he gained; the lighter graces were denied him.

Thus early Charles surmounted the obstacles which nature had cast in his way. The languid indolence of the closet, deeply attached as he was to study and to the more pleasing arts, failed to seduce him entirely, and the intrepidity of his after-life, through all its vicissitudes, was never interrupted by his personal deprivations; not even the many, who watched him with no friendly eyes, have presumed to accuse him of that impatient querulousness, which betrays its moments of weakness.

At the age of sixteen, Charles was created Prince of Wales, and held a court; but he lived in no political opposition to his father, a habit which has been assumed by some heirs of the English crown. His late brother had opened with a different career, and had roused the jealousy of his father, and the fears of Cecil. Whatever may be the policy of the heir to the crown in conducting himself in direct opposition to the interests and views of the cabinet, some dangerous results must occur, both at home and abroad. At home his cause will combine together the dispersed and insulated members of perhaps very heterogeneous factions into one formidable body. A common interest is thus created for those who else would never have acted together. It is certain that the

family politics of the English court have not been indifferent to foreign cabinets. The Gaul, the Spaniard, and the Austrian, have often been solicitous to raise a party in this kingdom subservient to their own peculiar interests; and whenever the heir of the English throne suffers his inclinations to be controled by intriguers around him, he runs the risk of becoming, unconsciously, the ally of the enemies of his country.

The Ambassador La Boderie advises the French Cabinet not to neglect granting certain pensions to four or five of Prince Henry's Court, by whom it seems these favours were expected, since that young Prince was entirely under their influence, and had resolved to maintain a political independence at the Court of his father.

There were not wanting in that day, some busy spirits, who, now finding "their occupation gone," ascribed to the sedate temper of the youthful Charles a narrowness of genius, and natural incapability of entering into their higher political speculations. But Charles most certainly looked up to his father with reverence and affection; and if the name of James the First fail in some degree to excite the same feelings in the minds of this later age, we

must attribute this result to the unjust oblivion of some virtues, and of no inconsiderable talents, and, above all, to the artificially distorted appearance of an historical personage, who has been equally injured by the libels of a party, and the indolent acquiescence of incompetent judges in the deductions of interested slanderers.

In his youth, Charles must have been laying the foundations of that various knowledge, and that habitual and curious observation in all the arts, both the fine and the mechanical, which once induced this ingenious Prince to declare, that "he thought he could get his living, if driven by necessity, by any of the arts and trades which he knew to practise." Once, in familiar conversation, the Prince made a remarkable observation, that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession for a living, he could not be a lawyer, for, said Charles, "I cannot defend a bad cause; nor yield in a good cause;" a principle from which he never swerved, if we are to decide by the actions of his after-life.

Charles had studied the art of war, and indeed the King afterwards proved himself to be one of the most able generals in the civil wars. He was not unskilled in fortification;

and that science which has been called naval architecture, a study not unworthy the pursuits of an island-monarch, had particularly engaged his attention; for one of his most magnificent measures was "building that miracle of ships called the Royal Sovereign;" and when he was reminded of the vast charge it required, he observed, "that while some nobles prodigally spent their patrimony in luxurious courses, nothing either to their credits or reputations, or beneficial to the kingdom, as King he might be allowed to build that ship for his pleasure, which might be useful for the service of the kingdom.*

The more delightful arts he pursued with intense pleasure, for this monarch was not only a lover of art, but could himself have aspired to the honours of an artist. These, however, had not absorbed his studies. The library of St. James's, before the Civil Wars, contained a manuscript volume, which Charles in his youth had presented to his father, consisting of his literary collections and other epitomes, the fruits of juvenile studies.

But these philosophical and ingenious pursuits have been barbarously censured as mean and trivial in a monarch. The arts and sciences

* Lilly.

were considered by the rigid puritanic politicians merely as sources of emolument for the mechanics who professed them. The intellectual part of these studies—the meditation, and the elegance, and the knowledge, which discipline the mind in the progress of invention, had never rectified their crude principles, softened their harsh tempers, or illumined their dark minds. These studies, not unworthy of a sovereign, would have reflected his tastes among a people, whose fanaticism had so long persecuted the finer arts, and our nation would not have suffered the reproach of foreign critics, who, ignorant of our history, ventured to assign the natural causes which, as they imagined, incapacitated us from excelling in the practice of the arts of imagination and sensibility. Charles the First, had it been his happiness to have reigned in peace, would have anticipated by a century, the glory of English art.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE STUDY OF POLEMICAL DIVINITY, PREVALENT AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE was one particular course of studies in which James the First himself had instructed his son—that of the dogmas and the controversies of the theology of the times. In these pursuits Charles was a docile pupil, and in his first speech to Parliament, to repel the malicious rumour of his inclination towards the Roman See, he proudly declared, "I may, with St. Paul, say, that I have been trained up at Gamaliel's feet."

His father advised the Prince's chaplains, who went to Spain, not to engage in unnecessary disputations on religion; but if challenged, the Prince would be moderator, and observing them smile, he earnestly added—it is said he swore, that "Charles could manage a point in controversy with the best studied di-

vine of ye all." Nor was the commendation partial. In his conference with the Presbyter Henderson, the King, without books for reference, or a secretary by his side, during a tedious forthight,* fought that memorable theological logomachy, till the hoary adversary of episcopacy, covered with the dust of his library, retired with a broken spirit. It is probable that neither convinced the other; but this did not the less exhaust the old man's vexation, and may have accelerated his death.

To these studies Whitelocke ascribes that aptitude of Charles the First which made him so skilful a summer-up of arguments, and endowed him with such a clear perception in delivering his decisions. The King's readiness in contracting a lengthened and methodising an involved discussion, was remarked by another great lawyer, Sir Robert Holborne: he observed that "the King could drive a matter into a head with more sharpness than any of his privy council." This readiness was his prominent characteristic, and the King himself was well aware of it. Sensible that he could

* By the Gesta Britannorum of Sir George Wharton, it appears that "this dispute between the King and Mr. Henderson began at Newcastle, May 29th, and it did not end till June 16."

correct with acute judgment, rather than compose with freedom and fertility, the King carefully revised the papers which he commanded others to write, observing that "he was a better cobler than a shoemaker."

Lord Bolingbroke has severely ridiculed James the First for his polemical divinity, and a hundred echoes are still multiplying Pope's "Pedant King." But this it is, to be a philosopher without being an antiquary; the generalizations of history are too often substituted for the real knowledge of particulars, merely because the philosopher is ignorant of them. An invective against royal pedantry would always be plausible; but the inquiry, whether there were any pedantry at all displayed on this occasion, could not occur to those who find it convenient to try events and opinions by the standard of their own age; and who seem to narrow human nature to their own horizon. But to transform our forefathers into ourselves, is to lose all likeness of the originals, and to throw into the back ages the notions of our own times has often been a source as fertile of errors in our history, as the passions of parties have been of more unjust misrepresentations. The true historian is a contemporary of the past.

Polemical studies were not the peculiar tastes

of James and Charles, as is commonly imagined. Ere the reign of the "Pedant King," and long after, they occupied the most eminent scholars in our nation. They had not been considered unworthy of royalty itself, and it is from a slender volume of polemical divinity, that our Sovereigns still derive one of their regal distinctions. Even Elizabeth acknowledged that she had read as much controversial divinity as any divine, and maintained her supremacy in the church as well as in the state, by the arguments of which she was a mistress.

Laud put forth his elaborate reply to Fisher, the Jesuit, to repair the open breaches of the beleaguring Romanist; a volume which Charles recommended to his son, to guard him from the artifices of Rome, which even extorted from the great puritanic republican, Sir Edward Deering, the applause, that Laud had struck the papist on the fifth rib. The "Apology for the English Church," by Jewel, was chained in churches, to be opened at all times by the way-faring reader. Were not the days of the learned Usher harassed by the challenges of Jesuits? And after all, however skilfully these might be refuted, that great controversialist felt not always sure that the antidote completely operated against the poison;

for, in addressing the Oxford librarian, Usher advised him to be careful that "the English papist-books be kept in a place by themselves, and not placed in the library, for they may prove dangerous." So that a Protestant Archbishop could even resort to the arts of a Spanish Inquisitor, who casts all the volumes of heresy into the darkest corners, or incarcerates them under the strongest locks. Did not Lord Falkland enter the lists with the Roman Catholic, Thomas White, with "A Discourse of Infallibility?" Are that accomplished Lord's learned speech in the House, and his friend the great Chillingworth's treatise on "Episcopacy," to be condemned for that pedantry of polemical divinity which Lord Bolingbroke, with so many others unlearned in British history, ridicule with such a reckless philosophy in James and Charles?

I must perpetually repeat, that if we are not well acquainted with the age, we shall never know the man. The philosopher must be an antiquary of human nature. His inquiries, pursued by close studies and patient meditation, can alone prevent those continued false decisions and erroneous conceptions with which modern writers of history sometimes blunder as grossly as modern writers of romance.

But the age of the first Stuarts was pre-eminently an age of POLEMICAL DIVINITY; an age of doctrines and controversies, and what may be justly termed artificial theology. And it was then not only a warfare of the Roman tenets with the Protestant creed, but of new races split into Arians and Arminians, and Calvinists, who ambitiously had combined with political parties. The affairs even of Protestant nations were then connected with synods. Church politicians concealed themselves under the short mantle and band of doctors of divinity. The awful themes of predestination,—free-will,—election,—reprobation,—and the resistibility or irresistibility of grace,—the questions whether the essence of God was *quale* and *tantum;* whether his eternity was only an eviternity; and how the Divinity could multiply himself in himself—such were the melancholy studies which agitated the irascible spirits of the age. Men seemed to rest their future salvation in enormous folios, which it was easier to devour than to digest. These controversies now only attract the eye by their formidable array as we view their champions marshalled on the shelves of a public library; there only can we judge of that vast consumption of human life which they cost their victims—their writers

and their readers! After the labours and the persecutions, the hatreds and the agonies of long centuries, these doctrines and these dogmas, defended or confuted, were found to be interminable as that memorable dispute between the Dominicans and the Franciscans, which the Pope wisely set at rest by decreeing that it should never be decided! The great policy of Rome, to avoid schisms, has always been to elude the discussion of inconvenient topics.

Futile and nugatory as were the subjects of these disputations between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and ludicrously mean those between the Presbyter and the Episcopalian, yet in that learned age these themes involved the dignity of erudition and the powers of logic; all the resources of a ready, an acute, and a luminous mind. He was the most successful polemic, whose disciplined memory could most promptly flourish the keenest weapons on his own side, and at the same time be not less familiar with the blunted and broken arms of his antagonist—then was he to press on his triumph. The assailant was slowly to circumvent, or rapidly to storm, the weakest points of his opponent; but the art to retreat was as great as the skill to attack. In the vacil-

lation of the disputants, victory hung on the subtilty of an argument; and the omission of an authoritative text, or the surprise of an ambiguous one, might shake the whole arrangement of a doctrine.

Had these vain and offuscating disputations only tormented the heated heads of a few dreaming recluses, or a few acrid partizans, they would have merited but an obscure notice in the history of England; but they had penetrated into the recesses of domestic life, and theological disputations were constantly carrying on in private houses, in the presence of the head of a family who was gained or lost by the fortune of the Thesis; and there have been families where the disputation, like a law-suit, has devolved from the grandfather to the grandson. The gentry were reading and writing tomes of religious controversy; in the country, whole parishes were disturbed by the public disputations held by the Papist or the Puritan, and many were the lapses of the backsliders into Romanism. Some Protestants, to humble the Puritans, were earnestly looking about for a reunion with the Roman Catholics, for they had observed, not without dread, the puritanic party, like the Methodists of our own times, starting up among all ranks of society.

Let us now draw the curtain, and exhibit the domestic pictures of the Romanist and the Puritan in the days of Charles the First.

The most complete picture of the English Catholics is one by their own hand, touched by the warmth and fullness of secret confidence.

Panzani, the concealed agent of Rome, in a secret report, reckons the English Catholics at one hundred and fifty thousand, forming no inconsiderable portion of the higher class of English subjects. In the first rank of nobility were Catholics, who without any open profession, and consequently living in great fear, were anxious to preserve the royal favour. When these entertain a disguised priest in their house, it is unknown to their servants, and not even confided to their children. Others, as Protestants, frequent churches, take the oaths, and occasionally speak against Catholics; yet in their hearts they are papistical, and conceal one or more priests under their roof. Panzani assures his master that almost all of the principal Protestant nobility, secular and ecclesiastical, who died when he was in London, although generally reputed Protestants, had died in the Catholic faith.

However partial Panzani's account may be deemed, it is unquestionable that in these times sudden conversions and the flight of many eminent persons to the Continent were frequent. Certain it is also, that persons high in office were secret Romanists. In the curious manuscript memoir of the Capuchins who came over to Henrietta, I found an account of an interview between Charles the First and the Lord Treasurer Weston, who died Earl of Portland. In his last illness, having called for his priest, and embraced all the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church, his lordship requested to see the King once more, to return into the royal hands his staff, as Lord High Treasurer. The following dialogue ensued:— "Sire, I replace, with respect and gratitude, this staff into the hands of your Majesty, while I deeply regret that I have been less faithful to the service of God than to your Majesty's." "No, no!" replied Charles: "this staff has been well placed in your hands, and there I will have it remain." "Sire," once more replied the relapsed Lord Treasurer; "I am no longer capable of bearing it: first, because I can never recover from my present malady; and secondly, though it may seem odious, I should no longer conceal from your Majesty,

that, by the grace of God, I am now a Catholic." "Get but well," said the King, "and the Catholic religion need not hinder you to keep this staff as an able minister." This case of the Earl of Portland, placed at the head of the King's cabinet, affords a curious instance of the duties of office not unfaithfully performed by an Englishman, who at the same time anxiously concealed the real state of his conscience. Clarendon tells us, the Romanists only were those who did not believe him to be a Catholic; yet the English only suspected his inclination to Papistry, or as the Capuchin writes the term, which he says is used by our nation, *au Papism*, from the tranquillity the Romanists under his administration were allowed to enjoy. Nothing in his open conduct or his language betrayed the concealed Catholic. It now appears, by this authentic manuscript, that the Earl held a private correspondence with the famous Père Joseph of Paris, a Capuchin, who transacted all the secret affairs of Cardinal de Richelieu.

It is evident also that some divinity students were lost in the mists of the artificial theology of Rome; and the secret domination of the missionary priests was so great as to excite the jealousy of the Papal agent, who has

described in terms which a Protestant might repeat to reproach their craft, that "the missionaries enjoy many conveniences in the houses of their patrons, and, being the *directors of the masters and servants, and admitted to all the secrets of the mind,* any one may judge what ascendancy they acquire." Such, then, was the state of the English Catholics at home; and the sanctity of the domestic abode was frequently troubled by two religions abhorring each other under the same paternal roof.

The Romanists more particularly practised on the infirm sympathies of females: their nervous and seraphic temperament was more easily entranced by an imaginative religion, by the divinities they embraced, by the miracles which flashed before their eyes, by the gorgeous scene of the Roman ceremonial, the altar, the censer, and the chaunt. The illusion of the magical service of the Catholic worship is acknowledged by Panzani. But the female, by her personal influence, was still more actively propagating the espoused doctrines.

The Roman hierarchy has ever experienced the tenderness of the sex; among the first temporal dominions of the Popes appears the donation of a countess, and one of the pontiffs obtained the *sobriquet* of *Matronarum Auris-*

calpius, "the ear-picker of the ladies," from his adroitness in the art of wheedling.

It is only by entering into the recesses of domestic life, that we can be enabled to form a clear notion of the extraordinary scenes which now occupied the passions of the people. We discover perpetual conferences in private, or, rather, a severe wrestling match between a Jesuit and a divine. Lord Mordaunt and his lady invite the learned Usher to confer with a priest whom his Lordship kept in his house, on the points in dispute between the two Churches. The conference was held several days, when Usher maintaining that the Church of England was *no new religion*, the lady, whose great fear had been its ambiguous novelty, was confirmed in her Protestantism, and the argument against its novelty proved so strikingly novel to his lordship, that he became a convert from Papistry. But Usher was not always at hand; his absence, and twenty-four hours to unravel his twisted logic, might have enabled the perverting priest to produce a new point, and occasion a fresh lapse.

Lady Falkland suddenly declared herself to be a Papist. All her friends, sensible of the disgrace, fly to her with an argument, or a menace, Mr. Montague would terrify her Ladyship, that

she, dying an English Papist, would die in a state of damnation;—but this was only his assertion! Cozens (afterwards the Bishop) told her that she had sinned damnably, in departing from that Church wherein she was baptized, before she had consulted with its heads; however, he gave her ladyship a few notes, which she sent to her drunken Irish priest, for such he was, and who returned such silly answers, that Cozens would not reply. "If I turn again," said Lady Falkland, "I will turn Puritan, not moderate Protestant; for moderate Protestants, such as Mr. Cozens, are farther from Catholics than Puritans."

This Lady Falkland was one of those Methodists or Evangelicals, who appeared long before the founder of the sect;—and what she observed of the Puritans is true, for they, as well as the Presbyterians, were driving on by a new road of their own to the same point, which they publicly avowed they had deserted; being, when in power, like the Romanists, equally intolerant, and asserting *the supremacy of the Church over the State.*

But it was the Countess of Buckingham, the mother of the favourite, who formed the highest hope of the Romanists. She had great power over her son. Gondomar, that exquisite

wit, wrote to Spain, with an allusion to their own impious custom, "that now, indeed, they might have great hopes of the English reverting to Catholicism, because, like all good Catholics, more intercession was made to the *Mother* than to the *Son!*" When this old lady was passing away to the Church of Rome, James the First, in his zeal, insisted on a conference between the Dean of Carlisle and Fisher the Jesuit. It was at first imagined, that the Dean had given the Jesuit "foil after foil;" but the feminine weakness of the old Countess wavered, and a second conference was required. James then himself would be the arbitrator; and observing that the cunning Jesuit all along had eluded the arguments brought against him, while, in the confirmation of his own tenets, he was extremely weak, his Majesty insisted on setting down in writing the nine points, or questions. To these the Jesuit duly returned "a close and well-wrought answer." A third conference therefore became necessary. The chief point at which the aged Dowager stuck was, what the Jesuit had urged about "an infallible visible Church." Bishop Williams, to cut the matter short,—in giving but not in conceding some points to the Jesuit, yielding in appearance that he might carry his

point the more directly, retreating only to advance, seemed to use the jockey metaphor of the Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield, —" to have put the Jesuit out of his ordinary trot; yet he fell into a shuffling pace, and carried the lady behind him."

But in these religious conferences the women were not the sole actresses. The times were " pendulous," says Heylin. Amidst these fluctuations of faith, the disturbed mind found no resting-place, while it seemed only to weary itself by its incessant activity. It was a world of waters where the perishing dove could only live on its wing. It is a curious fact, that Archbishop Laud, on his trial, in order to convince his judges of his faithful attachment to the Established Church, read a list of persons whom he had recovered from their lapses into Papistry; and among them is the Lord-duke of Buckingham, who, he adds, " was almost quite gone between the lady, his mother, and his sister." Indeed the Protestantism of the royal favourite must have been in a very ticklish state; for, on his departure to Spain, James told the chaplains, " that he had trained up George so far as to hold the conclusion, though he had not yet made him able to prove the premises." Laud congratu-

lates himself, that of the number he had recovered, only two had relapsed—the Countess of Buckingham and Sir William Spencer; "it being only in God's power," he observed, "not mine, to preserve them from relapse."

But the member of the Church of England was not only assailed by the English Papist; the peace of the country was equally violated by the English Puritan.

In the manuscript diary of Sir Symond D'Ewes a puritanic scene opens to us. His father and himself and a clergyman held a "passionate dispute" about the assurances of salvation. The clergyman maintained that there could be no real assurance in this world; for men, subject to many sins, were apt to deceive themselves. D'Ewes affirmed, that this was the tenet of the Romanists; but that the Church of England held that God's children, or "the elect," in this life might attain to a certain knowledge of their own future salvation by faith. His father sided with the clergyman. "A man," adds D'Ewes, "who, holding two livings in two several shires, did not much trouble himself in making sure his inheritance in a better world." Some time after, the clergyman returning home, and hav-

ing in the meanwhile conned over a certain book by one Perkins, it had overset his whole system, and drew an acknowledgment from him to the father, of the soundness of his son's principles. This appears to have been an unexpected triumph for young D'Ewes. He now felt uneasy, having converted a clergyman, lest his arguments could possibly admit of any refutation. He set down more earnestly to watch his syllogisms, and to see there was no leak between his premises and his corollaries; ringing them at all corners to try their soundness. Having got his servant to transcribe them fairly, his father read and approved. This family document of faith is perhaps still coffered among the antiquities of our antiquaries' collections. Such incidents were daily occurring in families, without always terminating so peaceably.

At this day, what should we think of the Premier, and the highest officers of Government summoning a cabinet council to meet at York House, where Buckingham presided, to attend a conference between four divines on metaphysical points of religious doctrines—on predestination, grace, and free-will?—Or the House of Commons debating on the heresy of Dr. Richard Montague; on which occa-

sion, Pym delivered a report which electrified the House, who, no longer conceiving that only divines were capable to decide on divinity, decreed that the Doctor's doctrines were Pelagian and Arminian, tending to the disturbance of Church and State. The Arminian doctrine, which the Synod of Dort condemned, and of which we hear so much during this period of our history, has been reduced to five articles against predestination, in favour of free-will, of the nature of grace, and on similar points. It would be very difficult for the reader unacquainted with these subjects, to associate any *political principles* of Popery, or arbitrary power, with such mystical notions. Yet Rapin, a French Protestant, and all the writers of the Puritanic party, attached this odium to them; and because some of the early patrons of Arminius (such as Laud) advocated arbitrary government, Arminianism became the sin of the Court. Was not *Arminianism* a palliative for the terrible *Calvinism* of the Articles and Homilies? These five Arminian articles were so far from being connected with Popery and arbitrary power, that Tindal observes that they are generally received by the Church of England, and are the creed of thousands. John Wesley founded the system of faith on Arminian prin-

ciples. So faiths change—and what must remain for ever obscure becomes at length received as matter of fact!

A reader of our popular histories has possibly entertained no notion of the state of affairs which we have described, yet effects will always be imperfectly comprehended without a knowledge of their causes. We are apt to consider the reigns of James and Charles only as the epoch of the struggle of popular freedom; but that glorious struggle was deeply obscured by exertions not less energetic, though less pure, less patriotic, less ennobling, by the mean designs of contracted minds, and by the intrigues of rival factions, who alike have condemned the sovereign, who would yield to neither, and sunk beneath both.

If JAMES and CHARLES, then, were versed in the disputations of the Romanists and the Puritans, it was not only the feelings of the age which might have occasioned such scholastic skill, but the interests of their Crown, since in these disputations they were defending the principles of their government in Church and State. In England, the Romanists were a faction suppressed, but not extinguished; and a suppressed faction, though it run into all corners to hide itself, yet loses nothing of its dan-

gerous activity. In fact, the subtle Papists were now playing fast and loose; while their priests were masking themselves under fictitious names, and dressing themselves in lay characters. At this day we may smile at James the First in his retirement, having at his leisure hours the Bishop of Winchester to read over to him the four tomes of Cardinal Bellarmine's Controversies, and dispatching a special messenger to the libraries at Cambridge for volumes to collate his quotations, and to refute his arguments. We may smile too at his lively conference at Hampton Court; but he knew well the "men of parity," who were for modelling the Government, each man according to his particular notion; the rabid Presbyters, who, howling at the surplice as "a rag of prelacy," and dashing into pieces the idolatry of painted glass, aimed at nothing short of abolishing the sovereignty and the hierarchy together. Thus these polemical studies were, in fact, political ones. The Reformation had made the study of Polemical Divinity in England a general pursuit—a study for which, it may be said, mankind have a natural disposition. Doubtless there were some disputants who, gifted with a more enlarged comprehension, felt that in these controversies were im-

plicated other interests than those of the soul, and other attributes than those of omnipotence. Doubtless, in combating the infallibility of the Pope, the illustrious Falkland felt that he was vindicating the political independence of his country; and are we to believe that, in supporting that infallibility, the Jesuit White was unmindful of the lustre which, from the success of his syllogism, must necessarily be reflected on his order? But the motives of the great mass of the nation were more spiritual and less enlightened. The study, however, was universal, and its effects consequently not less general. Doubt and dogmatism pervaded all ranks, and, as usually happens where new systems are broached and ancient ones canvassed, in most cases the scepticism was as to the propriety of the existing order, and the certainty as to the fitness of the theoretical. Was the monarch then, of all men, alone to be ignorant, uninterested, and inactive, when he surely, of all men, was most interested in the result? which, to say the least, was a decision whether he and his people should bend to the foreign despotism of the Romish tiara, or degenerate into the mongrel rabble of the Presbytery of Geneva!

CHAPTER IV.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE SPANISH MATCH.

THE hour arrived when the romantic spirit of Charles the First broke forth in the high and mysterious adventure of "the Spanish Match." The gallantry of Charles was, like the other parts of his character, somewhat serious and intense. The state of the youthful Prince at this moment is ingeniously described in a letter *ab Ignoto*, to the Conde de Gondomar, in which the writer points at the danger of a cold delay with a spirit so youthfully eager, and so fanciful!

"The Prince is extremely sharp set upon this match; and you know that a hawk, when she is first dressed and made ready to fly, having a great will upon her, if the falconer do not follow it at the time, she is in danger to be dulled for ever after. The Prince, you know, was thought slow enough to begin to be eager after the feminine prey; take heed, therefore,

lest in the fault of your delays, he grows dull, and in short time he will not stoop to the lure, though it were thrown out to him."

Modern history affords no parallel to the narrative of the projected, proffered, accepted, and at length broken-off match of Prince Charles of England with the Infanta of Spain. In the suspended march of that mysterious story, the thread so finely spun and so often dropped, is still taken up with "the eagerness and trembling of the fancy." We have to trace the open shows of things, and their under-workings—the contrasted characters of the illustrious actors in the combination of uncommon incidents—the chivalry of the English Prince embraced by Castilian magnanimity—the honour of two great nations awaiting the issue of a love-story, and the winding up of its action in the grand unexpected catastrophe of a naval war. When the reality exceeded the probabilities of invention, there was enough for "the Spanish fancy to frame one of those romances which are frequent among those barren rosemary mountains, the fume whereof is pleasant and helpful to the brain." Tilts and tournaments had become obsolete; and no single knight-errant was suspected to be abroad on a pilgrimage of love, when Charles,

by one audacious flight, startled the slumbering genius of the folio romance.

The Spanish Match is one of those passages in our history, which, inexplicable to its contemporaries, has been found equally perplexing to our latest historical inquirers. This political enigma still remains for solution. Of the parties concerned, who were the deceivers, and who the deceived? Or, if there were any sincerity in the treaty, what causes broke off the projected alliance? Sir David Dalrymple observed "how imperfect all the printed accounts were of the Spanish Match; yet the learned in British history," said he, "*well know* that these secret and interesting transactions may be explained from papers hitherto unpublished." Dalrymple must have alluded to that ample correspondence which, twelve years after this announcement, Lord Hardwicke drew from the Harleian Collection, for his 'Miscellaneous State Papers.' Since then, I have discovered a memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the secret agent of James and Charles, which has thrown a clearer light on this involved piece of secret history, and with the aid of some fresh materials, holding this "goodly clue" of many threads in our hand, we shall perhaps now feel our way through the labyrinth.

James the First had often regretted that the dignity of an English monarch was impaired by his religion, for none of the great Continental sovereigns being Protestants, the Prince of Wales could not be matched in his own rank. The project of a Spanish family alliance had in it all the magnificence he desired. It is known how that delightful literary ambassador, Gondomar, kept James in play, some seven years, with merry tales, and quaint quips, and most compliant promises, which it was the business of Olivarez to mystify by the return of the courier.

James endured the reproaches of his own day, and his character must still bear the traditional obloquy, for not precipitating a Continental war, to maintain the weak Palsgrave in the ambitious career by which he lost his patrimony, when he assumed a crown which he could not hold. To the English nation, the vital interests of the reformed religion seemed in peril; and when our religion formed a part of civil freedom, religion was politics. James was censured for indifference to the Protestant cause, an inclination to Popery, and deficient zeal as to the condition of his rash son-in-law. Yet, though James, from his notions, could never sanction the Palsgrave's assumption of the Bohemian Crown, he seems

nevertheless to have been unjustly blamed, for the restitution of the Palatinate was the unceasing object of his thoughts, as a father and a sovereign; or, as Lord Bristol elegantly expressed it, "in nature and honour." The restoration of the Palatinate had been attempted in all the multiform shapes, and through all the open and indirect roads of patient and delusive negociations. We shall find too, that it equally engaged the attention of Charles the First, and that these monarchs have been unjustly condemned for neglecting the Protestant interest. James the First had dispatched Gerbier to sound the German princes. This secret agent discovered that 'the union,' or the Protestant League, as 'unions' in politics are often found to be, was widely disunited; and the Calvinist and the Lutheran were hateful rivals. Neither the French nor the Hollanders, nor even Sweden and Denmark, would stir for the Palatinate. A few poor German princes were not unwilling to be subsidized monthly; but James had no periodical bullion casks to keep up their parade days. The little Protestant princes were either averse to risk their own equivocal condition, or were divided by opposite interests, while many of these very Protestant princes were actually the allies of the Romish Emperor. The Eng-

lish agent Gerbier was treated so coolly on this occasion, that the Prince Elector of Treves and another prince, hinted at "such public incendiaries who would engage princes in unnecessary wars with their neighbours; besides," they added, "in these days, God did not send prophets more to the Protestants than to others." And yet the clamour for war continued, year after year, in our country. It may be sometimes a question, whether a war, originating in the passions of the English people, or even tending to their beneficial interest, is necessarily to be adopted by the British Cabinet. Even in the great cause of freedom, we are too apt to imagine the sympathies of foreigners; we forget that they have their own national prejudices, their ancient customs, and the rooted interests of predominant parties,—affections stronger than even the love of freedom!

The pacific King certainly long hesitated, as he himself expresses it, "to undertake a public war of religion through all the world at once;" and our popular writers of history are still echoing the politics of the Puritanic party, ever in a panic of Papistry; the wise "walkers in Paul's," who were for levying armies without raising subsidies.

The negociations for the Palatinate had been

grafted on the family alliance; both were languishing through all the tediousness of diplomacy. A grand *coup-d'état* was projected at once to strike at the secret, whether the Court of Madrid were in earnest, and could be induced to terminate both these important discussions, by accepting the proffered alliance with the family of Stuart, breathed from the lips of the princely Celadon himself to the fair Infanta. With whom this eccentric project originated, has been often and vainly asked. Was it a flower of the Spanish fancy of Gondomar? The Earl of Bristol charges Buckingham with having concerted measures with the Spaniard, to carry away the Prince to Madrid. Charles, indeed, declared in Parliament, as Bishop Hacket expresses it, that "the heroic thought started out of his own brain to visit the Court of Madrid;" but that declaration might have been designed to screen Buckingham from Parliamentary responsibility; or the Prince, yet green in manhood, might have mistaken the whispered suggestion for his own pre-conceived design. The Duke confidentially imparted to Gerbier, that it was himself who struck out this bold invention. Clarendon has recorded of the high-spirited Charles, that "the Prince loved adventures." One of unexampled

splendour was now open to him! The universal fears of the nation for the personal safety of the Prince in the hands of Spain, Buckingham told Gerbier, he considered as groundless; Spain could acquire nothing even by the loss of the Prince of Wales; for the Protestant succession was secured in the progeny of Elizabeth of Bohemia, and the honour of Spain was immaculate.

We are told in the declaration to Parliament, in the account given of the motives of this extraordinary journey, that James the First had commanded the Duke to accompany the Prince; but the truth is, that when this knight-errantry was discussed, James, as usual, wisely remonstrated; and that Charles, like a young Prince, only shed tears in silence, till Buckingham's violence threw the aged and infirm monarch into an agony; for no council was to be held on this occasion; the pilgrims were to wander in secrecy and silence. James was reminded that he had himself set the gallant example; for when the Scottish fleet had caught the first fresh breezes, to waft over Anne of Denmark, the monarch, unobserved of any, conveyed himself on board: "A resolution," the Scottish monarch nobly said, "which he would not confide to any of his council, that no one might

incur responsibility for having consented to the absence of the Sovereign."

The Prince and the Premier, journeying together *incog.* accompanied only by Sir Richard Graham, a creature of the Marquis, unpractised travellers! strangely blundered, or found their faces too eminent to be hidden. Though their persons were disguised by long beards, and Tom and Jack Smith familiarized their names, they were often at a fault. They flung a piece of gold to a ferrymen at Gravesend, which cast the fellow into such a melting tenderness, that, to prevent the deadly quarrel he imagined these unhappy but liberal gentlemen were hastening beyond sea to terminate, he raised a hue and cry, which, as they journeyed on sorry hacks, arrested them at Canterbury. The heir apparent, and the Lord-Admiral, stood before the Mayor, when Buckingham, taking his worship aside, was compelled to unbeard, and assure him that they were going secretly to inspect the fleet. The trembling magistrate was let into a state secret! At Dover, Sir Francis Cottington and Endymion Porter had a vessel ready, which landed them at Boulogne. They had left their beards on the shores of Britain, and on the road to Paris chanced to fall into company with two German gentlemen return-

ing from England, perfectly acquainted with Steenie's fair countenance, and with the stately personage of his prince, both of whom they had not long ago seen at Newmarket. The Germans expressed their opinion; but Dick Graham had the ingenuity to un-persuade them; though they could not avoid hinting that "the hardest thing in the world is to unbelieve our senses." At Paris, having bought perriwigs, "to overshadow their foreheads," they were admitted among the crowd at the French Court, where Charles, for the first time, saw the Princess Henrietta, rehearsing a masquing dance. There is no algebra to discover the unknown qualities of moral probabilities: what vaticinator would have ventured to predict,—least of all men would Charles himself have believed—that his Queen was then before him? By an autograph letter I have seen of the Prince, to his father, among the royal letters at the British Museum, he appears not to have been struck by any mysterious sympathies. The splendid fairness of the Queen of France seems to have engaged all his attention, rather than the young Princess. It is curious to observe, that the Count de Brienne, in his contemporary memoirs, relates that the Prince and the Duke were "surprised by the beauty of the ladies at

Court; but that no one struck the Prince more than Madame Henriette." I give this as an instance of those self suggestions which a writer of memoirs is apt to indulge, by connecting in his mind preceding events with subsequent ones.

When the Earl of Holland was afterwards at Paris to negotiate the French match, the Queen of Louis XIII. regretted that when Prince Charles saw them practise their masques, Madame, her sister, (Henriette,) " was seen at so much disadvantage by him, afar off, and in a dark room, whose person and face has most loveliness when considered nearly." Charles did not pretend that he had carried away any impression of the Princess; but his letter to his father shows, that he was struck by the beauty of the more important personage, at that moment, the Queen of France, the radiant whiteness of whose complexion and whose arts of coquetry afterwards produced such a madness in Buckingham.

The companions escaped through France, not without peril. Floating rumours preceded, and couriers were behind them. The Government had already some intimation of the two extraordinary travellers. At Bourdeaux, the Duke d'Epernon balanced in his mind,

whether he should allow them to proceed; and at Bayonne, where they wore "five riding coats, all of one colour and fashion, in a kind of noble simplicity," the governor considered them as five ambiguous personages. A slight occurrence might have brought some trouble. It was Lent-time, and no meat was procurable at the inns. Near Bayonne they met a herd of goats, on which Dick Graham, now master of the horse to the Marquis, but erst, "an underling of low degree in his stable," and moreover a Scotchman, told the Marquis that "he could snap up one of those kids, and make a shift to carry it to their lodgings." The Prince, overhearing the proposal, cried out, "Richard, do you think that you may practise here your old border tricks?" After having ordered the goatherd to be paid for his kid, the Prince himself rode after the animal, and shot the prey in the head.

To prevent observation, the Marquis and the Prince arrived at Madrid alone on a Friday night, alighting at the house of Lord Bristol, "never merrier in their lives." Tom Smith (the Marquis) entered with his portmanteau under his arm, but Jack kept in the dark on the opposite side of the street, with the postilion. Tom opened with a story about

some messenger of the Earl's, who, he said, had been robbed. While he was speaking, Buckingham was recognised; and they flew to conduct the Prince to his chamber. On this occasion we have a letter from Lord Bristol, which he calls "a distracted dispatch," so full "of admiration, of joy," and had he written his thoughts, he might have added, "of despair." This secret journey was a thunderstroke. It reversed the whole system of politics: a treaty which had been maturing for years, and which, as it appeared to Bristol, was on the very point of conclusion, was now to be thrown into the hands of his ungovernable rival, amidst all the inconveniences which his political brain could conjure up.

Bristol now dreaded "those accidents which ordinarily fall out at the interview of princes, wherein difference of custom or religion may raise disasters, and the emulation which groweth between their chief servants and ministers, whereby often the affairs of their masters are disordered and hazarded, so that friendship and amity is seldom bettered or increased."

On Saturday morning, after Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter had come, a message was sent to Gondomar, who, learning Buckingham's arrival, apprehended that the

Prince was not far off. An interview of Buckingham with Olivarez followed. The Lord Admiral was introduced by a secret passage to the King's private room, and in this audience the feelings of the youthful monarch of Spain are described by Bristol:—"I never saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the King was, for he secretly understood of the Prince's being here." The Conde Olivarez hastens to cast himself on his knees. In his rapture he exclaims, that "the Infanta ought to be thrown into his arms; she should be his mistress, if she could not be his wife!" and turning to Buckingham, he said, "Now our masters may divide the world!" The Prince intimating his desire to see the Infanta, a royal party was made to meet in their coaches in the Prado. Thrice they passed; the Infanta wore a blue ribbon about her arm to distinguish her; and all the world witnessed, if we may trust Howel, the deep blush mantling her face as Charles gazed on her. The young Spanish monarch, impatient to embrace his chivalric guest, offered to wait on the Prince, who in return, proposed going to the palace; but in the struggle of courtesy, it was fixed that they should meet at night on the Prado. Charles found the King

waiting, with his cloak muffling his face, and with a sword and buckler. He hastened to the Prince, who met him half-way, and embracing, the Spanish Monarch and the English Prince entered the royal coach together with Bristol for their interpreter.

The pleasant, subtile Gondomar, having on the following day been sworn into the council of state, told the Prince, with his accustomed political mystification, that he had strange news to communicate, which was that an Englishman had been sworn in as a privy counsellor of Spain. The humour was more deep than obvious. Gondomar was perpetually declaring that he was an Englishman in his heart, notwithstanding the affronts he had so often received from the English mob, or apprentices, of whom the mob then chiefly consisted, and whom he called "the London boys."

All honours were decreed, all rejoicings were commanded. It was ordered in council that Prince Charles should enter the palace accompanied by those ceremonials of state which were observed at the Coronation of the Spanish Monarchs; and that the Prince should take precedence of the King, attended by a numerous guard of honour. The King sent the Prince a golden or gilt key, which opened the royal privy apartments; that he might have free

access at all hours; and the Queen sent her presents to the English Prince, with the taste of a female, elegant as well as rich. They consisted of a great basin of massy gold, which was borne by two men; a curiously embroidered night-gown was folded in it. Two trunks bound with bands of pure gold, and studded with nails of gold, with locks and keys of gold; the coverings and linings of amber leather, and filled with fine linen and perfumes. These were accompanied by a rich writing-desk, every drawer of which was full of rarities and curiosities. And that every public appearance might respond to the joyous occasion, the sumptuary laws against excess in apparel were suspended, and the people were invited to ruin their families in emulative costliness. The rapture was universal. At Charles's public entrance into Madrid, hangings of arras, and pictures, adorned the houses; scaffolds were raised in the streets; knots of people were all day shouting; orations and poems were recited in every corner—processions were passing—trains of magnificent equipages were moving, and gorgeous liveries flamed in the sun. The royalty of Spain was abroad, and the glory of the court and kingdom adorned a day, such as Madrid had never seen.

The public voice had already married the Infanta; and the burthen of a song, by Lope de Vega, was echoed by the populace:—

" *Carlos Estuardo soy*
Que, siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy
Per ver mi estrella Maria.

Charles Stuart I am,
Whom love has guided afar;
To the heaven of Spain I came,
To see Maria my star.

But what was the rumour? What were the politics of the people? " The Prince of England had come for a wife, and to be a Christian?" The purport of this extraordinary visit was imagined to be Charles's determination to make his conversion secretly or openly, and this appears at first to have been the notion even of Olivarez. Indeed it was difficult for a Spaniard to conceive any other.

Among a superstitious people, whatever they desire must be sanctioned by augury or omen, and whenever a great public event happens, they require nothing less than the attestation of a particular interposition of Providence. Heaven and nature must move to consecrate their temporary passions. This irrational devotion

regulates the feelings of a papistical people, and according to the inclinations of the governors, blind ignorance is supplied with favourable or unfavourable demonstrations. In the rapture with which Charles was received by the Spanish nation, and perhaps with some vague prepossession of his conversion to Papistry, these were not wanting, and the priest had prepared the miracle! Seven months previous to the arrival of Charles, the country had suffered greatly from draught. On the Prince's arrival, the weather changed; genial showers fell, and abundant harvests succeeded the dread of famine. The most fruitful season known in the memory of man was, they said, brought by the English Prince. This was a great and particular Providence for all Spain; but it was necessary to have a minor omen for Madrid; something which the court and the mob might witness with their own eyes; and behold! since Charles had lodged in the palace, a single pigeon—a pigeon, where pigeon had never been seen before—roosted continually above the window of his apartment, fed by no human hand, yet never quitting its chosen seat to travel for food. "These little trifles, among those superstitious people, are very much observed," says one of Charles's suite.

All now was the holiday of life, and the romance of the princely lover was at length opened. He ran at the ring, in presence of his mistress, and had the good fortune to carry it at the first course; and this chivalric achievement was one more auspicious omen. Although Castilian etiquette did not allow the Prince to be in private with the Infanta, this circumstance only the more inflamed his ideal passion. At the court theatre the Prince stood with his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta for half an hour together, and as Howel expresses the enamouring reverie, "in a thoughtful speculative posture." Charles watched her progress from church to church, and tracked her carriage through the streets. The Infanta having gone one morning to the *Casa di Campo*, to gather maydew, the Prince rose with the sun, and accompanied by Endymion Porter, explored the house and garden. Not finding *La Dame de ses pensées*, the rover pursued his way into the orchard, where a wall and a double-bolted door opposed his passage. Love hath wings, the Prince scaled the wall, and resolutely leaping down from the height, hastened towards her: the Infanta shrieked and fled! The old Marquis, her guardian, falling on his knees, implored the Prince to consider

for a moment that the hoary head of his suppliant was at stake. This incident might arouse a gallant of Madrid from his siesta.

A sedate majesty in Prince Charles, a manly beauty, temperate habits, and a thoughtful mind, were congenial with this grave people. The romantic visit by which the Prince had thrown himself into their arms, had electrified the nation, and drawn all Spanish hearts towards the hope of England. The Prince of Wales was covered with the prodigal honours of the Court of Madrid; but the name of Carlos Estuardo moved on the lips of the people.

But Charles stood alone among his countrymen; and above all, Buckingham offered a provoking contrast to his master. The airy freedom of his manners often degenerating into the grossest licentiousness of conduct, was never to be forgiven by the offended Majesty of Philip, and the contemptuous pride of Olivarez. Buckingham's indecorous habits, like all his actions, lie open to the world; and his inconsiderate familiarity had often provoked many serious altercations with the Prince during their residence at Madrid.* But there was

* There exists in MS. a voluminous catalogue of his minutest improprieties, and his more flagrant outrages by one

a charm in the frankness of his nature, a joyousness in his temper, which partly redeemed the follies of the hour, though these left a wound which could never be healed in the moral gravity and the stateliness of the Spaniard.

The English in the suite of Charles acted as freely as they talked: they were mostly ill-chosen. Some of them were the hare-brained parvenus of Buckingham. A groom had been promoted to be the Duke's "Master of the Horse;" another menial attendant was now "Gentleman of the Bed-chamber." The national antipathies in religion and in manners, were perpetually clashing. The superstitions of this "kingdom of priests" were more particularly brought under the English eye: when the Irish priests would tamper with the Eng-

Wadsworth, who taught the English language to the Infanta. This man, an English Jesuit, on his return home renounced his Catholicism, and dubbing himself Captain, the renegado proselyte appears to have been himself a loose liver. The charges were doubtless exaggerated, for the minutest is not lost in the enumeration. Buckingham called the Prince ridiculous names, in mere playfulness, and admitted the lowest women into the King's palace. He fell ill at Madrid, from political vexation, or some other cause, and the Court of Spain declared that "they would rather put the Infanta into a well than into his hands."

lish, the sturdy Protestant often closed a tough point of theology on the broken head of the weaker Papist; and all this in a land where the haughtiest Don trembled to touch irreverently the meanest friar. The interposition of Gondomar, or the policy of the Government at that moment, saved more than one Briton from the remorseless tribunal of the priesthood. A rumour, that the heretics had no religious service (prayers being only read in Charles's apartment,) occasioned the printing of our Liturgy in Spanish, which was dispatched from England to repel the aspersion, and must now be among the rarest books in Spain. The ridiculous contrast, as it seemed to the London "gallant," of Spanish pride and Spanish poverty, the sombre Madrid, and the ceremonious Hidalgo, wearied those who had ever on their tongues "Sweet England!"—"Most of our company," says one of them, "did nothing else but play at cards; for to say truth, there was nothing to be done else. The only precious commodity they wished to take from Spain, when they had travelled through its sterile land, was "their good air to join our earth, that England might be the happiest spot on earth."

From this close intercourse among persons of such different customs, and such opposite

nations, our ambassador had foreseen from the moment of the Prince's arrival, the consequence of all those incidents which were now following fast one on the other. Buckingham's political conduct was not less offensive than his moral. His native rashness was urged on by a double spur; he was receiving accounts from England of formidable intrigues against him; even Bishop Williams, the Lord Keeper, was confidentially warning his patron of some "ungrateful devils;" a *corps diplomatique*, by the way, of which he himself was the great demon, for he was the double of himself, the *Fouché* of the day. Buckingham would have broken by violence the dilatoriness from time immemorial, of the Spanish Cabinet; he kicked at the tortoise to quicken its motion, but secure in its sacred shell, he only rendered it motionless. The King refused any longer to treat with *him;* and Olivarez having insinuated that the Duke had given some hope of the Prince's conversion,—to his diplomatic consternation, received *the lie!* At moments, with all his faults, Buckingham would burst forth with the proud indignant feelings of an Englishman.

The Prince had already lost his wager of "a horse of forty pieces" with Sir Richard Wynne, that he would land in England in June,—it

was now September. England with one voice was calling for her Charles; the father was in tears for his son. . In Madrid, the sight of the Prince of England had become cheap and common. At an earlier period, on a report of the rout of Tilly's army, the great minister in consternation and haste, had knelt to Charles, and talked of offering a blank for him to fill up with his own conditions, for the restitution of the Palatinate; but now, when the authentic news arrived that Brunswick was utterly defeated, Olivarez became silent, and his visits rare; his *palabras de complimiento*, as he sometimes called all his fine promises, condescended to become very coarse and familiar. He said now, that "the Prince was watching the Infanta like a cat does a mouse;" and when pressed to hasten the departure of the English, Charles himself has given the ambiguous kindness of his answer; that "he would throw us all out of Spain as soon as he could!" The same old difficulties were ever and anon starting up. The Condé would patch this "mingled yarn," and audaciously propose, that the son of the Palatine should marry the Emperor's daughter, and be brought up in the Court of Vienna, which implied a conversion. And when Charles demanded whether, in case the Emperor proved

refractory, the King of Spain would assist with arms to bring him to reasonable terms, the Conde replied, that it was a state maxim, that the King of Spain must not employ his army against the House of Austria. On this, Charles protested to Olivarez. "Look to it, Sir! for if you hold yourself to that, there is an end of all! for without this, you may not rely upon either marriage or friendship!" Neither James nor Charles merit the popular reproach of their cold neglect of the Palatinate. I have read in a letter of the times, that when the English Minister pressed Olivarez to oblige his master in the affair of the Palatinate, which would preserve for Spain a friend for life, that profound statesman observed, "Ah Sir! Kings have no gratitude!"

Olivarez, however, sometimes indulged in a vein of good Spanish humour. When they seemed to be waiting only for the ratification by the new Pope, the Condé told the Duke, "now certainly it must be a match, and the devil could not break it!" The Duke thought so, and added, "the match had need be very firm and strong, for it had been *seven years* in soldering!" The Condé, as a mark of his unreserved confidence, then showed the Duke a letter from the King with his answer. This was designed as a proof that

the match had not been really intended *seven months!* a State secret which mystified the whole business;—they were now walking in a mist. This royal letter has come down to us, merely from the recollections of Sir Walter Aston, who, though allowed to translate it before the Prince, was not suffered to take a copy. We may suspect it to have been a political *ruse* of the subtile Spaniard. Sometimes the Condé proposed that the marriage treaty should conclude without the difficult appendix of the Palatinate, "for then," said the Cervantic Olivarez, "it could not fail; for the Infanta might beg it on her knees!" That zealous explosion of feeling which flung the lie into the face of the grave diplomatist, to beat back the treasonable insinuation of the Prince's conversion, concluded the interviews of these ministers. This discourtesy had become absolutely necessary; even the Earl of Bristol had been alarmed by the Madrid reports, and Olivarez had unquestionably forfeited his pledge, that he would never touch on the Prince's religion. The proud minister told Charles, that if he would profess himself a son of the Roman Church, Spain would yield all his desires, and it lay with himself to be the wealthiest and the most powerful monarch in Europe. The reply of the young

Prince has come down to us—"My Lord, you have broken your word with me; but I will not break my faith with God!"

There was an idle report that Prince Charles designed to decamp secretly from Spain, as if he had considered himself in personal danger; a suspicion in which Castilian honour was involved. It was nobly answered on Charles's side, that "if love had brought him there, it was not fear that should drive him away."

While the ministers were thus playing at cross-purposes, the chief personages themselves were more tenderly intimate. The King urged the Prince to delay his return till spring, that he might accompany the Infanta home. She, not tearless, complained with all a woman's feelings, that "if the Prince loved her he would stay for her:"—and when Charles assured her, that "his heart would never be out of anxiety till her feet had pressed on British land," she answered with a modest blush, so accurate is the record of love! "that should she be in danger on the ocean, or indisposed by the rolling waves, she would be cheered by remembering all the way to whom she was going." These formal speeches seem to have been taken out of "the Academy of Compliments;" and as Charles did not converse in

Spanish, and as the Infanta had hardly begun her English, and as moreover, their interviews took place in the presence of the family, this tenderness in all probability was but the temporary enthralment of the eyes. The deep-thrilling emotions, the genuine outpourings of the heart, never ratified this cold and protracted Spanish courtship; and Charles, who had flown to Madrid a romantic lover, was now, we may suspect, leaving it more warmed by politics than passion.

Buckingham set off alone to the ships, without taking a ceremonious leave at Court. He was now utterly anti-Spanish, and sullenly brooding over a French alliance. The Spanish monarch himself, with all the magnificence of his Court, would accompany Prince Charles. On their way to the sea-side, a festival awaited them at the Escurial, that Spanish eighth wonder of the world! On leaving this palace and its enchanting gardens, a stag lodged in their way —the horn was blown and the chase was roused. The stag, which was breathed well, dropped beside a wood, where, the ceremonies of the death performed, the hunters were reminded of their exercise by their keen appetite. Turning into the wood, a scene, as if prepared by magic, opened; a magnificent repast was spread before

them, on a table canopied with green boughs. Cool shades and exquisite viands in a moment dissipated heat and hunger. After this refection, Philip once more repeated, that the confidence of the Prince in having entrusted his royal person to his care had for ever endeared him in his brotherly affection: Charles again reiterated his vows for Philip's fair sister. A marble column had already been erected as a monument of alliance and amity. These royal personages, laying their hands on the pillar, in a mutual embrace ratified the marriage-treaty that was on the point of rupture, and the grand alliance which was about to terminate in a war. Politics is an art, admitting neither love nor friendship.

From the moment of Prince Charles's landing at Portsmouth, the whole nation was struck with that popular madness which has often seized on us. All eyes sought the idol of their hearts, the aged blessed the day they had lived to witness, public societies and private families were offering up their religious thanks. On his entrance into London, the universal joy made an universal festival: tables were spread in the streets, the wine and sack were flowing from the conduits. London, and far beyond its environs, appeared day after day in a conflagra-

tion of bonfires, and the bells pealing through the night proclaimed the return of the solitary hope of the nation.* Charles more than once received the same ardent testimonies from the populace. Is it strange that a Prince, once so loved, should afterwards have been at a loss to account for the estrangement of the affections of "the headstrong multitude?" They who are the victims of such passions can rarely discover the causes of what Sir Henry Wotton so happily describes as "the lubricity of popular favour." The memory of early gratitude or early flattery is scarcely to be effaced even by injuries; and he, who in his perplexity, is forced to sit in judgment upon himself, will appeal to the people against the people.

The Prince and Buckingham hastened to Royston. The King met them on the stairs, and the Prince and the Duke kneeling, the

* The most preposterous terrors were formed by the people of the effects of the Spanish Match. In the MS. Journal of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, it appears that some dreaded an intention of the Jesuits to get rid of the King and Prince, by poison or other means, whenever "the Spanish Lady," who would then survive them, could train up her children in the Romish religion, and re-establish Popery in England! The same national terror was by no means dissipated afterwards by the French Match.

old King fell on their necks, and wept. Then shutting all out, they held a conference for four hours, late in the night. The secrets of palaces are hard to get at, but the news-letter writers have speculated on this conference. The eaves-droppers, on these critical interviews, are not without authority for us minute chroniclers! The attendants at the door sometimes heard a still voice, and then a loud one; sometimes it was laughter, and sometimes chafing; but such was the variety of tones, that they could not conjecture the tendency or the close of this conference. In a word, these very reports present the true and fantastic image of this whole history. The grand secret was supposed to have broken out at supper, when James openly expressed his content, that *since the restitution of the Palatinate was no farther advanced by the Spaniards, matters should rest as they were.* The old King, with that pointed sententiousness he frequently used, said, that "he liked not to marry his son with a portion of his daughter's tears."

We might infer, from the language which James publicly used on this occasion, that on the English side the project of a family union had been entirely given up. James, however, still temporised, still dreading a war. In Spain,

after the departure of the Prince, the King continued to be, to all appearance, seriously occupied in favour of the match. He had a gallery erected in the streets, covered with the richest tapestry, to conduct "the Princess of Wales" in the magnificent solemnity of the *deposorios*. When the dispensation arrived from Rome, the ordnance resounded the joyful news, and the illuminated city reflected the zeal of the populace. The household of the Infanta was arranged, the presents and the large portion prepared, even the love-letter to the Prince, and the dutiful epistle to the father, to be dispatched on the day, were already composed.* What then was the consternation in Madrid, when the proxy which Charles had deposited with Bristol was ordered to be kept back till its power was suffered to expire! These open preparations were afterwards the derision of the Gazettes over Europe; but it must be confessed that they most clearly prove the earnestness of the Spaniards. We cannot therefore believe, as it is usually maintained, that the Spanish match was merely a bait de-

* In the collection of Royal Letters at the British Museum will be found a Spanish letter from the Infanta to her future father, as she undoubtedly considered James I.

signed to be gorged by James's credulity. Neither had Philip been duped by James; for in England, as we may find by manuscript letters of the time, the same preparations had occurred. We hear that "the new chapel for the Infanta goes on in building;"* and there was a chapel erected for her at St. James's, of which Don Carlos Colonna laid the first stone. We find also that a deputation of the nobility had set out for Southampton to receive the Spanish Princess, to repair the high roads, and to get ready shows and pageants, for which latter purpose Inigo Jones, and Allen the player, accompanied them. The sincerity of both the principal parties, therefore, is unquestionable; but the rival jealousies of Buckingham and Bristol, and the mighty hatred of Olivarez and Buckingham, are not less so; and their masters, the young Princes, were but the state puppets, which the hands of these intriguing Ministers secretly moved with an artificial life.

* The Romanists, who have made history a lie by their legendary taste, are at all times imagining miracles, and describe the most human events in the celestial style of the golden legends. In a letter of Sir Henry Bourgchier, he notices the workmen of the Romish chapel:—"The new chapel for the Infanta goes on in building, and our London Papists report that the angels descend every night and build part of it.

In the Spanish match James had a complex object. If the marriage restored the Palatinate, the Palatinate would make the match popular. In his reign, the formidable and active Catholic party in England would be conciliated by an English Catholic Queen. Strange as this consideration now sounds in our ear, it, however, greatly entered into the politics of the times. But the restoration of the Palatinate was in truth an English and Protestant, and not a Spanish and Catholic, interest. Philip, indeed, had promised it; yet when James positively required that the Spanish monarch should unite his forces with the English in protecting its independence, it was then that insurmountable difficulties hemmed in both parties. In restoring the Palatinate to the protestant son-in-law of James, which was then a *sine qua non* in the marriage treaty, the King of Spain, as Olivarez declared, would, in giving his sister to Charles on those terms, be preparing for his new brother a desperate war with the Catholic party, within three months of his marriage; and would ensure for himself a war with his uncle the Duke of Bavaria, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the whole Catholic league. It was one of James's difficulties, in contracting this wished-for alliance with Philip, that the English in-

terest being to league and confederate with all the enemies of the House of Austria, it would perpetually disturb the peace of this new alliance. To James, alliance or war seemed alike unfriendly; he was aged and poor; and how could the good man, who once said in Parliament, that "he had the honour in his titles and impresses, to be stiled *Rex pacificus*," hawk and hunt at Theobald's, if once fairly embroiled in a general war.

Spain, in the proposed alliance with the Royal Family of England, had only adopted a favourite system, which had even become proverbial with the nation—

> Guerra con todo el mundo
> Y Paz con la Inglaterra!

To keep England from any close alliance with France, and to estrange her from the Netherlands, was the policy of the cabinet of Madrid. The family union had been the dream of Spanish politics—since the day, perhaps, that saw a Philip on the English throne. Once they had dared to propose Prince Henry's conversion; and though the proposition was repulsed with scorn and indignation, yet the arrival of Charles in person, in their own city, seemed of itself half

a conversion. The Spanish Catholics cherished a sanguine fancy about the mutability of the English in religion. If the will of one English monarch had altered, that of another had reinstated, the ancient faith. They were informed by the English Catholics that their holy mother, the Church, had many children here; and Sir Toby Matthews, one of their most active heads, in a letter to the King of Spain, pressing on the marriage, declares that "should it be broken off, no Catholic but must expect the extremity of rigour from the common people, and the importunate malice of the Puritans." To relieve the Irish and the English Catholics, would be securing Spanish adherents; and in war, half the nation might subdue the other! England was a land which hitherto the heavens had guarded from their dark dominion; but a Spanish princess, like another Virgin Mary, might alight among the martyrs of Rome, and mitigate, perhaps annul, "the penal laws and statutes." With Spain, the emancipation of the English and Irish Catholics was one of the great points of the negociation, and the temporizing politics of James and Charles flattered the Spaniards that the English princes had a leaning towards Rome. In one of the Papal state-papers,

where his Holiness applied the term "Catholic Church" to his own, James inserted "Roman," asserting that he held himself to be as good a Catholic as the Bishop of Rome himself: Charles, on the other hand, wrote a complimentary letter of submission to the Pope, which astounded the zealous Protestants, as amounting, in their mind, to a declaration of Papistry. The truth is, that our sovereigns, at that period, were earnestly intent on relieving a very considerable body of their subjects from almost intolerable restrictions. During the present negociation, the Spanish ambassador had become the organ of the fearful and distrustful Roman Catholics of our country; and he had obtained from James, under his Majesty's seal, the grant of a pardon for the past, and a dispensation and immunity from their legal restrictions for the future. The Catholics considered that this pardon and dispensation were revocable at the King's pleasure, and not binding on his successor. They therefore urged for the more public concession of a proclamation. But James, though willing to grant the grace under the great seal, addressed to the judges, justices, and other public officers, shrunk in terror from the public avowal of this secret article in the treaty. "A proclamation," said he in his

pointed manner, "is only for the vulgar people, who had no interest in the business, nor were capable of any thing but fear and rumour." The Spaniards reproached him with evasion; but James was not such an apprentice in his famous "king-craft," as to set to hazard, with all its "divine and indefeasible rights," the Crown itself; and this monarch repeatedly declared, that the Romanists in this country must expect nothing more than a connivance, and not a toleration.

The political workings of the two Crowns began to develope themselves, soon after the enthusiastic reception of Charles at Madrid The negociation doubled through all the bland windings of concession and conciliation; but in vain, for the concealed objects were irreconcilable. There was also a subterraneous plot on both sides, which was gradually undermining the specious but false fabric. Olivarez used as his instrument the Spanish Ambassador at our Court, who appears to have held secret interviews at midnight with James, and to have terrified the doating monarch with the tormenting idea that he was about to become a mere prisoner in his palace under Buckingham and Charles. The artful Spaniard succeeded in a considerable degree, and the fall of Bucking-

ham had nearly occurred. The secret correspondence of both parties was betrayed to each other; for Charles tells James, "by the French ambassador's means the Spanish ambassador has seen all the letters that we have written to you; you are betrayed in your bed-chamber." This however was trivial, compared with the magnitude of our own ambassador's doings at Madrid; for Lord Bristol put forth some claims for the value of his services when he declared that there was not a letter sent by the King of Spain to any other state, of which James had not a copy before it came to the place of its destination; not a port in Spain which had not been sounded; not an expedition but its intention had been revealed. One extraordinary fact, perhaps unrivalled in the annals of diplomacy, the Earl thus relates:—

"I used such industry as to get all the papers of the King's private cabinet into my hands; took copies and notes of such of them as I thought useful; and upon every of them set my private mark before they were conveyed back again, to the end that, if I should have had an occasion to have charged him with any thing mentioned in the same papers, I might let him see I knew it, by telling him in what paper it was, and marked with such a mark."

It is however curious to add, that even this subtile and profound statesman entertained, in his own house, a spy placed over him by Buckingham, who had in his pocket a power ready, at a critical moment, to paralyse, as it finally did, all the machinations and stratagems of Bristol himself. Such was the political march of "the Spanish Match;" but these mutual deceptions had so multiplied, these crooked paths had so perversely crossed each other, that the actors could no longer extricate themselves from the labyrinth in which their folly had involved them. The only real difficulty that now remained was, to determine which should bear the infamy of the rupture.

On the side of England, whenever the spirit was high, the restoration of the Palatinate was insisted on as a preliminary article of the treaty; whenever the Spaniard was to be soothed, this matter, it was agreed, might be conveniently postponed till the marriage had been solemnized. When Buckingham was busied to break the treaty, the Palatinate was again urged as a *sine qua non;* and although the Cabinet of Madrid understood the tendency of the demand, Philip actually conceded this important point, as far as words could bind. But how could the Spanish monarch have kept to this engagement? The

immediate object of the Spanish interest was to conclude the marriage, and, by this family alliance, to separate the Court of St. James's from that of the Louvre. The English, on their side, it is probable now suspected that Philip could not perform his promise. Mutual recriminations followed; and then it was that Philip ordered the Infanta to drop her title of Princess of Wales. The parties had had time enough, now they had come to a closer explanation, to detect the utter incompatibility of their mutual design. A Catholic and a Protestant interest run counter to each other; and parallel lines can no more join together in politics than in geometry: hence the long negociation of a political marriage was terminated by a war.

I trust that I have now been enabled to throw a clearer light on one of the most puzzling passages in our history—one in regard to which Hume himself has remarked, "that James having, by *means inexplicable from all rules of politics*, conducted so near an honourable end, the marriage of his son, and the restoration of his son-in-law, failed at last of his purpose by *means equally unaccountable*." James however, in his speech to Parliament on the project of the French Match, appears to have rightly touched on these "unaccount-

able means," by acknowledging, that by the Spanish negociation "he had been taught this piece of wisdom,—that generality brings nothing to good issue, but that before any matter can be fully finished, it must be brought to particulars."

CHAPTER V.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE FRENCH MATCH. ROYAL AND POLITICAL MARRIAGES.

We now change the scene and the actors, but it is only a second part of the same comedy.

After the return of the Prince from Madrid, the ancient connection between the two Governments—for in political history an uninterrupted alliance of more than twenty years may be deemed ancient—was virtually, though not yet openly dissolved. In a change of councils, new measures were meditated; but before a Parliament was called, and a tale was framed to captivate the listeners, and humour the nation already prepared for a Spanish war, Buckingham was busied by domestic and foreign arrangements.

Our Duke had strangely wrested, from the fears of the good people of England for the safety of their Prince, a popularity for which it seems he

had a taste, which had never hitherto been gratified. Whenever a people labour under a political panic, however unfounded, he who accidentally removes the illusory fear, may chance to receive a nation's unmerited gratitude. The person of the Prince, which had been placed in possible danger by the hardy imprudence of the adventurous minister, had been more secured by the inviolability of Spanish honour, than by any wisdom of his conductor—yet, in the heat of English prejudices and English fears, Spain appeared an enemy, and Buckingham a patriot. Coke saluted the Duke as "the saviour of his country." In this blaze of popularity, when the name of Buckingham echoed from the mouths of the people, the Duke found no difficulty in intriguing with the Opposition through the agency of Dr. Preston, a courtly Puritan, and chaplain of the Prince, and in laying the foundation of a coalition with his former adversaries in Parliament.

After these precautionary measures at home, he had to look abroad and to substitute a new influence in Europe for that which had ceased to be. He was to search into the long-neglected cabinet of France.

A quarrel with Spain was a certain means of uniting the Gaul with the Briton; for in po-

litics there exists no impediment to the formation of a strict alliance, whenever a common prey is pointed out.

In the new system, France was to fill up the vacancy of Spain; and the political marriage, which had failed at Madrid, was to be consummated at Paris. The movements of statesmen are not always complicate; the mechanism of cabinets is sometimes a very simple operation.

A treaty, however, is always uncertain in its termination; and, however simple its objects, the treaty itself may chance to be extremely complicate; and, even after signature, utterly incapable of being executed.

As Hymen had now to lead the diplomatic corps, two ambassadors extraordinary, the perfect representations of Love himself, were selected by the volatile and impetuous Minister of England. These graceful emissaries were two congenial friends,—the Earl of Holland and the Earl of Carlisle; two courtiers "as accomplished as were to be found in the palaces of all the Princes of Europe;"—heroes of a drawing-room, personages to figure in a masque or a ballet, whose glittering and lovely forms were idolised by the women.

The Earl of Carlisle was the modeller of

fashions, from whose inventions the vainest did "but transcribe copies." His boundless passion for magnificence was cultivated with all the earnestness of business, though Clarendon observes that "his universal understanding would have taken as much delight in any other way." His great abilities, and his firm and elevated views in negociation, are displayed in his correspondence; and it is difficult to comprehend how so capacious a mind could contract itself into so diminutive a passion, so petty seems its object, so vehement its pursuit! He consumed the vast revenues which Royal favour and two splendid marriages had provided; and having thus expended nearly half a million of money in this personal lustre, "he left not a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by." He was a Scotchman, who, bred in France, and living in England, had wisely cast off his nationality when it could only occasion pain, and he was perhaps the only Scotch follower of James whom Englishmen loved.

A life of pleasure—to delight himself and to be the delight of others—he considered more innocent than a life in which, though inspired by severer virtues, the hearts of men rankle with rivalry, or are criminal through ambition. The Earl died as he had lived:

the Epicurean calmly withdrew from this festival of existence, careless even of death!

Henry Rich, Lord Kensington, and, in the progress of the French treaty, the Earl of Holland, from the moment he was received at Court, had attached himself to the Duke of Buckingham, whose vehement friendship was sure to accelerate the prosperity of the creatures of his favour. He had fixed Lord Kensington about the person of Prince Charles, as gentleman of his bed-chamber, and had thus secured at all times one who would protect his interest with the heir of the Crown. The Earl's conversation was attractive;—Clarendon notices his "lovely presence," and a contemporary poet describes it—

"Thy beauty too exceeds the sex of men."

The correspondence of these lords is characteristic, and to the political investigator their letters are highly instructive. These two accomplished courtiers, though intimates, are of an opposite character. We see the soft, corrupt creature of place and power in the Earl of Holland, pliant in his principles, inexhaustible in his adulation; but we are struck by the force of dignity, and the elevation of intellect, in the profound councils of the Earl

of Carlisle, who, with the talent of developing truth, had too much greatness of mind to disguise or to conceal it.

Lord Kensington was first dispatched, not bearing any official character, on the secret mission of France. It was a voyage of discovery, preliminary to a more settled intercourse. Mary of Medicis, the Queen-Mother of France, however, had long desired this political marriage. As far back as in 1620, five years before the present time, it appears by some letters recently published of Lord Herbert, that he wrote from Paris to James the First, that, "a proposition of marriage had been carried by the Lord Buisson to England; but that James had answered that he was now too far engaged with Spain." The match was popular with the French nation; and when the diversity of religion was opposed, it was said with characteristic levity, that "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband."

The English envoy on his arrival found that the Queen-Mother governed the state; and his first visit was to the Louvre. So little was Louis XIII. interested by the arrival of the great stranger, that the young monarch did not suspend his perpetual movements, and on the following day went to the country; but the

presence of the English Earl produced not quite so slight an impression on the Spanish Ambassador, who, disturbed and agitated, appears to have had a full conception of the purport of his visit. The Spaniard instantly sent forth a rumour that the alliance between the two Courts of Spain and England was completed, and that the marriage was on the point of taking place; so that, as this Spanish comment ran, Lord Kensington might have spared himself the journey, which was only designed, as it was maliciously insinuated, to hasten his master to do that, which he considered the same as done. To paralyse the efforts of the English visitor, and to conciliate the confidence of the French, was the first business of the politic Spaniard.

The Queen-Mother, however, was only the more curious in her inquiries about the terms on which the Spanish alliance stood.

Lord Kensington was guarded in his first answers. He did not deem it prudent to open at once, and he only complained of the Spanish tediousness, which, according to their old custom, had out-wearied the King and the Prince, and he thought that the Spanish alliance would soon have an end.

As the term "Spanish Alliance," included

both the treaty and the marriage, it was still ambiguous. The Queen-Mother on this point, more a woman than a politician, then directly touched on the marriage. His Lordship, by repeating more strongly that he considered the treaty was at an end, delicately insinuated that the marriage would never take place. Day-light was breaking on this dark business, to the comfort of both parties.

Lord Kensington, though unfurnished with official powers to address himself direct to the Ministers, had however taken up his station. They knew where to communicate with him, and politicians lose not a day. They contrived to acquaint him with their dispositions of amity and alliance. Not only the Ministers secretly communicated their wishes, but the Queen-Mother added her part, assuring his lordship that she had often indulged the hope that her daughter should be given to the Prince of Wales, "but," she significantly observed, "the female must be sought; she may be no suitor!"

Thus Lord Kensington was treading a path of roses. The Ministers were as eagerly compliant for the political union, as the Queen-Mother gloried in the more tender one, in spite, it seems, of the manœuvres of the Spanish am-

bassador, who having at first indulged his Cervantic vein by putting the question to every one—"Whether the Prince of Wales could have two wives, since he is married to the Infanta?"—afterwards, more angrily, in his rhodomontades, talked of the armies his master could shortly bring into the field. Olivarez, in process of time, sent bigger words from Madrid; for there he told our ambassador, that if the Pope granted a dispensation for the match with France, the King of Spain would march to Rome and sack it! On which Mary of Medicis, that long experienced politician, promptly answered—*Vraiment nous l'empecherons bien, car nous lui taglierons assés de besogne ailleurs.*—A year afterwards she was herself a solitary exile!

The Spaniard was moving heaven and earth against the alliance of France and England—the Pope, the press, and cabinet intrigues. The Court of Madrid long influenced his Holiness to refuse the Dispensation, without which the marriage would be invalid. They got up a mysterious conspiracy against Buckingham and Charles, in secret midnight interviews with James, and unquestionably had succeeded in terrifying the aged monarch, who was on the point of dismissing the favourite

from his councils. They opened the presses of Italy, Germany, and Flanders, with a volley of pamphlets. They procured a German Jesuit to publish two, on the unnatural alliance between a Catholic monarch and Lutheran heretics, which made the more noise when the Sorbonne condemned them as libels.*

But Lord Kensington, however he might feel the roses springing under his feet, seemed unambitious of handling the thorny politics. He therefore suggested to his Court, the propriety of separating the propositions of the treaty from the arrangement of the marriage; for in the delicacy of his fears he considered that by insisting on both together, it would

* These were *Admonitio ad Ludovicum* XIII.—and *Mysteria Politica.* The author was Keller, or, as the name is translated into Latin, Cellarius. There is a curious account of this famous *Mysteria Politica* in the Mercure François XI. 34. It is a collection of pretended letters from eminent persons in different parts of Europe. The writer ingeniously enters into the views of the different cabinets with unsparing freedom. The art of this political writer consists in infusing jealousies among the Combined Powers. He appears to have been well furnished with information; he would alarm France that her new ally is again "entering the garden of the *fleurs de lis*;" and while he treats James with irony for his warlike preparations, he attempts more solemnly to kindle suspicions between the father and the son; the Parliament; the Anglican Church; and the Puritans.

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look as if the one were designed to force the French king to the other. He dreaded the mutual jealousies of both parties in framing a treaty, incited, as they might be, by the crafty wisdom of the Spaniard, who, in despair, would do every thing to win over one side. In France they imagined that Spain would seduce England by the restitution of the Palatinate; but in England they might dread that France would be divided from us by the restoration of the Valtoline.

Such is a picture of the mutual suspicions which harrass our Cabinet politicians—and of the unhappiness of their far-sighted views of that mutual susceptibility of inconstancy, so prevalent whenever new state interests are to be substituted for former ones.

A fresh impulse came from London. The favourable dispositions of the French Cabinet, which Lord Kensington transmitted to the Duke, induced the Minister to touch a secret spring of communication, in an overture to the Count de Tillieres, the French Ambassador. A gentleman is hastened with a secret dispatch for the French King, containing the joyful intelligence; the royal answer arrives immediately, that no one more than the French monarch valued the alliance of so great a monarch as his

Britannic Majesty. The Earl of Carlisle provided with ample powers, sets off to open the negotiation, which was to combine the strength of two great nations, and change the face of Europe.

There was no difficulty in conveying to the French the arguments of the English Ministry, for breaking with Spain: at Paris, they were most valid, since both parties found their political interest to be the same. It is curious to observe the arguments of the Count de Brienne, the French first secretary of state, and afterwards minister, in favour of this new alliance with England. The justice of the complaints of the Cabinet of St. James's against that of Madrid, are allowed to the full; and the policy demonstrated by the most subtle reasoning, of the restitution of the Palatinate, that favourite object of the Protestant cause, and of the English nation. The English interests in an instant are identified with the French.

The Minister, the Duke de la Vieuville, had earnestly opened this amicable intercourse with England. The French Cabinet was strongly disposed for a Spanish war; but sometimes it is difficult even to raise a pretext for an open declaration, and the Minister therefore, now

gladly took up the Protestant and forlorn cause of the Palatinate, while his most Christian Majesty in the style of diplomacy, or of the French *Mercure*, with "all justice and piety," acted with the disinterested resolution of succouring the allies of France, the United Provinces, the Swiss, the Northern powers, and even the Turks—to check the growing ambition of Spain pressing on its neighbours. In a treaty of alliance, and a royal marriage with England, each was a pledge of that unity of power and coalition of interests, which were to strike at the preponderancy of Imperial Austria in the wide career of her ambition; and divide Europe into two vast confederacies, where the Protestant interest was not only to oppose the Roman Catholic, but the flame once kindled, political interests were even to unite the Lutheran with the Catholics. The Venetian who feared Spain, and did not love France, was to combine with the Swiss, the Hollander, and the Dane: while the far distant Bohemian was invited to plunder certain cities of Germany, and quaff the wines of the Moselle, which it seems the Emperor had accorded to be their "honourable stipend."

Lord Kensington had imagined, by the ardour with which he himself and the Earl of

Carlisle were entertained, that no possible obstructions could arise in the smooth progress of the treaty, and still less in that of the marriage, and he counted on the accomplishment of these important objects as on an affair of ten days.

The Duke de la Vieuville was a zealous, but a weak prime minister, directing a cabinet divided into small parties. He sought for an accession of influence by conciliating the Queen-Mother's favour in procuring her favourite, the Bishop of Luçon, who soon became the redoubted Cardinal de Richelieu, to be admitted into the Cabinet Council. It was the Minister's intention, as the young King made no scruple to inform the secretaries, not to admit the Bishop to the more interior secrets of state, but to advise with him only in occasional consultations; a custom which it seems the Premier had been wont to adopt with others to whom he had never yielded his entire confidence: least of all men, did he desire to yield this confidence to the Bishop of Luçon, whose character he was so judicious as to dislike, but whose aid he was so weak as to require.

The King, who was governed by his mother, wished, on the contrary, to grant the most

unreserved confidence to this political aspirant, whose talents were already felt by those about him. Mediocrity, seeking for an ally in Genius, is inviting the most dangerous of its enemies; and such half-measures as the present, are sure to end in the very evil they dread. All this is verified in the fate of the Duke de la Vieuville—his weak precautions ensured his ruin. Even while the treaty with England was in progress, the obscure favourite of Mary de Medicis was to be the man who was adroitly to expel from the royal councils those who had called him there; to cast into exile his unhappy patroness; to hold his sovereign in bondage; to guide the destinies of Europe; and unquestionably contribute to the destruction of Charles the First, the very prince, whose double union with France, at present so deeply engaged his labours. What a career may a mighty genius run, unconscious to itself!

The treaty of marriage was the more favourite negotiation with Lord Kensington, and this hymeneal ambassador, faithful to his charge, was studying how to make the Prince of Wales and the Princess of France enamoured of each other. A confidential letter was sometimes addressed to Charles, as well as to the Minister. His Lordship repeats how all in France repute

his Royal Highness to be "the most complete young prince and person in the world."

"The sweet Princess Madame" long felt a passionate desire to view "the shadow of the person so honoured," the Prince's picture, which his Lordship wore about his neck, yet this poor young lady durst not, like the Queen and other princesses, open it, and consider it, and admire it; she only saw it afar off, "she whose heart was nearer it than any of the others that did most gaze upon it." Impatient for a leisurely inspection of a physiognomy doomed by politics, if not by love, to be the arbiter of her happiness or her glory, a confidential lady was the messenger to his Lordship to entreat for a short loan of the portrait of Prince Charles. Our flowery courtier may tell the romantic incident in his own words, a curious specimen of an amatorial embassy. We seem to read a passage from the Arcadia of Sidney.

"As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in, when she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises

of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secrecy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the King your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord of Carlile's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by this lady trusted, that is for beauty and goodness an angel."

There was, however, something more serious in this diplomatic correspondence, between Kensington and the Prince, for his Lordship records his Royal Highness's opinion, as he had received it from Buckingham, that the treaty of alliance should precede that of the marriage, so that business, as well as love, engaged the attention of the intended bridegroom. But to return from love to politics!

Lord Kensington arrived at Paris in February, where, though he found all parties disposed to his purpose, yet France required a public demonstration from the English Court, that her ancient amity with Spain had terminated. This was now no longer any obstacle in this negotiation with France; Buckingham told his own tale in his own way; Charles had sanctioned it; war with Spain was decreed by the voice of Parliament, and the pacific

James reluctantly armed for the Palatinate in the succeeding month.

As in the Spanish, so in the French negotiation, the most intractable article concerned the English Catholics. At first the French had appeared less catholicised than the Spaniard: the pulse of the Minister beat temperately, and he seemed satisfied by certain explanations of Lord Kensington, which threw a new light over the ambiguous conduct of James, whose frequent revival of the penal laws against his Catholic subjects, had been in compliance with the cries of his Parliaments and his people. The French Minister only requested that the English Monarch would not tie his hands up so strictly as to be disabled from bestowing some moderate favours on his Catholics; and that he would allow of the mediation of France, in case the alliance should take place, "Else," observed the French statesman, "we shall not save our honour, and shall hardly be reputed Catholics."

But a sudden change interrupts the negotiation. They rise in their demands. The English ambassadors declare that what they asked in favour of the Catholics, to be allowed an Established Church, was contrary to the laws of England, and they would never con-

sent to it. The French then appeal to the Spanish treaty, and they declare that their Princess is not to be treated for, on inferior terms than the Infanta.

The English now were forced to propose, that in their high consideration of the King and Madame, the Catholics should be as favourably treated as the articles concerted with Spain had allowed, provided this article was not inserted in the contract. The King and the Prince should sign a letter, which was to contain the offensive obligation which they dared not disclose to the English nation.

But a letter, it was observed, might be easily disavowed, while a marriage contract was a solemn act perpetuating its object.

The distressed negotiators looked on each other in dismay. Both sides seemed to dread a renewal of the seven years treaty of Madrid. The Queen-Mother had openly said "*Qu'il méritoit d'être lapidé qui s'y opposeroit.*" Conferences multiplied, difficulties were debated, and the Minister de Vieuville, in equal impatience and embarrassment, agreed with the English ambassadors, that, provided the letter were written in very strong and positive terms, he would satisfy his own Sovereign; and to gain over the other French Commissioners, he pro-

posed that Lord Kensington should hasten to England, bearing a letter of credit from Louis the Thirteenth to James the First, finally to adjust the more difficult points. After this suggestion, the Minister followed the French King to the country, and on his return commanded the Count de Brienne to expedite this letter of credit to Lord Kensington, constituting his Lordship the secret agent of the French Monarch, and which letter he and the ambassadors of England had concerted together.

The Count de Brienne, or Lomenie, first Secretary of State, and one of the Commissioners for the Treaties, was evidently engaged in the interests of an opposite party. Struck at the consequence of writing a letter conferring such secret powers on Lord Kensington, and suspecting that the Minister had gone far beyond the intentions of the Cabinet, and further considering that where doubt was so decided, disobedience might be a prudent duty, the Secretary of State played off a trick on the Minister and the Ambassador. Aware that Lord Kensington understood the French language but very imperfectly, as he tells us, instead of drawing up a letter of this confidential nature, he composed one in which was no men-

tion of business; it only described the amusements which then occupied His Most Christian Majesty.*

The English Ambassador proceeded to England with this amusing letter; but as soon as Richelieu arrived at Paris, an extraordinary *éclaircissement* occurred. The Count de Brienne in raillery reproached the Cardinal's reserve towards him, in having concealed his consent in so important an affair as the King's letter of credit. The news startled the Cardinal, and he ruminated; lauding, however, the sage precaution taken in a matter of infinite delicacy, by his most judicious friend the Count de Brienne.

The result of this communication appeared not long after. The Cardinal is now *Chef du Conseil.* De Brienne, or Lomenie's, signature is affixed to the royal *ordonnances,* and the late minister is thrust into an old castle. He stands charged with abusing the King's confidence

* Whether Count De Brienne has told a pleasant story to enliven the memoirs which he composed for the instruction of his family, or flattered himself on his dexterity more than was his due, I cannot decide; but it seems not probable that the Earl of Holland, afterwards a great favourite with Henrietta Maria, was so inexpert in the French language. During the present negotiation he has given in his letters some conversations in their native idioms.

while treating with foreign ambassadors, and with other accusations, such as a fallen minister is liable to. He is accused of a chimerical enterprise to convey water to Paris, which was much in want of it; of squeezing purses in the disposal of places, by some who could not get promotion; of a design to take possession of a house which did not belong to him—in a word, De Vieuville furnished the *colporteurs* of the Pont-neuf for a month, with pamphlets *sous le manteau*, in which, among other charges, it was asserted that he was so penurious that no one could get any thing by him; but the pet of scandal was entitled, "The public voice to the King," though it might be considered as a private one coming as it did from a person who had been struck off the Pension List when the Minister attempted an economical reform.

Thus that very impracticable treaty about English Catholics, which had cost fruitless years in Spain, in a few months turned out the French Premier.*

* Mercure François, X. 671.—Mémoires du Comte De Brienne.—Biog. Universelle, Art. de Vieuville. This minister, after having been expatriated, outlived his great enemy, and returned to France, resuming all his honours under Louis the Fourteenth, with the character of a disinterested and zealous minister. The fact is, that Vieuville was far too accommo-

The disavowal of the acts of a minister threw every thing back. It shook the councils of James the First, who concluded that "the French King was taking up the fashion of Spain to entangle this business." The Count De Tillieres is recalled, and a new French Ambassador, the Marquis d'Effiat, is to repair the mischances of the past. Of an insinuating character, he winds into the good graces of the King, the Prince, and Buckingham.

In proportion to the Cardinal's ascendancy in the cabinet, the treaties moved the more sluggishly. Richelieu was inflexibly bent on the Catholic cause in England. The most extraordinary argument the Marquis d'Effiat urged for the emancipation of the English Catholics was, that if that were granted, the Protestants would have the greater chance of their conversion, since then each party would fairly debate,

dating to satisfy the Catholic party. We gather this from the Mercure. The writer having observed the advantages of the treaty, in having *gained thirteen years for the education of the children as Catholics*, instead of ten, as had been granted to the Spaniards, he adds, "Had not the Marquis de la Vieuville passed over too many other points in this treaty, the interests of religion had been better served; had he continued in office, we should not even have succeeded thus far:—it was the happy change of administration which procured for us what has happened."—*Mercure François*, XII. 901.

and openly enlighten one another. Truth at least would prove infallible. It was imagined that the Protestant could not deny the force of free discussion; but "what is truth?" jestingly said Pilate, or rather Lord Bacon, particularly when both parties proclaim that they alone possess her, and also that they will both combat for her.

It was on this occasion that the French Ambassador, according to the Mercure François, held out as an illustration of his argument, that the late monarch of France, Henry the Fourth, by allowing freedom of religion, had by this means gained over many of the "Religion pretendue," whom the monarchs his predecessors had thrown into rebellion, and made more obstinate in their opinions, by multiplying their persecutions. It is curious to listen to a Catholic advocating the cause of toleration, but it is always in a Protestant land! Of the present remarkable argument of the Marquis d'Effiat, which we shall have occasion again to refer to, we may discover the fallacy by noticing the close of a Catholic's toleration in the cruel revocation of this very Edict of Nantes, on which he grounds his argument for Catholic emancipation in England.

The negotiation thus advanced and retro-

graded, the agents on both sides were shocked at the vacillations of their own cabinets; at their ambiguous instructions, or their fresh demands. What had been agreed on was retracted; what mentioned, explained in a sense quite contrary to what the other party understood. Lord Carlisle at length was compelled to take down in writing their resolutions, and on one occasion silenced the debate by delivering them their former words. The Marquis d'Effiat was so wearied of the part he had to play, that he requested to be recalled.

At one period, both parties being at a loss to proceed, the French agreed to be satisfied with a solemn promise, that the Roman Catholics in England should at least be not less favourably treated than they were to have been if the Spanish match had been concluded. De Brienne observes, "We would not explain particulars, or enter into conditions; and the ambassadors then consented that this hitherto insurmountable article should, in such general terms, appear in the contract."

But when they came to particulars, they did not find their work the clearer by such clumsy botching. On another occasion, when a fair copy was made of the *Ecrit Secret*, which James and Charles were to sign, concerning

the English Catholics, to use Lord Carlisle's words, "the infamous word *Liberty* was, by the false suggestions and artifices of Ville aux Clercs, foisted in." By this "infamous word Liberty," we must infer that it was a covert attempt on the French side to disguise Catholic emancipation. But if at one moment they relaxed into general terms, defining nothing, at another they rigidly assumed the most specific and absolute conditions.

The real cause of the phases of this negotiation was the anxiety of James, who, knowing that Spain was practising with France upon any terms to break off this treaty, and who alarmed lest this rupture should a second time expose him to the laughter of the world, was evidently more compliant to the Marquis d'Effiat at London, than the Earl of Carlisle was to Richelieu at Paris. James even consented to "the infamous word," if it could not be razed out without disturbing the amity of France; observing that "it carries with it a great deal more show than substance;" and unquestionably it would hereafter, by the force of royal logic, signify nothing. But this facility at home, traversed the efforts of our ambassador, who was often singing to the deaf; and he requested that they would speak to the French

ambassador in a higher tone. Lord Carlisle writes home, with great force and discrimination: "Quarrel with the Marquis d'Effiat; not with his person, for that is worthy of all favour and esteem; but quarrel with his charge, with his commission, and with his minister's arts; who, when they find 'tis inflexible, set him awork. If any thing be granted to him, then they stop our mouths withal; if he promise any thing, that they disavow, as having no commission to treat."

When Lord Carlisle alluded to the French agreement of furnishing their quota of troops in the common league, the Cardinal replied by alluding to the freedom of the Catholic priests. "*Donnez nous des Prêtres, et nous vous donnerons des Colonels!*" exclaimed Richelieu in the combined spirit of a cardinal and a commander-in-chief.

The dispensation from the Pope was used as a great machine, to be worked or to be stopped as suited the French party.

At Rome it was ever delayed. We had there a Roman Catholic lord acting for us against the close intrigues of Spain. The French Archbishop of Ambrun came over here, and has left us a mystifying memoir, in which he either persuaded himself, or would

others, that James was a Roman Catholic. The situation of James was pitiable. Every endeavour on his part to relieve his Roman Catholic subjects, then far more numerous than in our times; every expression of a conciliatory nature; every vain dream of the reunion of the opposite churches, was sure to be construed far beyond its meaning by those who still lingered in hope.

The French Cabinet could not confide to his Holiness their own secrets of state; and the Pope lightly appreciated the bare word of an heretical sovereign. Could "the Father of the Faithful" sanction a league of the "pretended reformed" against his own ancient children? The true child of the Pope was his beloved Spain, and she was on her knees before him.

But as the Papal Cabinet was still the arena of the political wrestlers, Father Berulle, not long after Cardinal, was despatched on the French interest, to demonstrate to his Holiness that from this royal marriage great advantages would accrue to the Catholics of England.

The secret history of this dispensation would form no incurious tale. It was slowly wrung from St. Peter, and was long in coming. A menace from Cardinal Richelieu hastened its last steps. When the Minister grew impatient

for the state-espousal, he declared that the marriage should take place without the dispensation, which might arrive after.

At length De Brienne himself was dispatched to England ostensibly to ratify the articles, but really to procure what he calls "an act sealed by the Lord Keeper," which should secure the favourable conditions demanded for the Roman Catholics. These were probably those secret articles which were of so extraordinary a nature that they startled the world when they were revealed to the public eye.

The feelings of the Romanists were sadly put to the test by a circumstance which now occurred. The King, among other civilities, had desired the Lord Keeper Williams to invite the French ambassadors-extraordinary to a supper. His lordship resolved to give his banquet in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, but to precede it by an episcopal collation of his own contrivance. Having got the resident ambassador to consent to be present at a prayer for the King, it being Christmas-day, the prelate had planned the performance of the whole Christmas service with the foreigners, to show the Romanists that there was "no corruption of doctrine, much less of heresy," so that they might report favourably

to the Princess Henrietta. The French Huguenots who were of the Presbytery of Geneva, had decried the service of the Anglican church; and it was probably to make the French Catholic party witnesses how nearly the English service approximated to the Roman, that the Lord Keeper, as Dean of Westminster, had taken the advantage of the locality to introduce these bigoted Romanists into the heretical church. At the north gate of the Abbey, his lordship, at the head of his clergy, received them in his pontifical state; the exterior and interior of the Abbey were every where illuminated with torches, that the strangers might lose nothing of the pomp and solemnity of the ceremonies. Intreating the ambassadors, with their nobles and gentlemen, to enter, he promised, on the word of a bishop, that nothing should happen which could offend their feelings. The organ was played by the great musician of the times, Orlando Gibbons; the choristers, in their rich copes and with exquisite voices, chaunted three anthems; and the Lord Keeper presented to each of the foreigners the Liturgy printed in their own language. The story is told in triumph by the biographer of the archbishop.*

* Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, p. 210.

The French company behaved decorously, and departed with a due impression of "that form of holiness in which the English monarch worshipped." However, the ambassadors themselves, for whom the treat was designed, had not only no reverence to bestow on this occasion, but were strongly affected, both by their religious and diplomatic character. Ville aux Clercs alone kept on his hat, and when all others carried away their French book of prayers, he alone left his, in the stall of the choir in which he sat, as if it had been forgotten, and no one thought proper to bring it to him. The truth is, that there were two causes why this ecclesiastical entertainment proved so trying to the feelings of the French ambassadors. To assist at the service of Protestants was accounted no light sin, and the English Romanists were watchful of the conduct of the French party, that they might report it to the Spanish. One of the French ambassadors, the Count de Brienne, whose name does not appear in the biography of the Lord Keeper, has recorded the horrors of that evening. "I reproached," he says, "Monsieur d'Effiat ever to have consented to this invitation of hearing a prayer for the King of England. I pointed out to him the consequences of French am-

bassadors joining in prayer with Protestants. It was a trap which I resolved to elude, and, leaving my lodging late, meant to go straight to the deanery, and not to the church. But I found the Lord Keeper dressed in his pontifical habits, advancing with his clergy to receive us at the porch: he obliged us to follow him, and conducted us, in spite of ourselves, to seats which had been prepared for us. I therefore resolved, while they chaunted anthems, to kneel; and to show that I did not participate in their prayers, I said my *chapelet*, counting my beads. This greatly edified the English Catholics."*

De Brienne, however, was more particularly gratified by the political civility of the English Cabinet, in qualifying his Most Christian Majesty, "King of France and Navarre," and not according to the ancient custom of England, as "the French King." "For the English," he tells us, "argue, that if the people of France acknowledge this Prince and obey him, that nevertheless his Britannic Majesty possesses a legitimate claim to the country and the territory of France.†

* Mémoires du Comte de Brienne i. 193.

† This obsolete absurdity of a pretension to the Crown of France, by a nation who could not maintain an army there, was carried on through a long series of reigns, and has been

But at the very moment that De Brienne was here engaged in a solemn ratification of the treaties, he was himself suddenly shocked at their infraction by his own Court. The English army, already collected at Dover, under Mansfeldt, was preparing for their passage through France, where they were to be joined by their new allies. This was a point long agreed on.

De Brienne was on the eve of departure: he had to partake of a magnificent supper given by Buckingham. A courier arrived from Paris, which, as he says, in his mind threatened to put an end to all such fêtes, and indeed violently agitated his honourable feelings. His dispatches contained an order from the French Monarch, notwithstanding our convention, adds De Brienne, that the English would not be allowed to land at Calais, on the frivolous excuse, that the Treaty of

only recently corrected. The Dutch edition of De Brienne's Memoirs observes, that the addresses of our Parliament, when levelled against Louis the Fourteenth, always contemptuously treated this monarch as "the French King," but that his most Christian Majesty was sure to recover his titles in times of peace; and he adds, that children in their quarrels treat one another in the same way. It is thus great nations have sometimes perpetuated follies consecrated by ancient prejudices.

Alliance would not take place till after the marriage. At midnight he hastened to consult the French ambassador on this fatal intelligence, this first open violation of the treaties; and however subtlely the Marquis d'Effiat afterwards practised on the heedless Buckingham, it only added one more deception to the chain of duplicity, by which all parties were involved. This insincerity of the French Monarch is perfectly explained by an observation which De Brienne has elsewhere thrown out, and it offers an interesting picture of that conflict of adverse interests which will often torment the breast of a sovereign. After all these negotiations, Louis the Thirteenth was irresolute in his own mind to break with Spain, whose sinister power, though it was suspected, was not more so than that of the English Monarch; for it was known to Louis that his Huguenots, who were then acquiring daily strength, looked towards England as the true champion of their cause; and little was the French Monarch solicitous to contribute in calling forth the force of England. Although the policy of his cabinet had resolved upon aiding the Prince Palatine to recover his States, two contrary phantoms were continually haunting the mind of Louis. On

one side he beheld with dread the elevation of the House of Austria, and on the other he feared that of England.

At length, on the 10th of November, 1624, the treaties had been signed by both parties, and it was imagined that, after almost a year's anxious labours, the moment of repose had arrived. In politics, it seems, that affairs may be finished, but not concluded. Three months afterwards we have an energetic and an admirable letter from Lord Carlisle, from which I shall make some extracts, as not only continuing our narrative, but as also being an evidence, that the epistolary style in the days of James the First, when not the work of pedantry and affectation, seems to lose nothing in force and beauty when compared with our own.

"They are grown so indiscreetly and unreasonably presumptuous, as to impose a new treaty upon us, after a perfect treaty concluded, signed and sworn by his Majesty: under the Pope's borrowed name they would exact not only all the dishonourable and prejudicial circumstances which, with much labour and contestation, we had avoided or rejected, but would inforce no less than a direct and public toleration, not by connivance, promise, or

écrit secret, but by a public notification to all the Roman Catholics of all his Majesty's kingdoms whatsoever, confirmed by his Majesty's and the Prince's oath, and attested by a public act. This holdeth proportion, I must confess, with the whole course of their former proceedings."

Lord Carlisle had British feelings. Indignant at Richelieu's manœuvres, in an elevated strain, by which few ministers are so fortunate as to be addressed by their political agents, he solemnly charges Buckingham to maintain the dignity of the crown, and secure the hearts of the people.

"Now, last of all, by pretence of the Pope's authority, they would impose upon us real alterations and new additions, extravagant in themselves, and incompatible with his Majesty's honour and the peace of his kingdom. Do but remember, my most noble Lord, how much your noble and generous proceedings in Spain did endear you to the loves and hearts of his Majesty's people, all which you will lose, (I beseech your lordship to pardon my liberty, proceeding from a fast and sincere friendship,) if you give way in this. The world will now conclude it was nothing but a particular passion and animosity, and not care of the public,

which excited you thereunto. Nothing can more justify and advantage Digby, than the admission of the last of these new conditions, which carry with them more prejudice and dishonour than the conditions of the Spanish treaty, which might seem out of necessity to be extorted, the Prince's precious person being in their hands; but now, there being no such necessity, the envy will be wholly cast upon the negotiators. "I beseech your lordship to give your humble, faithful servant, who hath made a league offensive and defensive with your friendship, leave to assure you, that you will find little faith or fast friendship in any but the true British hearts; much less, in these inconstant and perfidious monsters, who will make little scruple to ruin their best friends, so as they may not fail to compass their ends."

In the treaty, it is specified that "the children of the future marriage shall be brought up by their mother till the age of thirteen years."* This would have made an English

* The Dutch, and doubtless, Protestant Editor of De Brienne's Memoirs, not without reason, seems astonished at this article, as he finds it given by De Brienne. "James the First," he says, "here betrayed the cause of his religion, and thus drew on his posterity all their calami-

Protestant's cheek tingle with indignation; yet, after having extorted this impracticable concession from the British Cabinet, when the dispensation was finally sent, it came clogged with a clause, so insurmountable, that even

ties." It must be confessed that Hume was somewhat perplexed on this discovery; but his philosophical genius, in my opinion, as I shall shortly show, has struck into the right vein. He says, "It can scarce be questioned, but this article, which has *so odd an appearance*, was inserted only to *amuse the Pope*, and was never intended by either party to be executed."

Dr. Lingard has vaguely stated that "the children should remain under the Queen's care until they were thirteen years old." But should not our historian have noticed the sense in which the Catholics accepted this article? The words in Rymer are more precise. *Les Enfans seront nourris et elevés après de ma dite dame Reyne.* With the Catholics it was a stipulation for the religion of the children. It is always so asserted by one of the negotiators, De Brienne, in his Memoirs, vol. i. p. 188, and it is confirmed by Père Griffet in his excellent History of Louis XIII. vol. xiii. p. 422. *Ce qu'il y a d'étonnant, c'est qu'ils ne faisoient pas tant de difficulté sur l'article qui regardoit l'Education des Enfans dans la religion Catholique jusques à l'age de douze ans, qui devoit ce semble leur paroitre d'une si grande importance.*" The reader has found here, at page 114, the self-congratulations of the Mercure, on the Cardinal's success in obtaining thirteen years instead of ten, for the education of the children *as Catholics*.

James or Charles, with all their facility, dared not perform it. It was nothing less than a Catholic emancipation, in the form of a treaty with the Roman Pontiff, to be sanctioned by an oath of the English sovereigns, which violated the fundamental laws of our Constitution.

Although the Gallican Church, in some respect, has freed herself from the Papal omnipotence, yet in the affairs of religion, and on points of doctrine, her enslaved intellect is still fettered by its holy chains. Even De Brienne confesses as a plea for these repeated tergiversations, that they usually arose from Rome. "There," he says, "the least matters are not easily obtained, and on this occasion they had raised many difficulties to follow up the intentions of the King, because we did not disclose the acts which we had passed with England, and that we were satisfied with the concession of his Britannic Majesty." This was a dilemma which seemed inextricable; but when affairs are inextricable, statesmen discover expedients. The hand of the English Monarch was paralysed, he dared not put his signature, and to proffer his oath to Antichrist, might have raised a general revolt in his three kingdoms. To sa-

tisfy the conscience or the dignity of the Pontiff, observes the acute commentator on "Bassompierre's Memoirs," a *mezzo termine* was contrived; and the French Monarch engaged on the part of the King of England for those points in which the latter could not, or dared not, treat directly and openly with the Pope. To such miserable shifts were the greatest monarchs of the world driven by a power which they disavowed in terms, resisted in substance, and submitted to in form.*

In politics too much has been conceded to obsolete forms, which only adds to the insin-

* Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England in 1626. Translated with Notes. 8vo. 1819. I recollect no volume of the size in our historical literature so desirable for the general reader as the present. Its varied information is perpetually enlivened by a searching spirit, which strikes at the results of historical evidence, deducing inferences, and detecting nice discriminations, such as a mind practised in the business of life, and drawing from its own experience, could alone discover, and which prove that the writer has been conversant with courts more modern than those of the historical antiquary. The writer, or the Editor, as in the coyness, or the pride of his talents, he styles himself, is *John Wilson Croker, Esquire*, M.P. Secretary of the Admiralty; a gentleman in office, who has had the rare merit of occupying his leisure by literature.

cerity of the parties. By this hollow etiquette, this veil that never hid what it covered, have the weak been flattered by the potent! Statesmen sometimes have to act very ridiculous parts, and it is not strange that their views should be so often misconstrued by the people, and adroitly pointed against themselves, by the artifices of an opposing party.

At length the Duke de Chevreuse, by proxy, espoused, in the name of the King of England, Madame Henrietta Maria. In the *Mercure François*, the splendid ceremony, and the public rejoicings from Paris to Amiens, occupy a moveable page of festivals, processions, and triumphal arches. All the magnificence of France was radiant, and the details from the mantles of violet velvet, spotted ermine, and cloth of beaten gold, to the allegorical entrances into towns, the comfits from the mouths of Dragons, or the verses from Sibyls or Muses, with an exhibition of all the daughters of France who had been Queens of England, represented as so many different virtues, were all unquestionably to the taste of Louis the Thirteenth, who perhaps edited, with particular care, the splendid chronicle in this Book of Kings. A circumstance in the marriage-ceremony was remarkable. Although the French

had obstinately persisted, during their negotiation, in requiring a secret article respecting the education of the children of the marriage, under their Roman Catholic mother, yet when mass was performed at Notre Dame, with great delicacy they permitted the Duke de Chevreuse, as representative of the English monarch, to withdraw from the mass, and accompany the two English Ambassadors, who were not present during its celebration; but who returned to the French monarch to take their rank in the procession, the instant it was concluded.

Scarcely had the marriage ceremony closed, when to the astonishment of the whole Court, the unexpected arrival was announced of the Duke of Buckingham, accompanied by a train of English gentlemen. The hostile Count De Brienne observes, "This Englishman appeared to the Court to have his head filled with chimeras that broke out in his conversation; he pressed for the departure of the Queen of England, and every one earnestly wished for that of the presumptuous stranger." The departure of her Britannic Majesty was delayed by the indisposition of the King, who was desirous of accompanying his sister to Compiegne.

Our comet of fortune blazed with intolerable light. Even the severity of the sullen

Secretary of State softens, as his reminiscences sparkle, in describing the singular beauty of his person, the grace of his movements, the strange magnificence of his dress. We hear from our own quarters, of Buckingham's twenty-seven suits, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold and pearls could ornament; and more particularly of the white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at four-score thousand pounds, set off with great diamond buttons, and diamonded feathers. To the females, Buckingham seemed a degree above a mortal; for among the seductions of his gallantries, he practised one peculiar to his own fantasy—he had his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he willed, some graceful motion would shake off a few—and he obtained all the celebrity he desired from the pickers-up—the *Dames de la Cour;* whatever any fair hand condescended to take from the ground, the Duke conferred on her as an unalienable possession.

But alas! his presence at the Court of France was fatal to her who seemed placed beyond the reach of Fate—to Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis the Thirteenth. The splendour of that Queen's complexion was unsufferably

fair, and he who had all the world of women for his victims, was himself the weakest of that all. The lady too, was one whose pride was to subdue the hearts of distinguished persons; and who, in Europe, was as distinguished as the magnificent and fascinating English Duke?

Buckingham shed tears on the Queen's hand at his departure. Were those drops the melting effusions of his mind, or the burning heat of his senses? The annals of gallantry, usually so circumstantial with the French, have preserved a sullen and royal silence. Was the passion of Buckingham refined, as Hume in the calmness of his philosophy would conjecture, who tells us, "that attachment at least of the mind which appears so delicious, and is so dangerous, seems to have been encouraged by the Princess." But the discontent of her royal husband, the rage of the Cardinal, here a double rival to Buckingham, and the covert style of the Secretary of State, indicate the treason. "Had this Princess followed my advice," says De Brienne, (which was to remain at Paris with her sick husband) "she would have received great advantages; but she preferred the counsels of Madame de Bervay," who probably was not unacquainted with her Majesty's confidential inclinations, nor the promised festivals of every

day, which were to make gay the progress to the coast. We fear that Hume is here but an apologist for the French Queen, when we find in the graver historian, Père Griffet, that "several of the Queen's household were suddenly dismissed, the Marchioness de Vernet, her *dame d'atours*, and Ribera her physician, as persons who had proved to have been too favourable to the design of the Duke." And farther, when we recollect the reply of Voiture, when her Majesty met him musing in the garden of Ruel. "What are you thinking on?" inquired the Queen. "I am thinking," replied the wit, in impromptu verses, "that if at this instant the Duke of Buckingham should appear before your Majesty, who would lose the day, the Duke, or Père Vincent?" the Queen's Confessor. The mystery of the loves of Anne of Austria and Buckingham, is not diminished by a letter of the Earl of Holland to our Duke, in which, among other state affairs, we discover certain hieroglyphics of love—a *crown* to designate the King of France, a *heart* the female lover, and an *anchor* our Lord High Admiral. It appears that the anchor was most urgent to revisit Paris, but the crown continued in its strongest suspicions, and the heart "hath infinite affections." A threat of the young

bravadoes of the Court, set on by the crafty Cardinal, that he is not a good Frenchman who would suffer the *anchor* ever to return from France, might have its effect. "You are the most happy unhappy man alive, for the *heart* is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance to you. Do what you will, I dare not advise you—to come is dangerous, not to come is unfortunate."—A specimen of love-letters inclosed in the despatches of ministers of state!

The calamity of these *Roman Catholic* and *Protestant Marriages* in the royal family, for calamitous they have always proved to be, by exciting the fears and jealousies of the nation, in an age of controversial faiths, was so far from having yet been ascertained, that on the contrary both parties then calculated on mutual advantages from this forced union of opposite interests. The first difficulty lay in the preliminaries; for while one party required so many concessions which could never be conceded, the other, in its perplexity, accommodated matters by promises which could never be performed. It seemed the art of one party

to evade what the other at length would abandon; and it appears that, notwithstanding the secret articles of the treaty ostensibly signed, there were others still more secret, which annulled them, as the English Cabinet, in their subsequent discussions and rupture with France always asserted.

Rapin wonders what could induce the English to have acceded to this treaty; and Mr. Croker, whose enlarged views are those of a statesman, has, in this particular instance, as I think, too easily adopted Rapin's suggestion—that it was owing to three causes; James the First's avarice, vanity, and indifference to the Protestant religion. Such assumptions too easily pass into history; and it is as necessary to exercise a critical spirit upon historians themselves, as on the materials with which their histories are composed. Our honest Huguenot emigrant, influenced by the horrors of intolerant Papistry, which once massacred the brothers of his faith, and at the moment of his writing had hunted him and his from their hearths—Rapin, a suffering Protestant, adopted the Puritanic prejudice, that the father and the son were really indifferent to the religious establishment of their country. Were James and Charles then indifferent to retain their

crowns, and did they prefer the private interests of a minority to the universal feeling of the nation?

We have shown that the restitution of the Palatinate was the ceaseless and tormenting burthen of the Spanish negotiation; and among the last letters still extant, which Charles the First wrote to the Prince, afterwards Charles the Second, may be found a reiterated and solemn charge to obey his mother in all things, saving in religion; on this head he was to guide himself by the English Bishop (Cousens), and the excellent council which Charles had provided for his son. The governors of Charles the Second, from his infancy, were Protestants. Charles the Second was indeed so flexibly filial, that he appears to have equally obeyed his father and mother, for on the throne he lived a Protestant, and died a Catholic. He probably acquired his Roman faith abroad, where every day he experienced the benefits of perpetual absolution.

Rapin's observation then is merely popular and superficial; nor perhaps had that diligent historian a mind sufficiently comprehensive of the nature and character of these *political marriages;* and much less of the *state-reason* or policy of the present one.

The French marriage with Henrietta Maria was the natural consequence of an entire change in the foreign relations of the English cabinets. An alliance with France had been resolved on to balance the loss of the other great power; a POLITICAL MARRIAGE would doubly cement the union of interests. Whoever would ascribe it, with Rapin, to "the avarice and vanity" of James, at least must allow a great deal to the political wisdom of his "king-craft," in preferring the potent alliance with France to one with a secondary power, and of secondary powers only consisted the reformed. What had James acquired by his marriage and alliance with Protestant Denmark? In war she was but a weak ally, but in her own troubles she hung upon the strength of England.

The nature and character of these POLITICAL MARRIAGES in our own history, since the time of the Reformation, is a subject of some curiosity and importance. Royal marriages with us were long the results of political combinations, and the contract of marriage was nothing more than a clause in a treaty; the treaty itself being an act of political co-partnership, framed by all the fears and jealousies of the high-contracting parties.

In the wooing of the crowned and conjugal pair, the ambassadors, who were the adroit match-makers, and the grave Ministers of State, who did not forbid the banns, had no other motive than what Italian politicians term the *Ragion di Stato.* A daughter or a sister were the victims, if they are to be considered as such, whenever by their means a great political purpose could be obtained. Henry the Eighth enjoined his executors to effectuate a marriage between Edward the Sixth and Mary of Scotland. The Scots, however, being under the influence of French councils, rejected the overture. The Protestants then resolved to bring about an alliance and union by arms; and it was on this occasion that a Scottish nobleman said, "I like the marriage, but fancy not the wooing."

In that darling project of Catherine of Medicis, of uniting our Elizabeth with a Prince of the royal line of France, when after the first repulse, it was proposed by the French Court, that the Duke of Alençon should succeed his brother the Duke of Anjou, and the English Ministers seemed as desirous of the arrangement as the French Monarch, the King impatiently observed, "You have now only to change the name of my brother, the

Duke of Anjou, and insert in its place that of my brother, the Duke of Alençon, in the articles which were agreed on; as was extremely well observed to you by my Lord the great Treasurer (Burleigh)." So simple is the style of these plotters of political marriages!

James has suffered an animadversion, because when Prince Henry died on the 6th of November, his brother Charles was offered to the Spanish Princess on the 9th. But in political marriages, it appears that not a single post is to be lost. Love neither preceded, nor accompanied, the Hymen of the *corps diplomatique*, who often waved a smoky torch over the diplomatic treaty of a political marriage.

Royal marriages are a tribute paid to the interests of the state. A Duke of Orleans is selected for a Princess of the House of Mantua, which means that France resolves to maintain her footing in Italy; or, they are the price of new projects of ambition, and as such they were considered by Napoleon, when he long vacillated between an Austrian or a Russian Arch-duchess, a political marriage, on which the fate of Europe revolved! The potent Monarch of Spain condescended to cross the seas to unite himself with an English

Queen, and could afterwards bend the knee to her renowned sister; and because the suppliant but haughty Castilian could not obtain a political marriage, his unsuccessful wooing was concluded, as usual, by a political war.

The double marriage of Louis the Thirteenth with Anne of Austria, the Infanta of Spain, and Madame Elizabeth of France with Phillip, Prince of Spain, spread a general alarm among the Protestant States. England and Holland, by means of their respective ambassadors, strained every effort to break off this nuptial union. Even some of the French Catholics approved of the resolution of Henry the Fourth, to avoid a family connexion with the Spanish Court, already too formidable for the peace of Europe. The double political marriage was designed by Spain to maintain the predominance of the House of Austria in Germany, and to deprive France of the confidence of her numerous Protestants. The policy of the bigoted Mary de Medicis, changed the political system of Henry the Fourth after his death, and Elizabeth of France sunk the victim of love and the criminal of state.

It may, however, be a question how far these domestic unions operate upon the public interests of princes, and whether a royal mar-

riage necessarily includes the adoption of the same system of politics. In general, having been originally designed for a political purpose, it is evident that whenever the proposal of a royal marriage is broken off, it will close in a change of measures, and these powers, from having been pacific, will become belligerent. But it has been sometimes insisted on that a royal marriage has no connexion with the higher interests of the state; and that the new brother or the new father, are as likely to declare war against each other as any other sovereign. In the present case, when the Protestants were alarmed at the double marriages of France and Spain, the Constable Lesdiguieres assured the French Protestants, that a Prince in espousing his daughter to his neighbour did not espouse his councils, and that the French monarch would never put his kingdom in flames for the pleasure of the Spanish Sovereign. This principle of royal conduct seems, however, more plausible than true; for, however it be disguised, the real design of the two Cabinets at first manifested itself in these royal marriages, though circumstances afterwards occurred, as they did in the case before us, to alter the political position of the royal relatives.

A royal marriage must, in general, be considered as the confirmation, and not the cause, of a particular line of policy. It is a public announcement of an alliance, which the supposed interests of the contracting parties have already cemented, and not an union, which is to create interests between the nations, which do not exist.

The monstrous union of our Elizabeth with the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, made the Puritan, who wrote a book against the French marriages, and lost for it the hand which wrote it, exclaim, that "a daughter of God was united with a son of Antichrist," while foreign Catholics said of Charles the First, when that Prince was proposed to the Infanta of Spain, and afterwards to a Princess of France, that it was the abomination of "a Heretic with a Christian;" and some in England ascribed the calamities of the present reign according to the expression of Hamon l'Estrange, as "an ireful stroke of divine justice, from his Majesty marrying a lady of misbelief."

The nature of these royal marriages indeed was never comprehended by the people, either at home, or abroad. The people are occasionally mystified by statesmen, but they are too impatient to inquire how the tricks of political jugglers are performed.

Even Charles the Second cheerfully submitted to a grave and tawny Princess of Portugal, repulsive in her person; and we now hold Bombay from this marriage. The overtures and proposals of the conjugal union of William the Third with the daughter of James the Second, at the time were unwillingly consented to by the royal parent, and as coldly received by the Prince of Orange, yet how vast the results of this memorable union!

Of such adverse elements has been often compounded the royal alliance of persons whom nature and affection had never brought together; nor is this natural communication necessary for the designs and the ends of government; and it may be curious to observe, that such marriages are so strictly political, that whenever it has happened that they have been unexpectedly broken off, inasmuch as such rupture is the consequence of a most contrary change in the policy of both parties, they have usually terminated by a declaration of war.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE CRITICAL AND VARIABLE SITUATION OF THE ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS, WITH REGARD TO THEIR ROMAN CATHOLIC SUBJECTS.

THE difficulties which were insurmountable in the Spanish Match, and which were only eluded in the French, will lead to the consideration of an important subject.

I know of no historian who has yet developed the critical, and often the variable, situation of the Sovereigns of England, in regard to their Roman Catholic subjects. Elizabeth was denounced by Romanist and Protestant; James and Charles, perpetually accused of sacrificing the national cause, were reproached by the Roman Catholics for deception and evasion.

To form a just conception of the state of the English Roman Catholics, we must not only view their condition at home, a picture, which I have already exhibited, but we must also be-

come acquainted with their external relations, as they stood connected with the Continental powers.

The secret history of England may be often looked for among the great family of European Governments, and the solution of many a political enigma in our own country, may be thus detected in the policy of foreign cabinets. It is there we find how many paradoxes are only truths unexplained; how conflicting interests have been forced to unite; and how consistency of conduct may be developed among the most contradictory schemes. Statesmen have been fascinated by a fond error, in imagining that their closet-intrigues can make permanent incompatible things, which from their very nature cannot stand together; and that the expedients, so ingeniously formed by their mutual deceptions, will avail against the eternal force of principles. I have drawn this reflection from the history of the English Romanists, and the difficulties into which our sovereigns have been so frequently thrown in their conduct towards this class of their subjects.

In this history, we must not at once leap from the Papistry of Mary to the Protestantism of Elizabeth; an awful interval lies between,

which is lost in the perspective view of the historian.

It is asserted that the great change in religion, under Elizabeth, was carried by six votes, and passed in a single session; that "a superstitious" practice (the striking the breast with an exclamation) observed at the elevation of the Host, was abrogated only by a single vote, and that no greater majority decided on the abolishment of parts of the ceremonial. At first it was announced that no change should take place in religion till Parliament met! Affairs were best arranged when not put to a lottery of public opinion, which seemed to depend on uncertain chance. The term of transubstantiation was saved by a vague description of the elements, by which the Romanist was enabled to partake of the Sacrament with the Protestant. Of "the Supremacy in Church and State," assumed by Henry the Eighth, that eternal stumbling-block of Papistry, the bill having long been tossed to and fro in Parliament, Elizabeth softened the oath, as we are told, by her great statesman Walsingham, "Her Majesty not liking to make windows into men's hearts and secret thoughts, except the abundance did overflow into overt acts,

impeaching her Majesty's supreme power by maintaining a foreign jurisdiction." * That is, her Majesty wisely resolved to maintain her supremacy, though in the oath "she removed the hardness of the name and appellation of supreme head." In politics they often yield the name while they preserve the thing.

The Queen dreaded what she foresaw would occur, controversies and contentions; and to prevent these, she inhibited all preaching, both by Papist and Protestant. She even expressed her displeasure when the late exiles of Protestantism attempted to exercise their ministry —and, as honest Strype truly observes, "thus even and impartially did the state carry it to both parties." During forty years continuance, every project was tried to reconcile the Papist to what was called "the new Religion," and in that dawn of religious controversy great results were expected from "the force of truth." But a Protestant writer has told us, that, by this means, many true Protestants were lost.†

On the accession of Elizabeth, the Romanists were so numerous, that one of their English historians asserts that they formed two-thirds

* Cabala, p. 407.

† Hamon l'Estrange, "The Observator Observed," p. 28.

of the nation. Possibly at a particular period they might have reached to this number, for the great body of the people were always to be reconverted to the religion of their new sovereign, and the multitude, stupified by the changeful times, seemed to have passed as easily from the accommodating protestantism of "the child-king," to the heated papistry of the bigot, as to the mingled settlement of the virgin reign. Elizabeth herself, half Protestant and half Catholic, was the true representative of her own people. She deemed it advisable, that a Roman Catholic Bishop should place the crown on her head, and in her royal councils, Catholics were mixed with Anti-catholics. The Queen, from the first, looked forward to that conformity in the national religion, which to enforce afterwards, caused the despair of our statesmen, the unhappiness of the people, and the fall of the Government.

But if Elizabeth were studious of the feelings of her Papists on several nice points, she received no indulgence from them; that sort of gratitude could not be returned by an implacable and immutable power.

Still, however, the Romanist entered the same church with the new religionist. Elizabeth, herself a lover of stately magnificence,

still lingered amidst the grandeurs of the pontifical rites and ceremonies. Her feminine eye had been allured by the snowy alb, the flowing amice, and the gorgeous stole, and her imagination had yielded to the sculpture and the painting—to her, yet hallowed accessaries to devotion! A crucifix, pale in the light of tapers, consecrated her chapel, as long as it was—legal, and it was some time before the Queen would consent to degrade the Image or the Picture into "superstition"—by Act of Parliament! So obscure, so cautious, and so undetermined were the first steps to withdraw from the ancient Papistical customs, that Elizabeth would not forgive a Bishop for marrying; and auricular confession, however condemned as a point of Popery, was still adhered to by many. Bishop Andrews would loiter in the aisles of Paul's to afford his spiritual comfort to the unburtheners of their conscience.*

But Elizabeth had to rule over those terrible men with all their dark hatreds—political theologists; many of whom were Papists, or Puri-

* This last remains of Popery may still be traced among us; for since the days of our Eighth Henry, the place of Confessor to the royal household has never been abolished. I am told that it is no sinecure. A respectable clergyman retains the obsolete designation.

tans, as Walsingham expresses it, "not so much in conscience as in faction."

The English exiles, who had flown to the Reformed of Switzerland during the Marian persecution, many of whom had imbibed the republican notions of the petty Presbytery of Geneva, were now urging the Queen to what they called "a thorough reformation," a favourite term with all rising parties, but always ambiguous; and, in the present instance, most perilous to the balancing and cautious wisdom of the royal councils. At that crisis, between Romanists and Protestantism, England might have bled through all her veins; a spirit more exterminating than that of her civil wars, was on the watch to be let loose among the people; for a war of religion breathes a more terrible inspiration than the decaying interests of political parties, whose contests are but temporary, and whose passions at least are mortal.

What was passing among the people at these critical times, we gather from the letters of Bishop Jewell, the famous author of "The Apology for the Church of England." This venerable Protestant was so disgusted at the lenient measures pursued by the Queen, and so dubious of the awful issue, that in despair he threatened to return to his former exile at

Zurich. He did not find our "insular" people at first so Protestant as he had imagined; the Clergy, for the most part, were Papistical, and the brutish and indifferent multitude had not yet had sufficient time to recover from a reign of terror; but the people are always people, and their torpid natures are ever to be acted on by some happy artifice. A petty incident in the great history of the Reformation seems to have accelerated its impulse among the humbler classes of society. Psalm-singing, which had already spread with such popular success in Switzerland, was introduced into our churches; and when three or four hundred persons joined in chorus, the new religion excited more sympathy; at length, when "the boys in the street spat upon the priests," Jewell puts off his return to Zurich, and exults in the improved state of the Reformation.

But when the "monuments of antiquity" were defaced, and the parish crucifix was dragged by those who had worshipped before it, to kindle a new fire in Smithfield, in vengeful memory for other fires which had there been lit; though Elizabeth punished the rioters, yet then many of the Romanists took a sad farewell of their father-land—the horror of heresy was gathering round. Divided power was

scorned equally by the implacable haughtiness of the Roman Pontiff, and the vindictive spirit of his former victims. The Romanist and the Reformed could only meet for mutual annihilation.

Now rolled the thunders of the Vatican. Pius the Fifth, blest with the spirit of St. Dominic, the great Extirpator of Heresy, anathematized the English Queen, and delivered her dominions to Mary of Scotland. The joyful martyr, who in open day affixed the Bull of Excommunication at the gate of the Bishop of London, was executed as an English traitor. "A pious Conspiracy," as the Catholic historian terms an attempted insurrection in the North, was to have been aided by the Spaniards of Alva in the Netherlands. Whenever a party rushes to an extremity, the opposite interest either sinks in its weakness, or establishes itself in its strength. This very rebellion partly purged the ill-humours of the realm, observed that statesman, Walsingham. The Bishop of Rome now discovered his inept infallibility, and perhaps regretted his impolitic impatience. In order to repair the irreparable breach, both himself and his successors granted a dispensation to their English Romanists, to allow them to show outward obedience to the Queen—till

a happier opportunity! But the Catholic politics and the Catholic faith of Rome had betrayed their immutable nature.

Thus, a single blow for ever separated Englishmen from Englishmen: Papist and Protestant now became distinctive names. In the fashion of that day, the rising religion called themselves, in glory, "Gospellers," and their adversaries, in contempt, "Papelins." In the ascending scale of the *odium theologicum*, the more odious designation of *Recusant* at length branded the Romanist; though it had anciently been confined to those disturbers of the public repose, who refused to acknowledge all legitimate authority. The papal supremacy was treason against the native sovereign.

The sacred bolt was launched! and a dark cloud was hanging over England, still replete with all its fulminating matter, and about to burst over this Island of Heresy, but above all, to strike the devoted head of her sovereign. The anathema of Rome deprived the English Queen of the loyalty of a considerable part of her subjects, while it inflamed the passions of a new party, who themselves had become protesters against "the good protestants of Elizabeth," as the first moderate Reformers attached to the Hierarchy were afterwards distinguished

in the succeeding reign. At this crisis, the tempered wisdom of the Queen saved the nation. She maintained her shaken throne, as a Queen of Protestants.

Thus early sprung the critical difficulties of our sovereigns. Now Religion was running into factions, conscience inspiring acts of treason; and the Missionary of Rome, or the Presbyter of Geneva, the Jesuit, or the Mar-Prelate, were fired by the same ambition of predominance. Roman Catholic and Protestant writers are still discussing whether the victims of the State under Elizabeth and James perished as Martyrs for their Faith, or as traitors to the Government; and the same difficult distinction occurs in the history of Catholic France. Louis the Thirteenth insisted that he did not war with and persecute the French Reformed for their religion as they imagined, but for their rebellion. It is the philosopher alone, who has discovered that monster in politics, whose hermaphrodite condition he has called "political religionism." *

The day that the royal anathema was nailed on the Episcopal gate at London, may serve as the date for a new æra in modern history—

* See an article on that subject in the second series of Curiosities of Literature, vol. ii.

the establishment of the civil liberties of Europe; and the martyred slave of passive obedience, who had perished as an English traitor, sealed with his blood the emancipation of his fellow-countrymen from the supremacy and the despotism of Rome.

From that day, England was politically separated from her potent neighbours; and this novel state of affairs was productive of some phenomena in history which have not always admitted of explanation.

The great monarchies of Europe were Papistical, and the proscribed sovereign of England had to open new principles of conduct—to raise up new interests—and while on the Continent the balance of power long preponderated against the advocates of civil and religious freedom; the policy of England was to ally herself with the secondary governments of the Christian world, and to sustain the weakness of the Reformed, who flew for aid to the only formidable power in Europe who could be their protector.

Although the distinctive titles were not yet assumed, which in the progress of time were adopted; the secret springs which now were moving the Cabinets of Europe, and which were to raise such continued intrigues—act by

such mysterious motives—and show themselves by such contradictory measures, at home as well as abroad, were the ROMAN CATHOLIC and the PROTESTANT CAUSE.

In the darkness of the Court of Rome, one prolonged dream hovered about the Tiara—it was the conquest of England by invasion; or—scheme more consonant to the subtile genius of Italian policy—the rule over England by intrigue. Clement the Eighth, unlike the profound Sixtus the Fifth, imagined that there was no insurmountable difficulty to the vicegerent of Heaven gathering once more his Annates in the lost Island. The busy spirits of Cardinal Allen, of Father Parsons, and other expatriated Romanists, were most active after the failure of the Spanish Armada, and still later, when the Father, one of the most political heads in Europe, ineffectually laboured to secure James on the Roman side. After the failure of the invasion, it was the great object of Father Parsons and his party to exclude James from the English crown in favour of the Infanta of Spain or the Duke of Parma. This great political Jesuit repeatedly declared, that the possession of the throne was a matter of perfect indifference, provided that the possessor were a Catholic—leaving to the princes

who were interested in the settlement of this Crown, to appoint among themselves the English sovereign.

This settlement, however, could not have been accomplished with all the facility which in their Papal fascination was imagined by these able English agents of the Court of Rome. The verse of Virgil had separated the Isle of Britain from the world, when Rome, as it seemed to the Roman, was the whole universe; but in the vast revolutions of time the solitary Island had become the arbitrator of dominion. The two potent monarchies of Spain and France, amidst their rival jealousies, courted the insular sovereign as their mistress; and the alliance of England was a casting weight in the government of the world. By its locality, as much as by the power of its ruler, England had protected Europe from the universal monarchy of Spain, as long afterwards Anne did from the universal monarchy of France; a glorious office, which has been inherited by the British nation, whose title, as the protector of the freedom of Europe, has been confirmed by the Great Captain of the age.*

Yet, with all our physical force, and all the

* The Rev. Charles Plowden, p 151, on Berington's Panzani.

wisdom of our councils, which extorted the admiration of that great statesman, Cardinal d'Ossat;* the confessions of the Spanish secretary of state, Antonio Perez;† and the admission of the official writer in the Mercure Français;‡ in our own country the Catholic interest

* Cardinal d'Ossat, when he saw James the First quietly ascend the English throne, without the interposition of foreign powers, which they flattered themselves the English would have called in on this occasion, writes, "The people of this island have shown that they know how to settle their own affairs, and that in the surest way; and those out of doors *(ceux de dehors)* are very much mistaken in their designs and their hopes; particularly the Spaniards," adds our French ambassador, "who, though most vexed at this event, will be among the first to get over the King of Scotland on their side, if you do not prevent it." Lettres, vol. v. 254.

† Antonio Perez, in sending a book to the Earl of Essex, in a Latin letter, alluding to a passage in that volume, observed, "What is here said of the equilibrium of France and Spain, and of England being the balancer of Europe, while those two kingdoms are the scales, is not to be lightly treated by any prudent observer." The original may be found in Obras de Antonio Perez, p. 693.

‡ Mercure Français, 1626, p. 891. "The most powerful Crown in Christendom, after those of France and Spain, is that of Great Britain; and it is indeed of such consequence, that it can give a predominance to either of those two Crowns to which it may choose to unite itself, to the great prejudice of the other."

was still active, and the English Romanists were still looking to their allies on the Continent.

A knowledge of the secret policy of the Court of Rome we acquire from a conversation of the French ambassador, Cardinal d'Ossat, with the Pope, Clement VIII. The Frenchman, dreading the subjugation of England by Spain, brought forwards all the difficulties of a projected invasion, reminding his Holiness of the former discomfiture of the Spaniards. To quiet the alarm of the French ambassador, his Holiness opened a different project; and to allay the rival jealousies of the two powerful monarchies, Clement VIII. proposed that a third monarch should be placed on the English throne, who should be their mutual friend. Should this arrangement fail, a partition of England between France and Spain would equally serve the purpose, as his Holiness exemplified by that partition of Naples which the combined nations had effectuated in the time of Louis XII.* We have witnessed, in our own times, this political artifice of partitioning a great kingdom, and sacrificing the independ-

* Cardinal d'Ossat's Lettres, ii. 363.

ence of one nation to the coalition of injustice and rapacity.

The machinations of the Papal Cabinet were more numerous than appear on public records. Mary of Scotland was long the sustaining hope of France, of Spain, and of Rome; and her political immolation was a martyrdom of Catholicism. In the Roman scheme of subjugation, they had seated on the throne of England the phantom of an Italian cardinal, who by a dispensation was to marry the hapless Arabella Stuart. They continued to dispute even the claims of the son of Mary to the English Crown. A Pope had also fixed on one of his courtiers to be the King of Ireland. Such were the dreams of the Roman pontiff!

We long stood alone in Europe, and often the object of the systematic intrigues of the Papal Court. In a confidential letter, which was lately read at the Society of Antiquaries, Lord Leicester, in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the state of public affairs, impresses on his friend the urgent necessity of a close and common union among themselves; for at this moment they stood unconnected with any one of the great Continental powers, who are all Catholics. The whole letter offers a striking

evidence of the unsettled state of home affairs; and the solitary existence of England, left to herself among the great governments of Europe.

In England the Catholic interest was as an under-current, working its dark and silent passage against the mightier stream; and abroad the Protestant cause was at times in the most imminent peril. What could be the consequence of this cruel condition, which placed our friends among their enemies, and held our enemies within ourselves? The state policy of the English Cabinet, and of the Cabinet of the Romanists, became uniform, for it consisted in secretly aiding their own parties in foreign lands. The Papal Court, and its allies of France and of Spain, fostered the vain hopes of, or silently acquiesced in, the conspiracies against heretical princes by their own Catholic subjects. On our side, we had to sustain the minority of mankind in Europe against their masters. This perpetual reaction throughout Europe between Catholics and Protestants may be often traced in our own history; yet the true springs of action were rarely revealed to contemporaries, although by some they seem to have been obscurely surmised. Old Camden

observed, that the Papists were ever most busied in fermenting divisions at home whenever the nation was attacked from abroad.

In this unhappy condition, long were the Papists under the government of the Reformed, and the Protestants in the dominion of the Catholic, dangerous subjects. History abounds with their intrigues, their conspiracies, and their mutual persecutions. From the days of Elizabeth we had to aid, openly or covertly, the oppressed or the rebellious Protestants of France; and that infant republic in the Spanish Netherlands, whose glorious emancipation forms one of the most interesting revolutions in modern history. In a large correspondence which I have turned over of Charles IX. of France with his ambassador at London, I discovered reiterated complaints of the insidious conduct of our Elizabeth, who, at the moment she was professing the most sisterly love, was in fact secretly aiding the French Huguenots; but it must also be confessed, that Charles, on his side, was not more innocent; for his close and secret correspondence with the Scotch, by his active agents, might have furnished an ample recrimination to the English Queen. The same conduct may be observed in the

political relations of England and Spain. In 1585, while we were yet at peace with that potent monarchy, Philip was actively fomenting the insurrection in Ireland, and Elizabeth not less earnestly assisting in the formation of a republic in the Spanish Netherlands. The political system of aiding Protestants who were the subjects of a foreign prince, became a case of conscience with the pacific and casuistical James the First, with whose high notions of divine right ill accorded an alliance with insurgents or rebels. It was a question with him, "How far a Christian and Protestant king may concur to assist his neighbours to shake off their obedience to their own sovereign?" In what manner this delicate point was resolved by the casuistry of Archbishop Abbot is not material; the ministers of James, or the gunpowder of the Catholics, might have speedily settled this case of conscience. Charles the First, who had entered into a bolder system of politics than his father, eagerly adopted the cause of the Duke of Rohan at the head of the Huguenots of France. This indeed was an English and a Protestant interest; but it provoked a potent enemy without injuring him. This interference of the English sovereign in the civil wars of France was avenged by the great and implacable Cardinal, who,

patient and watchful through a series of fifteen years, was silently active in his dark intrigues with the Scots, till he worked them into open revolt;—and the vengeance of this great statesman was at least a secondary cause of the destruction of Charles the First. The open scene in which the *Catholic and Protestant interests* assumed a palpable form, was the memorable war which so long disturbed Europe with the groans of Germany. It was in one continued battle of thirty years,—such these awful and protracted conflicts may be deemed,—that the *Evangelical Union* finally liberated itself from the *Catholic League;*—for by these undisguised names they are recognised in history.

It was however, by a fortunate accident, the state policy of France, and its jealousies and fears of the House of Austria, that the foreign Reformed saved their independence; as formerly in their outset, it is considered, that Charles V., from a similar political jealousy of the power of his own German princes, to balance contending interests, silently acquiesced in the growth of his heretics. The Emperor spared the monk Luther from the seduction of a cardinal's purple. France, who had ever been the persecutor of the Reformed, now, to keep down Austria and to wrestle with Spain, raised up an

intermediate power, by confederating with the Protestant princes. The councils of her statesmen were allowed to prevail over those of her ecclesiastics. Kings are more tender of their sovereignty than of their religion. For France, the predominance of Austria or Spain was an immediate danger; but points of faith may be safely adjourned. The security of empire would necessarily include the security of religion.

Had France confederated with the other great Catholic powers, the Reformation, and with it the cause of political independence and civil freedom, had possibly sunk into an obscure schism. Spain and Italy have shown the astonished world how human opinion can be walled out by the frontiers of a spurious faith. The foreign Reformed might have been left without a single independent State, and without a sanctuary for refuge, save the solitary Island to which they would in vain have turned their eyes. Thus, the Protestants owe their political existence possibly to the aid of that France, which afterwards expelled her children of heresy from their hearths.

Those only who have read the letters of the times, can form any adequate notion of the agonising and universal interest which per-

vaded the English people at every advance or retreat of the Austrian Tilly, the Danish Christern, and the Swedish Gustavus—the fate of Protestantism, in the battle of Lutzen, hung on the thread of victory; but the victory itself brought no consolation for the loss of "the Liberator and Deliverer of Germany," for the fears of the Reformed survived their victory many succeeding years.

At this later period, the critical difficulties of our Sovereign arose from two causes. First, from the refusal of the English Romanists to take the Oath of Allegiance to their native Sovereign—and, secondly, from the vacillating conduct of the English Monarchs in their occasional suspension, or occasional enforcement of the utmost severity of the penal laws against the Catholics.

The Pope, who succeeded the excommunicator of Elizabeth, guided by the same invariable principle, admonished his English flock to refuse the oath of allegiance to her successor—"for the salvation of their souls." Here many affected to treat this brief lightly, as not emanating from his own will, —but a second ratified the irrevocable fiat; and those who had taken the oath of allegiance were held infamous by their own party.

This conduct of Paul the Fifth, opened a source of misery to the English Romanists, and to their Sovereigns. Charles the First conceded to his Catholics that he would not press their acknowledgment of him as supreme head of the Ecclesiastical state, but this Monarch could never be convinced that his English Catholics should refuse that oath of allegiance, which merely bound the subject to his Sovereign; it was a pledge for civil, and not for religious purposes. But in the spiritual government, the Monarchy of the earth was not the least of its prerogatives. The oath of allegiance, which had originated in the gunpowder plot, necessarily included an unequivocal disvowal of the *deposing power of* the Pope; an inviolable doctrine bound up with the Papacy, by which "the Servant of the Servants of God" remained the real, though not the ostensible, sovereign of his English slaves.

Hence all the sufferings of the Romanists of England! Whenever it became necessary to tender the oath of allegiance, and whenever it was conscientiously refused, the consequence, as a Catholic feelingly observed, was "worse than excommunication." Of such undefinable horror is composed a premunire which they

incurred. Pursuivants, or King's Messengers, might at all times enter the abodes of Catholics; children might seize on the property of their parents; all the charities of life were denied the proscribed Papist.

The Romanists in the days of Charles the First, as they would appear to be now, were divided in opinion respecting the oath of allegiance; some offering vague arguments and subtile corollaries, which tended to separate the temporal from the spiritual dominion of the Roman Pontiff; but what seemed perfect logic at London, was rank heresy at Rome. The great body of the Romanists in England disdained the subterfuge. Panzani sympathizing with the English Monarch, whose forbearance he acknowledged, and compassionating his brothers, whose interminable sufferings he foresaw, suggested a conciliatory modification of the oath of allegiance.

But there was nothing human in the terrestrial Omnipotence. This enlightened, at least this humane, agent of the Romish see, was sentenced to eternal silence, and was soon recalled by his Court. Such is the immutable despotism of the Papacy! and fervent as we are at this day to alleviate these sufferings of our

fellow-countrymen, have we found that these cruel exigencies form but a vanished tale? The insurmountable difficulties seem still to be lying before us. Like the hero of antiquity we are combating in darkness, and against an Immortal.* We have witnessed, but yesterday, the principles and the conduct of the two parties among the English Romanists;—the one, wholly Papal from ancient days, have surrendered to the chair of St. Peter, the heavens and the earth; the other would throw into speculative doubt, the secular jurisdiction of their spiritual sovereign. We have seen how, in their attempts to win over their brothers, they have cast themselves into inextricable

* A Jesuit inclining to the liberal feelings of Panzani, and therefore in odium with the Society, Father Blackloe (or Mr. White) has expressed himself with the utmost force of words, on *the Pope's infallibility*. "It were a less crime to violate a maid upon an altar, than to settle amongst us the belief of the Pope's infallibility." Our Jesuit has branded the doctrine of *opus operatum* with the censure of *pagan cuperstition, hypocritical witchcraft*. Further he writes, "Mr. Montague and others are sending to Rome for his Holiness's Bulls, to beat English calves." He tells Sir Kenelm Digby what doubtless he would still have repeated: "*Our clergy are fools, not worth the pains you take for them; they will never dare to act without a Breve from Rome.*"

confusion; a protestation drawn up by their own hand, with some names subscribed and deposited in our national library, has only encountered other protests; has been refused signatures, and the faithless instrument has even been called for by some to retract their own subscriptions.

It is remarkable that these two parties of Romanists are nowhere to be discovered, but among Protestants. It is in a land of Protestants, that the Romanist elevates his tone, advocates the freedom of mankind, and eloquently cries for toleration. James the Second, who suffered the martyrdom of a kingdom for his Romish creed, eagerly sought to remove all tests from the Dissenters;* but in a land of Romanists, the soil has been kept sacred from polluters.† Toleration is a term which the

* When James the Second put out a declaration for liberty of conscience, in which he was sure that all Nonconformists would join with him, Baron Wallop, famous for his repartees, said, "All this is but scaffolding; he intends to build another House (Popery), and when that House is built, he will take down his scaffold."—Dr. H. Sampson's Diary. MS.

† It is rather a curious fact, that the Roman Catholics themselves have been alarmed at the tyranny which the Protestants would exercise over them, as much as the Protestants have been frightened at their persecutors. Guy

very Roman Catholic lexicographers never admitted into their dictionaries, and which they dare not explain.*

That party among the Romanists who would emancipate themselves from the temporal thraldom of Rome, has not originated in our times. The attempt was made in the reign of Charles the First. As that monarch only required from the Romanists a political or civil oath of allegiance as their Sovereign, in refusing this, they incapacitated themselves from becoming his subjects. The monarch and his Cabinet, were therefore, anxiously concerting measures with this party, and protecting these Roman Catholics. Both sides

Patin has conjured up this phantom of dreaded retribution. "All the Huguenots of Europe will one day agree together, and occasion a general revolt under the name of Religion; particularly whenever they shall have for their chief an enterprising genius like that of the King of Sweden—Charles the Twelfth. If these people get the upper hand of us, they will treat us savagely, very different from what we do them. They will not suffer us to hold our mass. The Huguenots are dangerous politicians, as has been lately shown in England and in France." Such at least was the opinion of that day.

* See the last edition of the Dictionnaire de Trevoux, 1771—"Tolerance is a word getting into use. It is the weak who raise such outcries for Toleration."—Curiosities of Literature, second series, ii. 397.

were straining to reconcile the most repulsive difficulties.

We are now to open some extraordinary incidents which seemed equally inexplicable and alarming to contemporaries, and which many still consider as no doubtful evidence of the concealed disposition to Popery of Charles the First.

There were divisions among the Romish priests in England. The celebrity of the Jesuits, and the favouritism they enjoyed with the Roman Pontiff, had awakened the complaints and jealousies of the secular priests: and between the Jesuits and their foreign principles, and these priests of English birth, who though they were rigid Roman Catholics, cherished the feelings of Englishmen, existed irreconcileable hatreds.

The hopeless reunion of the two Churches, the real source of all James's compliances and arts, was still the fatal seduction of the Minister of Charles. Like James, Laud would probably have acknowledged the Church of Rome to be the mother-church, provided she would have owned her daughter. The loyalty and allegiance of his own Catholics only, was required by the Sovereign. What else could he want from the Court of Rome?

This reunion was often discussed, and great indulgences were granted to the pacifying priests. The Queen's Confessor, Father Philip, was for softening and smoothing and even altering some insurmountable points; Panzani was desirous of assisting in this work of amity; and on this system of reconciliation several books were published by the priests. Charles had long been prepared to trust to this chimerical project; for James was disposed to treat some of the Roman doctrines—their transubstantiation, invocation of saints, and tenets of similar concoction, merely as "scholastic questions," as he termed them in one of his speeches. But the whole fabric of Roman superstitions stands, as it were, like witchcraft; and would the Thaumaturgus throw open his mystical bulwarks, that the creeping spirit of Protestantism might, with a Judas-kiss, plant its revolutionary standard there?

Charles the First was particularly pleased with a work of Franciscus a Sancta Clara, a Franciscan friar, alias Father Davenport: it was designed to bend the Roman Catholic system as nearly as it could, to the Protestant. But, however it gratified the English monarch, at Rome it was immediately condemned, and the writer summoned to appear before a tri-

bunal, where to appear is to be guilty. Father Philip incessantly interceded with the Papal Cabinet to forbear rigorous proceedings against Davenport, who, while he was a favourite with the English Court and the Learned, at the same time professed perfect obedience to the Papal decisions. The book was condemned, but the censure was not published, and the writer's excuse of personal infirmity was accepted for the journey to Rome.

But what the intolerant genius of Rome deemed of the tendency of this work, so grateful to Charles and Laud, appears in one of those numerous passages in the manuscript copy of Panzani's Memoirs, which the editor has suppressed in the printed volume. "This work in Rome was thought very dangerous, because it laboured to accord together the same English schismatical Church with the Roman Catholic; that is to say, Hell with Heaven; or rather, as the English Catholics used to say, the author would join together Christ with Luther."

Another edition came forth. The Jesuits, enraged at this new offence, instantly published the censure it lay under at Rome. Davenport apologised, declaring that the new edition had appeared without his consent, and submitted

himself entirely to the decision of his Holiness. However, the Franciscan would not trust himself with his Italian sovereign, while he reposed under the protection of his English monarch.

The fact, however, of the condemnation of the book could no longer be concealed from the King, while another work by Father Courtenay, which Rome had highly approved, asserted the Pope's deposing power. Charles was so deeply irritated, that Panzani found that it was scarcely in the Queen's power to pacify the English monarch respecting these artful proceedings of the Roman pontiff.

To me it is evident, although I do not find the fact noticed by former historians, that Government secretly patronised these English priests, who in this country were assiduously employed in emancipating the Roman Catholics from their temporal slavery to the Court of Rome. I proceed to show that these priests looked up to the English Court for protection from their implacable enemies the Jesuits.

An extraordinary incident occurred, which at the time alarmed the English public, and apparently sanctioned the prevalent notion of Charles's devotion to Rome.

In the prison of the Clink, several priests had long found an asylum. Some who had been condemned to imprisonment for the space of sixteen years since, (the gunpowder treason,) and had been discharged more than seven years, still voluntarily remained in prison. By some officious informer, the Marshal of Middlesex was urged to obtain a warrant from the Attorney General to search the Clink, "to seize all Popish and superstitious matters." A very extraordinary scene was now exhibited.

The Marshal discovered a number of priests who were attended by men and women servants. One Father Preston occupied a range of three or four apartments, part of the Bishop of Winchester's house, forming a large library, "supposed to be worth two thousand pounds at least," and described "with shelves like a bookseller's shop." There he found also altars ready furnished for mass, rich crucifixes, chalices of silver and of gold, bags of money unopened, and abundance of manuscripts. In the apartments of one Father Cannon, among similar things, particularly "his holy water, which he instantly cast out into the chimney," there was a small collection of pictures, a crucifixion, a Magdalen, all of high price. What seemed remarkable, there were pictures of Queen Eli-

zabeth, King James, and King Charles—"the taking of the pictures did exceedingly move the priests to impatience." There was a portrait of an old priest, named Collington, of whom Cannon affirmed, in his scoffing manner, "that that man's beard had done King James more hurt than an army of ten thousand men could have done." Other chambers were stored with similar objects, abundance of books, great wealth, boxes of oil for extreme unction, much trash, with plenty of "church stuff."

On the first assault of the Marshal, the priests were melancholy and thoughtful; and while the Marshal was so busily occupied in locking up the apartments, or in breaking into them, the priests seemed only anxious to convey a notice of their situation to the Archbishop; and when they heard that their message had reached his Grace, they suddenly expressed their joy, that now nothing would be suffered to be removed away. "And it came to pass accordingly," says the Marshal in his report. For having locked up stores of wealth in various apartments, and while we were in full search in the third chamber, a countermand was brought from the Archbishop and the Attorney General, and the Marshal and his men forbidden to take away as much as a paper.*

* Rushworth, i. 240.

This scene is somewhat strange, and exhibits several mysterious circumstances.

It is evident, whoever these English priests might be, and there were others in the same predicament in other prisons, that they considered themselves tenants for life. They accepted even a voluntary imprisonment; they turned their prison into a monastery, and their labours were their studies—their large libraries, their catalogues of books priced, their great wealth, their rich church-ornaments, and every object about them, indicated that they were neither obscure nor forgotten. They could not be disloyal subjects, for Father Cannon had discovered in his pictures, not only curiosity of taste, but curiosity of loyalty; for he would not have collected a series of the portraits of our English monarchs, had he looked on them with the eyes of a Jesuit.

We are let into the secret history of these priests by the letter which the Archbishop (Abbot) wrote to the Attorney General on the Marshal's seizure and disturbance of this nest of priests.

"Good Mr. Attorney,

"I thank you for acquainting me what was done yesterday at the Clink; but I am of opinion, that if you had curiously inquired upon

the gentleman who gave the information, you should have found him to be a disciple of the Jesuits; for they do nothing but put tricks on these poor men, who do live more miserable lives than if they were in the Inquisition in many parts beyond the sea.

"By taking the oath of allegiance, and writing in defence of it, and opening some points of high consequence, they have so displeased the Pope, that if by any cunning they could catch them, they are sure to be burnt or strangled for it. And once there was a plot to have taken Preston as he passed the Thames, and to have shipped him into a bigger vessel, and so to have transported him into Flanders, there to have made a martyr of him.* In respect of

* Father Preston was the great champion for the oath of allegiance, and wrote several books in its defence, in answer to Bellarmine, Suarez, &c. under the name of Roger Widdrington. He was a learned Benedictine, and missionary in the reign of James and Charles. He stood out long against the intreaties of his friends, and the menaces of Rome; but after this firm and even successful resistance having prevailed with many, both clergy and regular, to join with him, I find that this able champion in so noble a cause, Englishman as he was, surrendered all his rights and his understanding to despotic Rome! How, therefore, could a Protestant, for a moment, depend on the conviction of a Romanist, since the firmest advocates for tendering allegiance to their English

these things, King James always gave his protection to Preston and Warrington, as may be easily shown. Cannon is an old man well-affected to the cause, but meddleth not with any factions or seditions.

"They complain their books were taken from them, and a crucifix of gold, with some other things, which, I hope, are not carried out of the house, but may be restored again unto them; for it is in vain to think that priests will be without their beads or pictures, models of their saints; and it is not improbable that before a crucifix they do often say their prayers.

"I leave the things to your best consideration, and hope that this deed of yours, together with my word, will restrain them for giving offence hereafter, if so be that lately they did give any. I heartily recommend me unto you, and so rest

Your loving friend,

G. CANT."

We have now an idea of the real occupation of these priests, and the necessity of their volun-

sovereign, in the face of their own arguments, and against the very oaths they have offered, were backsliders into the supernatural darkness of the Roman cavern.—*Dodd's Church History*, ii. 420.

tary confinement, for their own personal safety. Their object was to emancipate their fellow Romanists from their foreign despotism; they were in heart, or at least in outward appearance, true-born Englishmen; but they were not the less Roman Catholics; and while the series of the collected portraits of the English monarchs marks their patriotic feeling, the flout of old Father Cannon, "that Collington's beard had done James the First more damage than an army of ten thousand men," shows that though ready to acknowledge the English monarch as his Sovereign, the priest held but lightly his skill in divinity.

The ignoble means practised by the Pap. Court to silence their refractory subjects, is not exaggerated by the Archbishop. The historian of the Roman Catholics himself notices the fate of an unfortunate Benedictine, who, having written against the temporal power of the Pope and the loose casuistry of the Jesuits, was decoyed abroad, and confined for twenty years a prisoner at Rome.* That implacable tribunal could not even forgive the miserable apostate who returned to its bosom; for while it pardoned it pronounced his death, as appeared by the mysterious fate of the Archbishop of

* Dodd's Church History, iii. 101.

Spalatro, who was lured to quit England, and to expiate his apostasy at Rome. The more modern fate of the great historian of Naples, whose learned genius dared to investigate the sources of the ecclesiastical power, attests that Power's unrelenting intolerance. Giannone, enticed from his retreat in a neutral dominion, betrayed, and cast into a tower, in the tenderness of Papal mercy was suffered to exist in Solitude.

We have now ascertained the design of Charles the First and his minister in their intercourse and protection of that small party of the English Roman Catholics who would not refuse their oath of allegiance to their native sovereign, and who occupied themselves in writing books to enlighten their fellow Romanists. Their little success attests the desperate cause they advocated. The result of this temporising spirit of the English Government, which we have with some pains developed, was to renew the jealousies of their own people, and to leave their own character in history doubtful and ambiguous.

It is said that Charles the First, in the course of his reign, discharged more than eleven thousand priests. They were sent to prison by shoals, and regularly every year great numbers

were liberated by privy seal. This appeared very strange to the public. A statute of Elizabeth, confirmed by James, had declared that all natural subjects in priest's orders by the authority of the Roman See, were traitors, and were condemned for execution. It was considered by Parliament, in 1640, that Charles I. was censurably remiss in not hanging all these priests; and the King's conduct on that occasion discovers his perplexity.

One John Goodman, convicted of being a Romish priest, was condemned, but reprieved by the King; on this reprieve the Commons hold a conference with the Lords, and petition for his execution. The King, in his answer, observed that when the Recorder had attended on him, as usual, with the names and crimes of convicts, he had found that Goodman had been condemned for being in priest's orders; but that he had been acquitted of perverting the people in their belief. Tender of blood in cases of conscience, the King considered that such a man was fitter to be banished or imprisoned. This produced a remonstrance, urging the justice of the law.* A deputation of the Houses waited on the King; when one of the King's arguments was, that "Elizabeth and James did

* Rushworth, iv. 158.

never avow that any priest in their time was executed merely for religion." The King however (it was in 1640) declares that since he is pressed for execution, he would not discontent the people, and he wholly remits the prisoner to the mercy of both Houses; but he adds, "I desire ye to take into consideration the inconveniences which may on this occasion fall on my subjects and other Protestants abroad, since it may seem to other States to be a severity. I have told you this, and now think myself discharged from all ill consequences that may ensue from the execution of this priest."

The Royal answer was received with humming, as Baillie informs us; and this mark of their approbation attests that the majority of the members were not yet perfectly trained up for mere party purposes.

In this dilemma, the noble conduct of the unhappy convict himself appears to have relieved both parties. Goodman petitioned to be executed, that "he might not live the subject of so great discontent in your people against your Majesty. If this storm be raised for my sake, let me be cast into the sea, that others may avoid the tempest: my blood will be well shed to cement the breach between your Majesty and your subjects on this

occasion." This magnanimous offer of his life seemed to have disarmed the Commons, for nothing more occurred about this priest.

On this case, I must observe on two historians. Even Mr. Brodie alludes to "the intolerance of the Commons," and would apologise for it, by insinuating that the secret motive of persecuting this priest after the reprieve, was the fear of the rising party in the Commons, "lest the suspension of the law in the case of Goodman, should pave the way for the pardon of Strafford." It must be confessed, that he here makes our patriots astute pupils in the school of Machiavel; for with this motive we must suppose them to have preconcerted their plans, and taken long views of their future operations. The Presbyter Neale, in composing his own history of the sufferings of Nonconformity, one might have imagined, would have felt a more tolerant spirit; yet he not only asserts that it was strange in Charles to allege that Elizabeth and James did not hang men for being Papists, since many were executed for denying the Supremacy, &c., but, without any reserve, he condemns the King for not hanging the priests; and he has favoured us with the secret motive

of the unhappy monarch. "Such was his Majesty's attachment to *this people*, to the apparent hazard of the Protestant religion, and the peace of the kingdom." Such are the passionate historians of party! They take up the vulgar impressions of the great objects of their inquiries when these are convenient, and rarely view them as Statesmen, and much less as philosophers. Charles's hint of the probable retaliation abroad had, no doubt, raised the "humming" of the wiser members.

A year afterwards, however, the same principle was acted on, and terminated in the same result. The scene, however, was on a wider scale, for in one week they petitioned to have seven priests hanged.

At this moment, in December 1641, Charles was still more subdued, while the patriotic party was still more popular. The King did not, however, alter his conduct, which finally produced the same result. The recent Irish massacre had embittered the spirit of the Commons, and offers some excuse for their unworthy persecution of seven miserable men.

Seven priests were convicted in one week, and, as usual, reprieved by the King, who, in a message to the House, informed them that the French ambassador had interceded to have

their sentence changed into banishment. The Commons desire the concurrence of the Lords to hang five of the seven priests; and the Lords confer with them to learn the curious reason why five should be executed and two saved? I do not find the reason recorded. If it were on any principle of mercy, it lost that virtue in its progress; for I find the House petitioning to hang without exception. The King replied, that if the Houses would consent, he would banish these seven priests; and as they returned no answer, the King suspended this sanguinary execution.

It appears that, two months afterwards, when the Venetian ambassador reported that the Pope threatened to land an army in Ireland if these priests were executed, the Commons indignantly renewed their petition. The King now hinted at the dread of retaliation by the Irish Rebels and again left the priests to the mercy of the Parliament. As they could neither agree to pardon or to hang, they were silent.*

* I find a memorandum, that on this occasion, in the Lords, the Bishops withdrew themselves before the voting of the question, it being in *agitatione causa sanguinis*. On this principle, the Inquisition burn men, that they may not shed blood. Had the Bishops betrayed this humanity in the

But these difficulties of the King greatly prejudiced him in the public opinion, and the clemency shown to Goodman and the seven priests was easily ascribed alike by Royalist and by Puritan, equally alarmed, to the influence of the Queen. Charles was always protesting that he would put the laws in execution, yet he never failed in contriving some means to elude them. Our honest Rapin is sadly perplexed to account for such contrary proceedings; for while he candidly confesses that Charles was not "possibly affected," yet during the first fifteen years of his reign he not only screened the Roman Catholics from the rigours of the law, but even countenanced them by confiding to their care some of the most important offices,—as those of Privy-Councillors, Secretaries of State, and Lords Lieutenants of counties. The opinions and motives of conduct of this monarch may be more obvious

Star Chamber, they would have shown to the world that they did not resemble the Spanish Inquisition. The story of the seven priests I drew from Nalson, ii. 732-740. I wished to confront his statement with Rushworth; but, to my surprise, I find no notice of the conferences of the Houses about hanging these seven priests. Did Rushworth judge that this piece of history would be little honourable to the wisdom or the humanity of the popular party? The omission must have been voluntary, and impeaches his integrity.

to us than to his contemporaries. Charles unquestionably had often conciliated his numerous Roman Catholic subjects, and most of them afterwards displayed their inviolable loyalty, for in the civil wars that loyalty did not interfere with that creed which bound them to their foreign sovereign at Rome. The King and his Minister fell victims to the vain hope of amalgamating them with the great body of the Protestants. As for the affair of these priests, Charles well knew that they were not of that class which had terrified his father as well as Elizabeth: they were not gunpowder traitors, poisoners of saddles, or rapier men who were to fall on the beefeaters; some were bookmen, who had engaged their inkstands in the cause which the monarch was so desirous to maintain. He knew them to be zealots, who at least suffered for conscience sake; many were condemned merely for having taken priest's orders, though living obscurely as the disguised dependents of some ancient Roman Catholic family. Could he, divesting himself of the true dignity of a sovereign, and of that intelligence which the office of sovereignty should include, run with the clamours of a party and the illusions of the people? Charles could not have imagined that the com-

monweal was to be preserved by a hecatomb of miserable priests. Much we grant to the panic of those unhappy times, and more to the passions; but can we entertain a doubt that the merciless persecutions of these priests was one of the stalking-horses of party?

I cannot quit this subject without pausing on one of the most pathetic incidents in this history of human nature—the situation and the feelings of these most miserable men, the Roman Catholic priests. How many inevitable crimes, and how many untold sufferings never appear in the history of a people!

One of the Capuchins, who attended on Henrietta, has left a memoir, which affords us the secret history of that devoted party. Pere Gamache writes with the simplicity of a child, and he convinces me of his sincerity, even when he describes some miracles which he himself witnessed. He perpetually reiterates that there can be no other religion than the Catholic Apostolical and Roman; it is the true religion, founded by Jesus Christ, and was the only one in which a mortal soul could be saved.

It appears, that by "the solid reasons" which his great genius could enforce, Pere Gamache was very adroit in converting young ladies and old gentlemen. He exults in the mar-

tyrdoms which he certainly witnessed in England, under "the detestable Parliament."

The pursuivants, who were employed to hunt out Romanists, he describes generally as persons of an infamous character; the greater number consisting of apostates, whose intimacy with the haunts and customs of their former associates assisted their pursuits. They had free entrance into the houses of Romanists at all hours, and priest-catching became actually a wicked trade, in which they laid traps and directed decoys to inveigle their victims. These pursuivants resembled the worst class of Bow-street runners, if it be true that some of them verify an old proverb. The priests, all Englishmen, were dragged to prison, and from the prison conducted to the gallows. On the mere conviction of being a priest, either by their own confession, or the deposition of witnesses, these men were condemned to execution by act of Parliament. These helpless beings, whose profession the Government had made a state-crime, passed through that most revolting of tortures—the bloody tragedy of quartering alive.

The Capuchins, who still remained in England, after the departure of Henrietta, awaiting

her return, now disguised in their persons, for their beards would have been in their way, by bribing the jailors, were admitted to visit the condemned priests, and offer their spiritual aid; and as the matter was understood, the jailor's Protestantism melting away in his hand, he would lock them all night in the cells, and thus secure the imprisoned the rites of their religion.

The priests said the mass, received the confessions, distributed the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, and received from the hands of those who in a few hours were to be saints, images bearing some signature from their blessed hands, and relics which the Romanists would collect with avidity. Such were the Vigils of Martyrdom!

"These faithful and generous warriors of God," exclaims Pere Gamache, "issued from the prison-gate to their glory." At the tree, some disguised priest would insinuate himself among the crowd to grant absolution to the condemned man; it was done by a secret sign agreed on, either by holding down the head or lifting the arms, but if the disguised Capuchin, in the fervour of his act, should have betrayed himself, the barbarous cry from the mob, of "Priest! Priest!" was a fatal signal that imme-

diate disappearance could alone save his life. I shall not detail the succeeding horrors: they have been already told.*

Some of these priests rejoiced when they listened to their barbarous sentence—it secured them the martyrdom they aspired to. There were others who loved life, without yielding up their religious faith. Gamache one night waited on five condemned priests. One was more sullen than the others; he had flattered himself, by his great interest, that he should be saved, but the King at that moment could not exert his clemency, and yielded to the Parliament these five priests. The news was brought to the sullen priest that he must die in the morning. At that moment, when all hope failed, a sudden change took place; he was now as desirous to die, as he had before been reluctant. "It is better for me," he cried, "that I perish to-morrow in the cause of Jesus! Fathers! let us rejoice for this divine favour!" The supper was before them, "Hold!" he cried, "we will rejoice!" and giving money to the attendants, he bid them go and fetch some Spanish wine. He passed

* See the History of Chidiock Titchbourne, in Curiosities of Literature.—First Series, vol. iii.

the supper-hour in innocent gaiety, and then they prayed till the break of morning, and he died with the same courage as the others.

One of these priests, by an ingenious trick, resolved to give a singular testimony of his religious faith before an innumerable multitude. "This generous soldier of Jesus" on the scaffold, the cord already about his neck, addressing the sheriff, said, "Sir, you see me condemned to death, not for any crime against the King or the State, but simply for having said mass, and being a priest. Death is terrible of itself even for the most resolute,—what will be done for me if I renounce the Catholic religion, and become Protestant?" "You shall be saved from this shameful and bloody death, you shall have life, and the means of living." This offer he expected, and it gave him an opportunity of turning to the people, to show that life had been offered to him, and that he now rejected it for his religion. The sheriff provoked ordered immediate execution, but the Romanists rejoiced, and some Protestants were touched by pity—it is well that Pere Gamache did not add that they were all converted.*

* Although I give more credit to Pere Gamache's Memoirs than some of my readers will incline to, I must at the same time observe, that his feelings are so perfectly papistical

To the Catholic, the deaths of these priests were so many martyrdoms, and deeming them such, they used every means, and spared no cost to procure some of their remains, as the most precious and authentic relics. To dip some memorial in their blood,—to snatch a heart still beating with life from the flame,—to preserve the dismembered limb of a victim,—were objects which the Romanists had at heart, and which it appears, were often supplied by the avarice of the executioner. The pious ambassador of Portugal was desirous of procuring the head of one of these priests—this was a most difficult acquisition, for the heads were always placed on spikes over London-bridge, all counted and out of reach. The ambassador, however, sent for

that they at times deeply imbue, and give a false colour to his style. I will not think that the Capuchin was capable of inventing stories, but that he told them to great advantage for his own cause. In the present anecdote he says, that the sheriff offered the priest, in case of his abjuring his popery, that he should be recompensed *de quelque opulent benefice*. Now it is not probable that a Roman Catholic, with a rope about his neck, abjuring his creed for his life, could ever be trusted with any church preferment, and therefore, Pere Gamache must here, and elsewhere, be charged with a little pious fraud, and with twisting facts, which are true in themselves, to his own particular purpose, which makes them false.

the executioner, offered a large sum for a particular head, and paid half the money down. Ketch, if he took one head, found it absolutely necessary to place another, to prevent any inquiry. He hit on an expedient worthy of himself. At night he opened a fresh grave, cut off the head of his neighbour, and climbing to the top over the bridge, succeeded in spiking the Protestant's head and carrying off the martyr's, but in his trepidation he fractured a limb, and just escaping from the Thames, carried the remembrance of converting a protestant's head into a papist's to the day of his death.

Such were these fated priests, and such the adoration of the Romanists!

In the cause of civil and religious freedom, we have persecuted—but our persecutions at least have been in detail. A principle more terrific is the eternal reproach of the Romanist, the massacre—the auto-da-fé—the expulsion of a whole people of fellow-citizens—these are written in blood, in the histories of Italy, of France, and of Spain. Centuries of persecution have passed over, yet of all men, the religious are least reconciled to one another! We must not look in the Gospel for the cause—it is among themselves.

To return to our original subject. The other critical difficulty of our sovereign arose out of the state-reasons, which often interfered with a rash compliance with the reiterated petitions of Parliament, against the Romanists. At every proclamation which our Government issued against this unhappy race, at the instigation of their alarmed and jealous Protestants, remonstrances were renewed by the great European powers; retaliation was provoked, and one frequent cause of relaxing the severity of our penal code was the desire to abate that spirit of persecution, which Rome busily revived against the Continental reformed. The emancipation of the British Romanists was one of the great state-interests of France and Spain. It always formed one of the chief articles in their treaties, and was the subject of the incessant representations of their resident ambassadors. Whenever James the First had to propitiate the foreign powers, a habit which his pacific system too often indulged, a conciliatory style towards the Catholics was held out to his Parliament, which was sure to revive the dread response of "the alarming growth of the Austrian power, and the state of our poor oppressed brethren abroad." To further the projected alliances with Spain, and afterwards

with France, the execution of the penal laws against the Romanists was suspended; but Fuller describes the popular uneasiness in his own manner. "The people, suspected that if the treaties took effect, more water of the Tyber, than of the Thames, would run down London-bridge." It is to these cabinet measures which James alluded in one of his later speeches. "It is true, that at times, for reasons *best known to myself*, I did not so fully put the laws in execution, but did wink and connive at some things that might have hindered more weighty affairs." Charles also assigned the reason of his lenient conduct to the Roman Catholics, when his third Parliament seemed in dread of the designs of Popery. "It had been with the hope that foreign Princes would have used the like moderation towards the Protestants, but not finding the fruits of it, he was now resolved to add some farther severity to what the petition desired." A statesman-like answer! The King could not contend with the voice of the people, but in yielding to it, he gave this public warning to foreign powers, of the necessity of a reciprocal forbearance.

Foreign cabinets imagined that it only depended on the will of the English Monarch to grant an open toleration to his Catholics; and

therefore the repugnance which James and Charles showed to put forth an open declaration in their favour, at the very time they consented to a suspension of the penal laws, argued to them an uncertain grant, and seemed a gross duplicity. And whenever it happened, as it frequently occurred, that the temporary quiet which the Catholics enjoyed, roused the fears of the people, and Parliament, too often operating on these panics, called out for the severe execution of the penal laws against the Catholics, the English Sovereign was denounced by France, and Spain, and Italy, for disingenuousness and perfidy. James always assured the foreign ambassadors that he could only grant a connivance, but not an open toleration, to his Catholic subjects.

These critical difficulties were perpetually recurring. The secret though slight intercourse which Charles held with Rome, diffused a terror through the nation; yet we may now learn that on his side the sole objects of that intercourse were the restitution of the Palatinate—and perpetual projects to alleviate the state of his own Roman Catholic subjects, and secure his royal supremacy, by passing over in silence his ecclesiastical. The administration of his Minister Laud was, on the same principle, to

melt two opposite faiths into one, by a reunion of the churches; and thus to reconcile contraries which attempt ended so fatally.

Yet the popular error run, that the Protestant cause had been utterly abandoned; and those popular panics a party knew well how to direct for their own purposes. The prejudices against Charles for his connivance of Popery, proved fatal to him in many of the most critical periods of his reign. The Queen's "idolatry" was always a lively *reveil*, for the Royalists were as jealous of the King in this respect as the Parliamentarians and the Puritans.

The mysterious conduct of Charles the First in the transactions of Ireland is explained by the principle we have developed. Speaking of the Irish Rebels, i. e. the Roman Catholics in 1643, Warburton, with his usual candour and sagacity, in his notes on Clarendon, exculpates the King, as "perfectly free from blame throughout this whole Irish affair from first to last." The Parliament had raised a clamour that Charles had instigated this rebellion to distress the nation; the King gallantly offered to go in person to quell it, but they were averse to trust him. The truth, however, appears to be that Charles was most earnest to have a peace on any terms.

The later transaction with the romantic and self-devoted Glamorgan, was long a tale of mystery, and still affords a triumph to those who imagine they obtain one when they blacken the character of an unfortunate Monarch in a most hopeless condition.

This chivalric Earl, a Papist, who fought for his King as for his God, and whose noble munificence maintained a small army for the Sovereign, was just the hero to grace a desperate cause. Charles had looked towards Ireland for aid, and had long experienced the devotion of the Catholic Glamorgan, for whom he had a personal affection. The vision of lost sovereignty seemed at times to hover on the island of loyalty and Catholicism. By the means of Glamorgan, unknown to his own council in Ireland, Charles had more than hopes that he should succeed in engaging the Roman Catholics on his side. Glamorgan, afterwards the famed Marquess of Worcester, in rapture flew to the secret mission, furnished with blank commissions, and with perhaps unlimited credentials to negotiate with the Nuncio of his Holiness, who had arrived in Ireland "to propagate the Catholic religion," and probably for a more politic purpose. Every thing now fell into its usual course; the Pope

pressing on a monarch without sovereignty, wrenched from the distressed Prince whatever favours he claimed. The Irish Catholics appeared exercising independent power, under a supreme council of their own, flattering themselves too that they were about to have a Romish sovereign in the yielding Charles. The Earl closed a most accommodating treaty with his Catholics, and by one of those petty, yet extraordinary accidents which have sometimes disconcerted the deepest laid plans, the treaty fell into the hands of the Parliament, who eagerly published what was so well adapted to excite the clamours and the fears of the English nation,—the popery of Charles! The King's friends were equally astonished; and in Dublin, the Duke of Ormond, for the King's honour, immediately arrested, under a charge of high treason, the noble adventurer. Charles, in this inevitable necessity, as statesmen have too often practised, publicly disclaimed his knowledge of the conduct of Glamorgan; assured the Duke of Ormond that he had never intended Glamorgan should have acted without his privity, while he wrote to Glamorgan, to express his unbounded affection, and to lament over their mutual unhappy condition. The Catholics and the Protestants were struck

with equal consternation, and the unhappy Monarch tasted the bitterness in his solitude. Glamorgan, had he betrayed his master's state-secret, could have proved the authority of his acts, but he willingly took on himself the odium of this fatal negotiation. Indiscretion and zeal to restore his King and his religion, had inspired this political religious adventure, but Glamorgan was more fortunately ardent in his scientific "inventions," than in his political ones. The close of this affair long lay concealed in mystery; the Royalists asserting that Glamorgan's commission was of his own contrivance, a pretended or a forged one.*

* It was only when Dr. Birch published his curious "Inquiry into the share which Charles the First had in the transactions of the Earl of Glamorgan," that we were furnished with those genuine documents of modern history—the letters of the parties concerned. This volume set the affair at rest: we have here complete evidence of the duplicity of the King's conduct in this project, and it still affords a triumph to a certain party, who, though they can criminate a helpless man in a hopeless condition, want the sagacity to judge of political conduct by human nature and philosophy. Hume has delivered his opinion with the charm of philosophical simplicity. "Some, even at present, when the ancient bigotry is somewhat abated, are desirous of representing this *very innocent transaction*, in which the King was engaged by the most violent necessity, as a stain on the memory of that unfortunate Prince!" vii. 68.

Miserable was the condition of the king who was so often driven to these miserable expedients. Left alone to act in the midst of violence and war, after the loss of the battle of Naseby, he had resolved, in despair, to engage the Irish Romanists. Their forces cast into the scales of fortune might have turned them. But in this attempt Charles placed himself in a dilemma. To have done this openly would have struck with jealousies and terrors his Protestant people, and the doing it secretly has countenanced an opinion with some that Charles would have sacrificed the religion and constitution of his country. His success would have been pronounced a *coup d'état;* his ill-fortune has cast on him the odium of a duplicity of conduct into which his hard fate too often hurried him. This frequent contradiction in the conduct of the English sovereigns, has seemed inexplicable both to their apologists and their censurers. Mr. Brodie, observing on Charles the First's "insincere dealing in regard to recusants," which he tells us, "even his apologists admit," cannot account for "the line of policy which the ministers of the crown pursued, when they endeavoured to alarm Parliament by the audacious proceedings of Jesuits."* In the

* Brodie, ii. 174.

one case the King protected these unhappy Romanists, the Recusants, from the fury of the popular prejudices as long as he could; and in the other he was compelled to sacrifice them to the popular feeling, to obtain supplies from the Commons.

This is the true picture of the complicated state in which James and Charles were involved between the jarring interests of their Romanists and their Protestants.

The subject before us may be illustrated by the position of other monarchs and ministers abroad, since the Reformation; and we shall invariably find that the people so little comprehended their designs, that these eminent personages have incurred the same public censure, though, in fact, they were devoting themselves to the public cause.

Henry the Fourth of France, a genius born for empire, himself a Protestant Monarch, doomed to rule over a Roman Catholic nation, could see no stability in his Government, if he persisted in protesting against the authority of Papal Rome; his state-policy cut the gordian knot of theological politics, and with equal fortitude and prudence he bent to human circumstances. The one was sacrificed to the many. But the hand which subscribed a public profession of Popery, at the same time signed

the benevolent Edict of Nantes, which conferred toleration on his oppressed Protestants. But Henry has incurred the usual odium of apostasy from the Protestants he loved! Cardinal Richelieu found himself much in the same predicament, and by acting in the same manner, drew on himself the odium of his own Romanists. The Cardinal, having granted a peace to his Huguenots, was instantly assailed by his enemies as a man of no religion. Libels were showered on him from every part of Roman Catholic Europe. He was called "the Cardinal de la Rochelle; the Patriarch of Atheists; the Pope of the Calvinists." He felt these aspersions sensibly, and the burning of these libels did not suppress them. Yet certainly it was not any lukewarmness in the cause of Papistry which had induced this subtile Cardinal to treat heretics with forbearance; his secret intention was far opposite to what appeared, and it was not necessary to inform the Huguenots that he had only deceived them. After 1628, no one accused Richelieu of tolerating heretics. "He never discovered more ability as a statesman," observes Le Clerc, "than at the moment his conduct suffered such popular censure," and which censure came from those for whose cause he acted.

In the great intercourse of European nations, politicians seem doomed to act by indirect means. An open avowal of the real purpose of the negotiator would close at once all negotiation; for such complicate and clashing interests can only be accorded by the tediousness of mutual accommodation. In the most successful negotiation, the most active genius has only gained the most he could, and yielded the least he was forced to. Hence those dark and intricate practices of state-policy, state-secrecy, and state-craft; subterfuges, expedients, connivances, and the juggle of deceptious treaties. We may smile at the mystifying style of James the First, but it veils a dark truth—"You must not dip too deep in what kings reserve among themselves, among the *arcana imperii*." He alluded to those dilemmas whose horns transfix both the sovereign and the people.

And this unhappy result must happen, that often, while the statesman is earnestly engaged in obtaining the objects of popular interest, by means which appear quite contrary to their purpose,—like James and Charles, and Henry and Richelieu,—he is suspected and condemned. Yet who but the statesman in office can know

the secrets of Cabinets? the humours of the influential persons—the projects of the moment—the divided interests, the strength and the weakness of the parties? These can never reach the people at large, and may not always be comprehended, even by their representatives.

Such are the cabals of statesmen! In according incongruous interests, and with all the infirmities of human nature about them, a more open conduct on their part seems hopeless. The perfectibility of politics must be deferred to the day of the perfectibility of man: a millenarian politician would be a very romantic historian.

The critical and variable situation of our sovereigns, in regard to their Roman Catholic subjects, long formed a political phenomenon which perplexed contemporaries, and has puzzled historians. It occasioned the English monarch, as we have shown, sometimes to excite the clamours of his own people, and sometimes the murmurs of foreign Cabinets, and has caused an apparent contradiction in the professions and the acts of the sovereign. The mysterious motives and the involved principles which led to this paradoxical result, could not

have escaped the scrutiny of our historians, had they written with less partiality, and with far more philosophical investigation: in a word, had they dared to look upwards to the fair countenance of Truth, which all parties have so often veiled.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GENIUS OF THE PAPACY.

It was a single blow, I repeat, which for ever separated our fellow-countrymen among themselves, but the stroke was not human! The supernatural royalty of the Papacy was an invisible dominion placed beyond the reach of a human hand.

It is absolutely necessary that the student of modern history should form some notion of the genius of the Papacy, if he would comprehend the astonishing effects of that anomalous power which startle us in the sobriety of history.

No philosophical genius has yet composed the vast history of the Papacy. The elaborate researches of Giannone in his *Istoria del regno di Napoli* will provide the curious inquirer with an intimate knowledge of the Ecclesiastical Constitution, should his curiosity not weary in accompanying the erudite Juriscon-

sult through his five discussive quartos.* We would not draw our waters from the troubled

* Giannone was betrayed and condemned to perpetual solitude. The occasion of his flight from the realms whose history he had composed, is characteristic of the Papal Government. On the first publication, the ecclesiastics practised every art of calumny to kindle the hatred of the populace against Giannone, who soon discovered that he could not venture to walk in safety the streets of Naples. I translate his words. "They invented a diabolical rumour that I had denied the evident periodical miracle of the prodigious liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius." The rumour was followed by a menace that should the blood of the Saint, on the approaching day, be obdurate, and the miracle cease, the people would now know to whom they were to ascribe the loss of their celestial patron. Giannone was advised by his friends not to stand the trial.

By the style of his narrative, it would seem as if the historian by no means denied the miracle. Indeed, when at Geneva, he professed the Roman Catholic faith; and it was to perform the Papistical rites more publicly that he was inveigled by a Piedmontese officer, an agent of Rome, to the Paschal communion in an Italian village; this Mouton finally conducted the credulous historian to his dungeon. Giannone, hostile to the Popes, was not so to Papistry. He bitterly censures our Henry VIII. for usurping the supremacy in the Anglican Church; but the deformity of this error was much greater, he says, when Elizabeth ascended the throne; and contemptuously adds, "Then, for the first time a woman bore the title of the Head of the Church,—an event which offered to the universe the ridiculous scene of a spiritual sovereignty degraded to the distaff." I fear we must despair of finding a philosopher in a Roman Catholic.

streams of the early Protestants; the amiable Huguenot Plessis de Mornay,* and the vindictive Calvinist Jurieu;† nor from that heap of works which were thrown out in heat and passion. The tribunal of posterity admits not suffering witnesses to sit among the jury, or decree with the judge. One glorious fragment indeed, long suppressed from the world, is consecrated by genius—and it comes, too, from Rome itself! The indignant and Protestant spirit of the grave historian of Italy broke forth, till, startled by the force and multitude

* In his *Mysterium Iniquitatis, seu Historia Papatus*, &c. This pure and noble spirit Voltaire paints as the most delightful of men.—

> Censeur des Courtisans mais à la cour aimé;
> Fier ennemi de Rome, et de Rome estimé.

Were this so, it would do great honour to Rome; for Mornay labours to demonstrate, that his Holiness is the Antichrist; however, as one *sobriquet* is as valid as another, the Romanists call Mornay "The Pope of the Huguenots."

† Histoire du Calvinisme et celle du Papisme mises en parallele, 2 vols. 4to., abounds with curious matters, but their correctness sometimes has been impeached. It is a voluminous answer to Father Mainbourg's History of Calvinism. Bayle took up the subject, and proved to be the greater favourite with the public. Jurieu, who was no half-hater, and the friend of Bayle, never forgave his friend his eminent success; and the mortified controversialist, irascible and visionary as he was, finished by hating the philosopher as well as the Pope.

of his own truths, he apologizes for his noble ardour—*il dolore giustissimo del danno publico, m'aveva più ardentamente, che non conviene alla lege dell' Istoria traportalo**—as if history had laws to suppress the emotions which it would inspire! The error was not in Guicciardini, but in human weakness; in that Roman Catholicism, which stands confused between what it deems sacred and knows to be criminal. The Papistical nephew who suppressed the passage may claim our pardon and our gratitude for the conscientious impulse which prevented its annihilation.

Concealed among polemical disquisitions, or traced by the curious idleness of mere antiquaries, we have still to explore into the secret principles, by which a power more than human has arisen among mankind. The philosophical inquirer will not limit his researches by simple dates, for dates, which commemorate events,

* Guicciardini, lib. iv.—towards the close. The reader must not look for it in the contents appended to each book, which were probably taken from the original edition, in which it was cautiously omitted. The authentic passage, recovered from the autograph of the author, after having been published by Protestant collectors, was not finally inserted till the Florence edition of 1775 appeared under the imprint of Friburg. The MS. is preserved in the Magliabechian Library.

furnish no discovery of their causes. The principle of actions often lies remote from the actions themselves; nor must we, in the novelty of a name, lose the recollection of the antiquity of the thing. The genius of the Papacy existed before there were Popes. On this critical principle of historical investigation, the future historian of the Papacy may yet detect, how the religion of modern Rome has disguised Polytheism, and mimicked Judaism.

We can hardly recognize the mystical Being whose growth shadowed the earth by an universal dominion, when we would trace him through the obscurity and neglect of the first centuries of his existence. The pastor of Rome with his flock, often suppliants, even to Pagans, for a precarious aid, claimed but a portion of the common alms devoted to the poor, or piously collected for the building of a church. As yet was there no pride of supremacy in that meek bosom, no avarice for Jewish tythes, no longing for Levitical first-fruits. *Pasce oves meas,* was the apostolical command, and the humble Presbyter or Bishop knew only to obey. The sole vestige of his poverty is retained in the title prefixed to his Bulla and his Breves, of "The Servant of the Servants of God;" but in the *Ceremoniale Pontificale,* we find his truer

style, for there the tiarred Pope rules "the Lord of Lords, and the King of Kings."

At length, when the Episcopal jurisdiction grew stronger in the mental darkness of Europe, in those ages when even the chieftains of nations might be classed among the meanest of their own hordes, it was assumed that the Bishop of Rome had been divinely instituted by Jesus, in the person of the first Bishop, whom they asserted to have been the apostle Peter. When men were familiarised with miracles, and a Pope was elected among his rival candidates, from the circumstance of a dove resting on his head, it was hardly accounted miraculous, that a mortal Bishop should be the Vicegerent of Heaven. Certain it is, that the West received what the East rejected. In the possession of the invisible world, the usurper became irresistible on earth—and a mortal omnipotence was founded on a pun, a proverb, and a metaphor, and authenticated by a legend and a forgery.*

* Blount—but he was a Roman Catholic—might have placed the Papal titles to their fabulous domains among his "Jocular tenures."

The celestial empire and the divine institution of the Papacy, are founded on Matthew xvi. 18, 19. Our translation runs—"Thou art Peter, and upon this *rock* I will

The *Papa* became the vicar of Christ, and was saluted as God! It is scarcely credible,

build my church;" but in the original Greek, the name Peter has the equivocal signification of *stone*. In the versions of the New Testament in French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, they have been enabled to preserve this play on words; the French by their *Pierre*, the Italians by their *Pietro*, the Spanish and Portuguese by their *Pedro*. By converting the *stone* into a *rock*, our version gains in dignity and Protestantism, but the Pope's title, dependant on the Antonomasia, has been left to our Catholic neighbours.

The *keys* of the Papacy, and their terrific consequences, were furnished by a metaphor. "I will give unto thee the *keys* of the kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on Earth, shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on Earth, shall be loosed in Heaven." This power the Romanists apply solely to the Apostle Peter, and hence derive the Papal dispensing powers. Some Protestants have inferred that this power was equally conferred on all the Apostles, but it is impossible to deny that it was solely addressed to Peter. Bishop Horsley at once concedes the point, but triumphantly asks the Romanist to prove that Peter had ever any successors.

Their purgatory, that new-found-land in the regions of Theology, originates, in a proverbial expression in the 1st of Corinthians iii. 13. 15. To save their own "stubble" from the "fires," the Pope clemently levied his "indulgences" and his "masses" *pro redemptione animarum*.

To make Peter confer the succession of the Roman See in his own right, it was necessary to conduct the Missionary there. The Scriptural authority not furnishing any evidence, a Romanist desperately asserts that Peter's epistle, dated

but it rests on multiplied authorities, that the papal divine institution could have occasioned this extreme idolatry, even among the barbarians of the age when it rose. The Pope has been held as "*Un Dio in terra,*" Giannone affirms in his "Profession of Faith," p. 12. The Canonists have impiously called his Ho-

from *Babylon*, was written at *Rome*, in his reply to our learned Pearson. The adventures of Peter at Rome may prove their own authenticity, where Simon Magus challenged Peter to fly, and broke his own legs to show he could not himself.

Even a Romanist acknowledges—

An Petrus fuerit Romæ sub judice lis est.

The Ecclesiastical *forgeries* of Rome are too numerous to specify, beginning with the fabulous donation of Constantine. The pretended original is preserved in the Vatican. Du Plessis Mornay tells us, that the scribe has ventured to add at the end this strange paragraph;—*Quam fabulam longi temporis mendacia finxit.* Mornay's *Mysterium Iniquitatis*, p. 35. As I have not seen the Instrument, I almost doubt this honest confession.

However, Peter the fisherman of Galilee, at all events was quite a different person from the Bishop of Rome: even Pope Sylvester several hundred years after, preferred holding his title from the Emperor, rather than from St. Peter; and refused wearing a golden crown as not fit for a religious head, as Platina tells us. It was long afterwards that a Pope placed his foot on the neck of an Emperor. These are the materials of Papal history.

liness, *Dominus noster Deus Papa*—"Our Lord God the Pope."* The same style was adopted by the Council of Lateran, sess. 4th. The title of *Pont. Opt. Max.* is common on papal medals, and in dedications; the epithets are the same which are given to the Divinity. There is a curious treatise on schism, by Cardinal Zaberella, Archbishop of Florence; where he declares, alluding to the Popes, whose ambition he wished to control by holding frequent councils—*Quod omnia possint quicquid liberet, etiam illicita, et sit plus quam Deus*, p. 703.—"That all things are permitted them, even what is unlawful, and so they can do more than God himself." This treatise on schism was put into the index, and has been frequently reprinted by Protestants. It must however be acknowledged, that some of the Canonists, pretending to be more moderate on the divine person, have been more confused. These assert *Papa, nec Deus est, nec homo; sed*

* The famous Jesuit, Father Parsons, had the ingenious impudence to affirm, that he could not find any such expressions, though he had troubled himself in looking after them. Foulis, who has written an extraordinary folio against the Romanists, supplied him with a catalogue of ten editions of Paris and Leyden, where he might read them. The learned Giannone, however, is the best of authorities.

neuter est inter utrumque. "The Pope is neither God nor man, but neuter, partaking of both natures." In books printed at the Vatican, its master has been imperiously styled "the vice-God." Constantine, it seems, actually saluted the Pope as God! Such a revolting piece of idolatry has been solemnly alleged as an authority for the divine honours conferred on the pretended successor of Peter. But was Constantine a Christian? On this perverse association of ideas, which some of the advocates for Popery have joined together, of *a God in Heaven, and a vice-God on Earth,* Warburton has observed, that they accuse those who deny the infallibility of the Tiara, of a direct tendency to Atheism.

In this divine institution of the Roman Bishop, in this immediate connection with the Supreme Being,—we behold the re-institution of the Jewish Theocracy, and earth is again hallowed by the presence of a "kingdom of priests." The consequence of this impious, but successful, mockery, appears in what is at once the object and the foundation of the papistical Empire. Gifted with the attributes of the Deity, was it unreasonable in the Pope to demand, or in the people to yield, a passive obedience to one, who was all-knowing, and

all-mighty? A despotism was thus established, in comparison with which the rule of an Eastern monarch was the lightest of governments, for the despotism of modern Rome was not an empire only over the body, but also over the mind. Passive obedience was demanded not merely from the animal man, but from the sensible being. The power of an earthly tyrant is transient, and the theatre of his rule is limited —but in the successor of St. Peter, mankind beheld a terrestrial deity, and in an empire half divine, and half human, Heaven might be lost by an Excommunication, and Earth become a desert by an Interdict.

The philosopher will pause to inquire by what miraculous contrivance the neck of his fellow-creatures was so nicely fitted to this unparalleled yoke—He will ask by what means such a degree of mental terror could have been infused into the minds of men without the aid of material force. It is here that we shall detect the secret principle of the papal government. The very power which ventured to invoke from the silence of its Jewish tomb, the severe and sacred spirit of the abrogated theocracy, with the same wave of the wand, summoned from its gay funereal urn, the wanton genius of departed Paganism, and dared to combine in the novel system, the characteristics

of both. The Pope, seated on his eternal throne, smiled even amidst his sublimity, and the same power that founded its rule on eternal terror, established its empire by endless indulgence. Roman Catholicism is a combination of the supernatural agency of the Judaic Theocracy, and the seductive ceremonies of ancient Polytheism. Is it wonderful, then, that none resisted the enchantment? Is it wonderful that all hurried to propitiate and prostrate themselves before that power, which secured their spiritual existence, while it indulged their earthly carnality?

Such was the Papacy? The sacerdotal throne, like some miraculous vision, hung amidst the triple regions of Heaven, of Earth, and of Purgatory. A bewildering and mystical fabric of curious superstitions was thrown open to mankind. What they touched were shadows, what they heard were fictions, magical illusions of a scenical religion from the Jubilee to the Tenebres. There all things were made holy,—their bread, their water, their beads, and their bones; these were "the love tokens" which enchanted the people's affections —and for the children of society they had their shows, and their festivals, and rabbinical romances of St. Dominic and St. Francis; for the imaginative, a glory of beatitude; for the

impassioned, celestial loves! There sat the judge who could never be judged, changing unrighteousness into righteousness, absolving, dispensing, indulging, squaring the circle and rounding the square. To him alone upon this earth is permitted to prohibit virtues, which then become vices; or to consecrate vices, which then become virtues; for to obey his commands is the greatest of virtues, and to do what he forbids is the greatest of crimes.*

Such is the Pope! This mystical being, kings made more than regal, emperors more than imperial; while the multitude, like the slaves of Ava, cast themselves on the earth, nor dared to lift their eyes on the human being before them. The awful prostration of the understanding in the being who was distinguished as *ter catholicus*, even among minds of intellect and spirits of enterprise, is one of the most mortifying examples of self-degradation. The victories of French monarchs were gained for the Vicar of Christ, and their successors still pride themselves on the cheap reward of the peerless title of "The Most Christian King." None more willingly surrendered themselves to their holy Father than the wealthy and the wicked. These

* See the language of Bellarmin Giannone. *Professione di Fede*, p. 11.

covered the land with abbeys and priories, chauntries and shrines, gorgeously erected and munificently endowed, for the salvation of their own souls, and the redemption of their ancestors. The charter of donation, by the largeness of its grant "to God and the Church," often attested the criminal votary. Thus the empire of Papal Christianity found an unfailing growth in the crimes and the remorse of men, and even in the refuse of human nature it could inspire heroes and victims.

Whether the triple crown denote, as the Pope's great antiquary, Angelo Rocca, tells us, three powers—the imperial, the regal, and the sacerdotal, investing the sacred personage with universal authority over the globe; or whether, as some explain, it be the awful emblem of his three mysterious dominions, certain it is, that his Holiness was a human being, whose likeness never had been seen on this earth, and it is not strange that he should have been so frequently demonstrated to be the Antichrist.

His terrestrial pride was viewed on the day of his election. Mounted on a white palfrey, he rode under a canopy supported by Italian nobles or foreign ambassadors; and when emperors and kings were at Rome, an emperor was to hold the golden stirrup, a king

was to guide the silken reins. If too aged to ride, the royal personages were to bear him on their shoulders. At the Pope's banquet, beneath the state, covered with cloth of gold, were placed his plain chair and table: an emperor was permitted to sit on his left hand, but a king was to take his station at the lower table of Cardinals. Who shall have the blessedness of carrying the laver to wash the hands of the Pontiff?—An emperor shall have the blessedness of carrying the laver to wash the hands of the Pontiff. Who shall set his plate before him?—Both emperors and kings might contend for that honour. The people only believed what they saw. The masters of the world they knew to be subjects, like themselves, of that mystical being whose human divinity was a mystery too great to be comprehended, too certain to be denied. They knew that the sovereigns of the earth were chained together at the chair of St. Peter; while the sealed edict of a soldier-less chief dispersed armies, or dethroned monarchs, and partitioned out empires which were not yet discovered. God himself, in the Roman creed, was in the hands of the Pontiff. Whenever he went forth, he was accompanied by the divinity. The Eucharist preceded him, inclosed

in a small case, cautiously steadied on the back of a snow-white steed, beautiful in form and proud with ornaments, around whose neck the small bell tinkled which ushers in the presence of the body of Christ! If, as the crowd cast themselves on their knees before that small case, one truly pious and philosophic mind, undazzled by the processional pomp, had dared to turn aside and think, he might have been reminded of the ark of the God of Israel, of the time when the Lord of Hosts was carried before the people, while the eyes of twelve armies were bent towards the ark, as they guided their march by the presence of the Deity.

This Papacy was a monstrous sovereignty, which the profane legislators of antiquity had never contemplated. It was a polity without a public. In fact, there was no public mind throughout Europe, for Europe was Romanized. The ancients, indeed, had invested the sovereign with the sacerdotal character; for with them religion was a subordinate and accessory part of their political system; but modern Rome had invested its prelate with sovereignty. The difference is immense. When the monarch was also the priest, he bowed to the gods, as to the protecting power of the

State. When the priest was also the monarch, he trampled upon man, as upon the creature of his omnipotence. When the monarch officiated at the altar, he trusted that the sacredness of his office might render his temporal authority more respected. When the priest was seated on the throne, he knew his temporal power could enforce his spiritual tyranny. The monarch consulted the interests of his people, for whom he exercised the priesthood. The priest only consulted the interests of his order, by whom he had risen to the monarchy. With the monarch, the people was the great object: with the priest, the people was the great subject.

In these latter ages, it would have been a moral impossibility to have reared the divine and human government of the Papacy, which, we must repeat, was a portentous compilation of Oriental despotism, Polytheistical idolatry, and the Judaic theocracy. The most potent of all governments could only have originated in the rudest ages; for in the history of mankind it will be found, that every excess of delegated power has ever been proportioned to the wants and infirmities of men. In the political infancy of Europe, the evils of universal barbarism were alleviated by an universal govern-

ment, where, in the person of one common father, the paternal hand sustained the feeble, for he required slaves; and stayed the indomitable, for he would suffer no rival. The great political secret of supporting the inferior against the superior, was known to Rome. Meanwhile, a supernatural power seemed to guard the holy patrimony. There the conqueror arrested his invasion; there the marauder dropped his rapacious grasp, more terrified by excommunication than by the commandment of Heaven. Had Christianity purified its barbarous nations, Europe would have now formed the platonic dream of the politician—an apostolical commonwealth; but the barbarous nations corrupted Christianity, and he who was called the father was more corrupt than the sons.

In more refined ages, the mundane father of Christianity was not ignorant how to maintain his terrestrial influence, by the intrigues of the cabinet—by infusing mutual jealousies among his own children, and by exciting a war in Europe, or preaching a crusade in Asia, often averting the danger of the times, which might have reached the holy see itself. The machiavelism of the Roman Pontiff has inflicted sufferings on Christianity far deeper than it ever received from the vagrant Hebrew and the ex-

pelled Morisco. The Court of Rome, in affecting spiritual and temporal influence, necessarily made its religion its politics, and its politics its religion.

But all human institutions partake of the mortal nature of man; and at length we view the Vicegerent of Heaven figuring only as the uninfluential sovereign of a tract of Italy.

In considering, however, the Pope as an aged prince, whose territories might be swept away in one morning by any of the petty sovereigns who have partitioned out among themselves the Eden of Europe, we must beware lest we form a very erroneous conception of the pontifical domination. No inglorious conquest of the Pope can remove the principles of an unextinguishable Papacy.

Were I writing a volume instead of a chapter, it might not perhaps be difficult to show, in examining the consequences of the civilization of Europe, that while the individual Pope has become less influential, the Papal system may not have fallen into any decline; and that the very causes which have reduced the Vicar of Christ to a state of comparative insignificance, have also, and necessarily, rendered the Papacy independent of the Pope. In these days the Pope may be a prisoner in the Castle

of St. Angelo, while the Papal system may be all dominant at Madrid; and while the nominal head of the Papacy may be owing his safety to the exertions of a Protestant prince, the genius of the Papacy, at the same time, will be attacking the interests of that very Protestant prince, in Portugal, in Ireland, or in Mexico.

In an age when we flatter ourselves that even the castes of the Hindoos are losing their fatal distinctions, it will be considered too bold to avow that the empire of modern Rome is as eternal in its principles as the empire of ancient Rome was in its pretensions. Yet we cannot forget that the most ancient of religions, and the most ancient of nations, in spite of millenniums of war and captivity and persecution, count at this day members and votaries not less numerous than when they confounded the chariots of Assyria, or sacrificed on the banks of Siloah. Like the old Theocracy, has the imitative Papacy also separated its followers from all other beings. In ceasing to be Catholics, they cease to be a peculiar and a favoured people—a people before whom are placed, and for whom alone are reserved, both earth and heaven—a people who may possess the one, without losing their confidence in the other. Who would reason if he be happy?

Who would relinquish his own certainty for the doubts of others? The God which his lip presses is a God; the saint which he invokes is a saint; the religion he adores is the only true religion. Passive obedience, the grand political secret of unity and conformity which some statesmen have perished to obtain, is secured in this Government by the immutable imagination of its slaves. Sovereigns indeed have wrestled for their freedom—a nation indeed has rejected this creed; but were I a Catholic, I should perhaps consider that in lapsing from Rome we fell like Lucifer, and that our daring rebellion only conduced to render Omnipotence more omnipotent.

Long previous to Luther, heresy in the Celestial Empire had enraged, without alarming, its divine chieftain. With Moses and Mahomet he had already waged a successful war; and in his unrelenting dominion, where man often ceases to be a brother, the flame was consecrated as an act of faith, assassination inculcated as a doctrine, massacre honoured with a panegyric, and the expulsion of a whole people of fellow-citizens twice formed a Papal triumph.* But before the sin of clamorous

* By their expulsions, Spain lost by her Moriscoes her agriculture, which she has never recovered, and by her He-

Reformation, the abomination of silent heresy was as dust in the balance; and the might of Rome was never more evidenced than when a whole nation had emancipated itself from its influence. To counteract the new rebels, even the Inquisition was not deemed sufficient—that merciless tribunal where they search for the thoughts of man by the torture which annihilates them. Even this Inquisition was a power which seemed not omnipotent: the Pope dared to create another power even greater than himself. Modern Rome sent forth her flower of chivalry in "the order of Jesus." The soldier, its founder, had stamped his military character on these novel adventurers. Ambition to conquer the world for Rome, was the genius of the order. They flew at the signal of their monarchical general to take possession of all countries. They had chiefs of legions in both hemispheres—sentinels at all posts. Life was not valued by its first enthusiasts, but their successors were masters of all the wisdom which

brews her trades and manufactures—truer sources of wealth than her galleons of Mexico. France, in violating her public faith by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and by rejecting from her bosom the most ingenious of her children, enriched by their arts the looms and workshops of her Protestant rival.

preserves it. But the atom of glory still worked through the system, and they sacrificed all private interests to their public cause, which terminated at Rome. Politicians in the cabinets of Europe, they were sapping the governments which they themselves were conducting. Casuists in domestic life, their relaxed morality moulded the conscience to the inclinations of the austere or the licentious. Slaves of Rome, every where else rebels: arrogant and meek, obdurate and indulgent, they were the ornaments of society whose happiness was incompatible with their secret government. The character of this versatile body is a solecism in human nature; their history is an enigma unsolved, and their dissolution is even a subject of sceptical inquiry.

These were the men who, during the reigns of our early Protestant sovereigns, were attempting by all means, and in all countries, the subjugation to the Roman yoke of this solitary and rebellious Island of England.

When Charles ascended the throne, the Jesuits, from their conduct under Elizabeth and James, were a proscribed race by the law of the land; nevertheless, they swarmed throughout his kingdom. Disguised, but active, they were concealed in lay dresses, in the recesses of

private houses, and, finally, they were busied even in the royal palace. Under these circumstances, amidst the exultation of the Romanists, and the alarm of the Protestants, Charles the First led to the altar a Roman Catholic princess, and upon this alliance were most probably founded the hopes of all Romanists, that the great result, which they hitherto had failed in bringing about by force, might finally be consummated by intrigue. The monarch could not have been unconscious of their expectations; but his tenderness for a portion of his subjects, then numerous and valued, as a sovereign would influence his conduct in the cabinet, and at times his feelings as a man. Alternately to keep down and to protect the Romanist, as we have seen, was a labour of danger and difficulty. The King's conscientious profession of Protestantism, and the strength of his character, were the best guarantees against the kingdom of England sinking once more beneath the GENIUS OF THE PAPACY.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES ASCENDS THE THRONE.—THE FIRST PARLIAMENT.—ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN.—SECRET HISTORY OF THE KING'S FIRST MINISTERS. — BUCKINGHAM. — WILLIAMS. — LAUD.

THE youthful Charles ascended the English throne with all the prodigal hopes of sovereignty. At this moment, in the warmth of his age, and with his own sanguine temper, the King was not perhaps the least happy man in his dominions. A daughter of France, in the bloom of sixteen, was his bride; his favourite's quarrel with Spain had fallen in with the passions of the people, and the rupture of the threatened Spanish treaties had obtained even for Buckingham, a few months' popularity.

The nation had long wantoned in the luxuriance of peace. England stood the envy of the

Continental powers. When we turn to the French *Mercure*, which may be often considered as an official state paper, and always as an useful commentary on the times, we discover that our country was the only kingdom in Europe untroubled by foreign or intestine war; an asylum to which many had flown, to pursue their industrious trades, and where shortly after they sought a royal patronage for the more delightful arts. The political watchword "Grievances" from the lips of party leaders had not yet been multiplied by the echoes of the populace; the undefined terms of the royal prerogative, and the privileges of the Commons, had yet been only touched on by the scholastic fancies of James, and not expressly insisted on by the Parliament itself; politics had not yet been artfully grafted on religion; and the supernatural doctrines which implied a critical knowledge of the will of Heaven, and treated theology as a system of the schools, had not yet been mixed with privy loans and subsidies. All these were seeds of evil which were lying, or were to lie, in the soil. It must be confessed, that the affairs of a people may look better in perspective, than they are found to be in a more interior view.

A new era, however, was about to be opened

by an enterprise of a hardier nature than the nation had long been accustomed to; and the eyes of Europe were watchful over the first great act of the spirited young Prince.

CHARLES THE FIRST, on his accession, was desirous of changing his style to that of *the King of Great Britain*, in all legal or civil acts, as well as in acts of state. This comprehensive style was probably suggested by a design of amalgamating the diversified portions of his dominions, of giving coherence and unity where the jealousies of three distinct races had often carried their rival feuds. This first thought of Charles anticipated the "Unions" of happier days; but it was so little comprehended at the time, that when the King intimated his design to his judges, the sages of the law agreed after consultation, that this change of the regal title could not be effected, and the two Houses, with equal wisdom, delivered the same judgment.*

* After this was written, I find that James took the title of King of Great Britain in the second year of his reign; but Mr. Hallam observes, that "it was not long afterwards abandoned." The very change of name to Great Britain was objected to;—one of those hard and minute acts of jealousy in the Commons, which delighted to thwart the first Stuart, and made James threaten to live alternately in the two kingdoms, and keep his Court at York.

The King's earliest act was to assemble the great national Council. Awaiting the arrival of the Queen, Charles, not without expressions of impatience, delayed for a very limited time the meeting of the Houses. An unexpected incident appeared likely to suspend the opening of Parliament.

Henrietta was on her way to England, when a legate from Rome arrested her at Amiens, requiring the Princess to perform a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles informally, she not having received the Papal dispensation. The Queen obediently stopped her journey, apprising the King of the occasion of her delay.

Charles, then waiting at Canterbury, instantly dispatched a messenger, commanding the Queen to proceed without delay, otherwise he should certainly return alone to London on business which admitted of no postponement. If this were not the wooing of the *Inamorato* of romance, it was at least a style befitting an English monarch, who, either by his wisdom or his impatience, detected the aim of the Roman Pontiff; for had his Holiness been permitted to arrest the progress of a Queen of England during sixteen days, in the face of all Europe, it would have been a tacit admission

of his supremacy. Henrietta Maria hastened to her new kingdom.*

Charles attended by his Court had sojourned

* This anecdote of the Roman Legate arresting the Queen of England at Amiens, I draw from a manuscript letter, 4177, Sloane MSS. Our common historians, such as Baker and Echard, inform us that the Queen remained a fortnight at Amiens; but no one assigns the occasion of this remarkable stoppage in her Majesty's journey. The Pope, as we have before mentioned, had long postponed this required dispensation—till Richelieu informed his Holiness, that the Royal marriage would take place without it. This circumstance probably countenanced this piece of secret history of the Legate's arresting the Queen, to perform a penance for having married our heretical prince, without the papal dispensation.

One difficulty, however, remains. If the penance of a fortnight's arrest were inflicted, the penance would appear to have been performed. Was it for a month, and did the King's letter to Henrietta shorten it? The letter-writer too, gives the King a different tone of language to that which Rushworth has put into his Collections, who tells us that the King sent the Duchess of Buckingham "to kiss the Queen's hands, desiring her *to take her own time of coming over.*" Charles was not then so impatient for her arrival as here represented, nor could Love well use this authoritative style. There are other parts of the information which do not accord with the general account. I much suspect the truth of this story. Such difficulties occur in adjusting the minuter parts of history; dates, circumstances, and speeches, are frequently at variance with themselves, when given by different persons.

Since writing this long note, which I leave as I had first written, that the reader may have an instance before him of

at Canterbury. He went for some days to Dover, to direct the accommodations for the Queen,—and then returned to Canterbury, that the Queen on landing, might have time to recover from the voyage, before their first meeting. The ordnance from the French coast proclaimed the Queen's departure, and after a stormy passage, at seven in the evening, she stepped "out of her boat on shore by an artificial bridge, framed for that use only. Master Tirwhit brought the news of her arrival within

the difficulty which exists in ascertaining the minuter points of history, I am induced to think that the whole story of the Pope's Legate arresting the Queen in her journey, was only a popular rumour of the day, got up to alarm the people on the papal power and influence. In consulting the Count de Brienne's Memoirs, who accompanied the Queen to England, and was with her during her stay at Amiens, I find no mention of the fact, too important for him to have passed over. The *Mercure* has described the remarkable *Fetes* during the Queen's stay at Amiens, and the Count dwells on the mutual courtesies of the English and the French. The illness of the Queen-Mother, who could proceed no further to the sea-side, was the real cause which so long interrupted the arrival of Henrietta to the impatient Charles.—I have since discovered that the Papal dispensation was brought to Paris on the 10th of February, 1625; the marriage took place on the 11th of May. The story of the Legate is therefore merely a malicious rumour. *Père Griffet, Hist. de France*, XIII. 440.

half an hour and six minutes" to the King at Canterbury. The messenger of royal love had wings swifter in flight than our jockeys can calculate.

The King and his Court arrived at Dover Castle at ten in the morning; and though at that moment unprepared to meet the impatient bridegroom, Henrietta flew from her apartment to receive him. Kneeling at his feet, with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, she kissed his hand; the King bending over her, wrapt her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unlike others of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion. "*Sire! je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.*" Her dark eyes sparkled, and her motions were quick and volatile. It had been rumoured that she was short in stature, but she reached to the King's shoulders. As Charles cast his eyes down to her feet, anticipating his thoughts, Henrietta playfully showing them, declared that "she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, neither higher nor lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, they proceeded to Canterbury, and on Barham Downs

the Queen found a number of the Ladies of the Court waiting her arrival. Descending from her carriage, they were presented to Henrietta in this rural levee by the King. Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the Court. The King performed the office of her carver, in cutting up a pheasant and some venison.

By the side of the Queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her Majesty to set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his Court were now to be gained over as much as John the Baptist. Henrietta affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her heretical subjects. She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked, whether she could abide a Huguenot, she replied, "Why not? Was not my father one?" In all this conduct Henrietta was acting a part the most distressing to her feelings. Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as are mentioned in a manuscript letter, induced some of the English to conclude that their Queen would become one of themselves. Even the grave Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the puritanic antiquary, struck by her deportment to her

women, and her looks to her servants, "which were so sweet and humble, could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true religion;" a circumstance, however, that Henrietta would have as zealously regretted in Sir Symonds himself. It is evident that this vivacious French lady, at her first moments, resolved that all England should fall in love with her; but a few days after, at Whitehall, she dispensed "a frown," as an alarmed courtier writes, which indicated that her "pleasing countenance" was capable of expressing "a spirit and vigour" which, in the mind of the observer, seems to have connected itself with a terror of Papistry! The Queen at dinner feeling inconvenienced by the heat and the company, "drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queen could have cast such a scowl." Nature had formed Henrietta to be charming and haughty; a volatile, vivacious woman, who sometimes remembered that she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth.

In his new Parliament Charles discovered a more sullen bride, and the youthful Monarch, warm with hope and glory, with all the impatience of a lover, was ungraciously repulsed even in the first favours.

Charles, in his anxiety to assemble Parlia-

ment, had proposed to summon the body which had last met. The Lord-Keeper Williams, reminded the King, that the late Parliament had naturally expired with him who had called it in his own name. Charles then commanded that writs should be issued "without the loss of a day." The Lord-Keeper observed, that it had been usual to take certain precautionary measures to allow the King's trustiest friends "to deal with the counties, cities, and boroughs where they were known, to procure a promise for their elections." The King refused the counsel, and Buckingham opposed Williams. With the generous earnestness of his age, Charles had resolved to throw himself unreservedly into the arms of his Parliament, looking to no other party to maintain a war of their own, than the Parliament itself.

Amidst the pomp of the regal office, and in the view of the French nobility who had accompanied his Queen, Charles studiously dignified his first meeting with the Representatives of his people by the peculiar solemnity of its ceremonial. As yet uncrowned, on this day, the first on which he addressed the Lords and Commons, Charles wore his crown, and vailed it at the opening and at the close of his speech, a circumstance to which the Parliament had not been accustomed. Still more to solemnize

this meeting, the King would not enter into business, till they had united in prayer; commanding the doors to be closed, and a bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected order is said to have disconcerted the Roman Catholic Lords, of whom the less rigid knelt, and the moderate stood; one startled Papist did nothing but cross himself.

The King addressed both the Houses with an earnestness of manner, and a plainness of style which strongly contrasted with the oratorical elocution of the late monarch, and with the solemn honours by which Charles had, as it were, recognised their dignity and their authority.

The speech may be found in Rushworth—the friendly tone must be shown here:

"I hope that you do remember that you were pleased to employ me to advise my father to break off the treaties (with Spain). I came into this business willingly and freely, like a young man, and consequently rashly; but it was by your interest, your engagement. I pray you remember that this being my *first action*, and begun by *your advice and entreaty*, what a great dishonour it were to you, and me, that it should fail for that assistance you are able to give me."

It cannot be alleged against Charles the First that he preceded the Parliament in the war of

words, or in those slights and insolences which laid the seeds of civil war. But the simplicity of his style, the friendliness of his demeanour, the modest allusion to his own youth, and the gentle intimation that this war had been entered into by their desire, excited no sympathy. They voted not a seventh part of the necessary expenditure.

Unquestionably this first reception which the King met with from Parliament was, by him, altogether unexpected. Thus early his first Parliamentary distresses opened on him. His ardent and impatient hopes were baffled, the season for action had advanced; that frequent affliction of the times, a pestilence, was raging in the metropolis; most of the members were flying from their station; few remained but a party which was, as it seemed, that wormwood from which his servants in office could never extract the bitterness. To keep them together with death hovering about them, when as one of the speakers emphatically exclaimed, "while they were now speaking the bell was tolling every minute," was deemed a cruel manœuvre to hasten their supplies, and to break up the Parliament was the ruin of the Sovereign's hopes, his honour, and his power.

There was also a fatal discord among the King's intimate counsellors. The secret his-

tory of the Lord-Keeper WILLIAMS, and BUCKINGHAM and LAUD, would show a chain of cabinet intrigues, whose links are more perceptible to us, than they were probably to the parties themselves.

Of these eminent political rivals, the Lord-Keeper WILLIAMS—then Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was the master genius. As a scholar he partook, in common with many of that learned age, of that prodigal erudition which delights in inexhaustible quotations from writers whom we now deem obscure—but whose aptitude or felicity startle us, while we are reminded, that what lies forgotten may be as valuable as that which is remembered. But the native faculties of Williams excelled his acquired powers. His scintillant wit, his acute discrimination, his vigorous eloquence, come vitiated to our taste, by the quaintness or the pedantry of the prevalent style; his great powers seem encumbered by their worthless ornaments, but this ecclesiastical Lord-Keeper had far advanced beyond his age in the wide comprehension of his mind. His practised touch opened the hearts of men, and his commanding spirit appeared as much in the magnificence of his life, as in the might of his genius.

As a statesman, his quick apprehension acted

like inspiration; his sagacity struck with the force of prediction; but his restless ambition, though capable of more noble designs, and even of more generous feelings, had systematised intrigue; and what he could not obtain by wisdom and integrity, he would circumvent by servility and cunning. A great politician, but as subtle a Machiavellian, he maintained a whole establishment of the "juggling fiends" of espionage, and a long line of secret communication made him the centre of every political movement. It was a maxim with him, that no one could be a Statesman without a great deal of money, and he once confessed that from his studies of divinity he had gleaned another principle, *licet uti altero peccato*, to make the sins of others useful. As he was not scrupulous in his means, among other extraordinary methods of gaining men for a temporary purpose, he exercised a peculiar faculty, which, if it deserve a name, we may call political imagination. Clarendon tells us, that on any particular occasion he could invent entire scenes and lengthened conversations, perfectly appropriate to the persons, all which had never occurred. Such artful fictions had all the force and nature of truth. These apparent confidential disclosures made the stubborn, credulous; and the irresolute, firm.

During the absence of the Favourite in Spain, the Lord-Keeper had practised on the fears, and perhaps on the wisdom, of the aged monarch. We discover papers slipped by slight of hand into that lion's mouth for state-accusations,—the pocket of the King,—midnight interviews—addresses *ab Ignoto*—mysterious suggestions,—by which our wily politician at length possessed himself of the royal confidence, and had so effectually undermined his patron Buckingham, that had James not died at the critical moment, the decline of the great Favourite's influence had certainly been resolved. With the most refined duplicity, this Episcopal Lord-Keeper was conducting two opposite systems. He was combining with the Earl of Bristol and the Spanish interest, at the moment the faithless confidant was warning his absent patron of "ingrateful devils at home." Williams displayed the ambi-dextrous felicity of one who pursues his certain end by uncertain means. Master of himself on all occasions, he would show himself in all forms; and versatility with him seemed no change in the unity of his designs.

But these subterranean workers are frequently countermined, and are often taken by surprise as they grapple together in darkness.

The mysterious conduct of the Lord-Keeper could not entirely hide itself from the jealous eyes of the Duke, who once avowed to Lord Bacon, as his settled principle, that "the man who would not live by his smile, should perish by his frown." On his return from Spain, Buckingham found that Williams was running a course opposite to his. The Lord-Keeper was neglected; their intercourse was neither friendly nor frequent; his counsels were no longer required; and though he remained in office, he was in fact discarded.

When the Parliament met, the practices of the Lord-Keeper, with some of the leading men in the House of Commons, had insured him a strong party. This party was an awful engine, which his potent hand might wield at a secret touch. The Lord-Keeper, observing the rising faction which had threatened to call him to account, in the very presence of the King, on the first day he delivered his official speech,—soon turned round. He knew the lawyers were more particularly vehement against a churchman holding the seals, which they deemed to be the privilege of their brotherhood. Williams, conscious that he himself was one of "the fatted calves" for sacrifice, directed the storm from bursting on his own head. By his reluctant confession it appears that he had held

a secret intercourse with some of that party whom the courtiers called "the chief tribunes of the Parliament." He urged them to look about for nobler game, "fitter for such hunters than a silly priest." The suggestion was not whispered to the deaf or the dumb. The hunters soon chased the Duke, and in the reaction the Duke chased the Lord-Keeper!

Intriguers usually drink out of the same poisoned chalice. The betrayer of his patron, in his turn was betrayed by him whom he had patronized. This person was the famous Laud; he for whom Williams had procured his first rochet, and who then declared that "his life would be too short to requite that goodness." This new Bishop, ere his linen robe had hardly fallen into its folds, within eighteen months of his gratitude,—so short is its term in politics! —observing that his patron was incurring the anger of Buckingham, avoided the falling greatness; while in that fall he meditated, night and day, on his own rise. If the worldly passions of a mere laic can work among churchmen at the distant prospect of a peaceable mitre, they rise with redoubled violence when churchmen are ministers of state, and ascend to pre-eminence in power by the dislodging of a rival. In this particular instance these pas-

sions so strongly affected the busy brain of Laud, that they painted their scenes in his very dreams. These he has superstitiously chronicled; they were the terrors and the jealousies, the hopes and the pleasantness of his political day.*

* Certainly Laud had "an alacrity" at dreaming; but at that day, which, in the annals of human nature, is not very distant from our own times, dreams—omens—apparitions, and a long train of vanished superstitions, were chronicled in diaries. I shall leave to the reflection of the reader those relating to his rival, the Lord-Keeper, Williams. Such dreams, combining politics and fancy, form a very entertaining mode of writing secret history.

"October 3, Friday. I was with my Lord-Keeper, to whom I found some had done me some very ill offices. And he was very jealous of L. B's. (Lord Buckingham's) favour.

"December 14, Sunday night. I did dream that the Lord-Keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me.

"December 15. On Monday morning I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the shield gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord-Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him; and I think was dead in his affections.

"December 27, St. John's Day. I was with my Lord of Buckingham. I found that all went not right with the Lord-Keeper, &c.

"January 25. It was Sunday. I was alone, and lan-

At the accession of the new Sovereign, the Lord-Keeper, ere he sunk on the arena, would wrestle with his mightier rival, the Duke. The young King was unhappily placed amidst

guishing with I know not what sadness. I was much concerned at the envy and undeserved hatred borne to me by the Lord-Keeper.

" February 18, Wednesday. My Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation and submission of my Lord-Keeper; and that it was confessed unto him that his favour unto me was a chief cause. *Invidia quo tendis?* &c. *At ille de novo fœdus pepigit.*

" March 17. *Lord-Keeper his complimenting with me."

A year after, his political dreams of Williams followed fast on one another.

" January 13, Sunday. The Bishop of Lincoln desired reconciliation with the Duke of Buckingham, &c.

" January 14, Sunday. Towards morning I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But, returning, loosed from them, leaped on horseback; went away; neither could I overtake him."

However Laud did overtake Williams some years after, and kept him in the Tower for three long years.

" March 27. A certain person appeared to him who was dead, and whispering in my ear, told me that I was the cause why the Bishop of London was not again admitted into favour and to court."

I have sometimes thought that some of these strange *dreams* were an allegorical representation of his own state of mind and circumstances, which he wished to conceal by this cryptical mode of writing.

the struggle, and had to choose between the cold policy of an artful statesman, whom his Father's wisdom had sanctioned, and the warmer influence of affection for the companion of his youth, and one on whom his hope now rested, as the hero and administrator of his glory.

When Charles found that the inexorable Parliament would offer but scanty supplies, and that the contagion at London was spreading, he was at a loss how to act. To dissolve them was to leave himself amidst his utmost wants. Buckingham proposed to adjourn to Oxford; but was immediately opposed by the Lord-Keeper, who advised the prorogation. "It was not," he said, "a change of place, but a change of time, to which the King might look for a favourable change; six months hence might alter the spirit of the Commons." The Duke, casting an angry look on his opponent, impatiently cried out, that "Public necessity must guide us more than one man's jealousy!" On this the Lord-Keeper prayed the King for a private audience, which was granted. In this interview, Williams informed his Majesty that the Lord-Duke had enemies in the House of Commons, who had no other aim but to bring the Duke on the

stage. "Let this malady, or malice, call it which you will, sleep till after Christmas. There is no time lost in whetting the scythe well. At that time I hope to give such an account, by managing the *chief sticklers*, that they shall abate their bitterness against your great servant, and your Councils shall be peaceable."

The King was startled. This was probably the first moment, that he learnt that a faction was formed against his minister and his friend. "Why," he asked, "do you conceal all this from Buckingham?"

"Good Lord, Sir!" was the reply, "fain would I begin at that end, but he will not treat me with moderation."

It was obvious that the Lord-Keeper was now staking all his winnings on a single card, in a desperate game of political intrigue. He had succeeded in alarming the Father, and now he hoped to catch the son into an early tutelage. He failed with Charles, whose affections were too real to be shaken, and whose fears were not less genuine of trusting himself in the hands of a powerful intriguer. The Parliament, therefore, according to the advice of Buckingham, assembled at Oxford.

Charles now expressed his disappointment

at their ineffectual grant. Still no echo of sympathy responded in the House! And now they asserted in a vague and quibbling manner, that "this Parliament was not bound by another Parliament," and, with a cruel mockery, suggested that "the King should help the cause of the Palatinate with his own money." The King in vain pressed for dispatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; observing that, "it was the *first request* that he had ever made to them." The words "first request" had an instant effect on some few; but his "poor Commons" offer their "dear and dread Sovereign" only protestations of duty, alarms of Popery, and petitions on grievances; a term which Coke acknowledged to be premature at so early a period of this reign. There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate for a young Prince perplexed by a war which themselves had instigated, and which, by having placed him at the head of a confederacy in Europe, had involved his own and the national honour in the awful issue. But "the chief sticklers," as the Lord-Keeper had called the rising opposition, and which afterwards he designated by a variety of denominations, as "the stirring men,"—and "the dangerous per-

sons of the House of Commons,"—and "those disaffected persons who appeared so opposite to the royal ends" — these chief sticklers, when the pressing necessity of the times was urged, rejected Necessity as a dangerous counsellor, who would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. "If the King were in danger and necessity, let them answer for it who have put both King and kingdom into this peril." This oblique stroke, which aimed at the Favourite, Charles resented, declaring his ignorance of the cause by which the Duke had incurred their dislike,—he whom, not long since, they had spoken of with the language of idolatry. The King, in despair, dissolved this uncompliant Parliament.

To judge rightly of the feelings of Charles at this moment, we must adopt them, in assimilating ourselves to himself and his situation. The writers of history are too apt to invest their personages with all the knowledge, and make them influenced by all the views, which time unrolls in that vast commentary, which can only be opened for their posterity. It would not be difficult to account for the opposition to Government which had partly shown itself under James, but which started up so unexpectedly in the new reign, when Charles

felt that he was abandoned by his Parliament.

Although the Lord-Keeper had failed in the hardy attempt to carry away the royal favour, he had left behind him all the awfulness of a predictor. All things had occurred in the Oxford Parliament which he had anticipated. But the fulfilment of his prophecy was no consolation for the loss of his power. Williams summoned up his strength. One great last stroke seemed reserved. If he could not govern his royal master, might he not conduct the favourite by his hopes and his fears?

While the King and the Duke disconcerted, were deciding on a dissolution of Parliament, at this very moment the Lord-Keeper, with all the devotion of ancient friendship, though unsent for, suddenly appeared before the Duke.

The creature of his favour addressed his old Patron. "Your Grace made me, and I must and will serve you, though you are one who will destroy that which you made. I am as earnest as any friend your Grace hath, to save you from perishing. You brought the two Houses hither, my Lord, against my counsel, and my suspicion is confirmed that your Grace would suffer from it. What's now to be done, but wind up a session quickly? Let the members

be promised that they shall meet again after Christmas. Requite their injuries done to you with benefits, and not revenge; for no man who is wise will show himself angry with the people of England. Fear them not when they meet again in the same body. I will instigate their ill affections; if they proceed, trust me with your cause; and when it comes to the House of Lords, I will lay my life upon it to preserve you from the least dishonour."

The haughty Buckingham felt the insult of equality of power; and was indignant at the proffered protection of the political vassal, who had once professed "to love and hate as the Duke loved and hated;" and who, in his letters, which I have seen, advising Buckingham to accept a place by which he would be always nearer the King, used this emphatic style:— "In your young, your middle, your decreasing, age, be upon earth, as your piety will one day make you in Heaven, an everlasting favourite!" Thus had spoke the sycophant. At the present moment the Duke started at the winding serpent, which had once licked the dust, but which he now viewed climbing amidst the topmost branches of the forbidden tree.

Buckingham sent forth a mingled glance of anger and contempt on Williams. "I will look

whom I trust to," exclaimed the Duke, and flung out of the chamber with a menacing countenance.

It is evident that by this master-stroke to inveigle the favourite into his net, the wily politician would have entangled the noble victim, either for his destruction or his subserviency, as his own superior genius willed.

This political game for place and power was not played ill by the Bishop of Lincoln, although his Lordship lost his stake.

The Lord-Keeper perceived that his real power depended on its exercise in the House; and that an opposition, presuming to act on popular principles, was the only means to balance the preponderating influence of the favourite, and to awe and overshadow the Court. He therefore studied to flatter the Parliament, and at that moment, he saw no danger in running all lengths with their accelerating pace: he had provided for them the State victim, whose head would save his own. He now affected the highest reverence for Parliament, he entreated Charles not to break with them, that it might not disseminate unkindness through all the counties of his realm. He told the King, "the love of the people is the palladium of your crown. Continue this as-

sembly to another Session, and expect alteration for the better. If you do not so, the next swarm will come out of the same hive." Such was the patriotism and sagacity of the Lord-Keeper! Fenelon could not have expressed himself with more political wisdom to his Telemachus; but so ambiguous is the character of the mere politician, that we must suspect the Lord-Keeper to have been a patriot out of pique, and wise from the spirit of opposition. We do not discover him the same under James, as he was under Charles. Not further back than three years, our Lord-Keeper did not profess this reverence for the House of Commons, nor this earnestness to prolong their sessions. Then the party with whom he now sided, were alluded to as "the spiders which infest that noble House of Commons, who convert the honey of his Majesty's letter into poison to feed upon." He then deemed their privileges to be only favours of former kings, and not their inheritance, or their birthright. Where were the Commons before Henry the First gave them authority to meet in Parliament? and he advises that the King should "break up this Parliament without any prorogation, that the kingdom may know their undutifulness and obstinacy,"

and proposes that his Majesty should "supply the present wants by other means;" in a word, that the Sovereign should make himself independent of Parliament! So diametrically opposite were the principles adopted by Williams, that the chance was equal on which side of the House he took his seat.

The Lord-Keeper, in his dark and secret intercourse with the heads of the opposition, was like that lover who stole in the winter nights to his mistress till at length his footsteps were tracked in the snow. Buckingham had detected and reproached the insidious courtier, who could no longer deny that he was engaged with the Earl of Pembroke, and others, to labour the redress of the people's grievances, and concluded that "he was now resolved to stand on his own legs."—"If that be your resolution, look you stand fast!" replied the Duke, and they parted.

The Lord-Keeper now found it necessary to lay before Charles an account of "my carriage all this last Parliament." In this paper, he artfully declares that he never spake at Oxford with any of "the stirring men." These were they, whom he had formerly designated as "the sticklers." As he proceeds, however, he excepts some. This paper was graciously

received, and the fate of the Lord-Keeper was suspended. Meanwhile, as politicians in distress, like frightened mice, will creep into new corners, the Lord-Keeper now turned his views towards the Queen. He had ingratiated himself with her, on the occasion of the introduction of the bishops to her Majesty, by fascinating the young princess with a French oration, which he had most happily studied; and by showing himself an active patron to her servants. This perfect politician had anticipated an influence, which did not yet exist.

It is a curious trait in the character of the subdolous Williams, that during the Spanish Match, he applied himself to the Spanish language, and under his eye entertained a Spaniard to translate the English liturgy, and printing a limited number, presented them to the Court of Spain. Williams must have been enabled to taste the Spanish humour of Cervantes, for he had sufficient time allowed him, during the Spanish Match, to study his Don Quixote. On the appearance of the French Match, the political bishop dropped the Spanish, and was as earnestly conning his French task—which he appears, however hastily he got through the grammar, and how-

ever unaccented his orthography, to have sufficiently well accomplished in the smiles of the French Princess. This perhaps is the only instance on record, where a learned Bishop learnt two languages—to cajole a Queen, and possess her ear by whispering in her own idiom.

The Lord-Keeper was doomed to fall, but he was a body too weighty and considerable to be precipitated at a blow. His genius rebuked even the impetuous spirit of Buckingham; nor was the elected counsellor of his father, whose mind seemed wisdom, and whose voice seemed prophecy, lightly reverenced by the royal son. Charles appears for some time to have been awed by the statesman, whom he equally feared to disgrace or to employ.

The intended removal of the Lord-Keeper threw "the Duke's cabinet," as it was called, into a variety of dilemmas; perhaps the greatest was the difficulty of framing some decent excuse for the act. They proposed his immediate dismission, on the plea of certain accusations, for which afterwards they were to look for their proofs in his conversations and his letters, both of which seem to have been occasionally free and pungent. This having reached the Lord-Keeper's ear, he let them know by a

friendly messenger, that at the Council-table, speaking in the style of the times, "He would not fly the tilt,"—but if they designed first to punish, and afterwards to judge a man, he bade them have a care, lest such a preposterous course would not make every man in England feel himself in danger. The greatness of Williams lay not in his place, but in his popularity; and no one was yet found hardy enough to beard the lion in his lair.

But Buckingham and Laud had not relented, and the King was urged to rid himself of one whom they considered as a communicator with his enemies, and whose counsels tended to lower his sovereignty. Once more, Williams, in a letter to the King, asserts that he could not have held any intercourse with *those dangerous persons of the House of Commons*—these were his former "sticklers" and "stirring men" —and at the same time have concealed this intercourse in "a family of sixty persons," of which his large establishment consisted.

It is evident that Charles, notwithstanding the importunity of Buckingham, would not consent to dismiss the Lord-Keeper with any impeachment of his services. A less painful decline, a smoother passage, was to break the abruptness of the fall.

At length a searching eye peered into a dormant resolution in council, which, whatever had been the occasion that gave rise to it, neither James nor Charles had thought on—that the Keeper of the Great Seal of England should not continue in that high office longer than a limited period, to be renewed every three years.

On this principle, a message was conveyed by Lord Conway, to command the Lord-Keeper to deliver up the Great Seal at "All-hallow-tide," and a desire was intimated, that his Lordship should retire to his bishoprick.

The Lord-Keeper now read his fate. He fell with dignity, and on terms. His firmness carried every point throughout the whole of this political transaction. He demanded to be admitted to a last conference with the King. Charles, who in more than one instance has shown that he was conscious of the infirmity of his own warm temper, declared that he would not, in conversation, assign any reasons for his Lordship's dismissal; and it seems that the King was troubled, lest this subdolous and eloquent man should shake his resolution.

It was therefore preconcerted, as is not uncommon on such occasions, that this painful topic should not be touched on. A letter from

Williams was presented to his Majesty after dinner, while the writer waited for an audience; in this again he protests, that he was "as great a stranger as any Lord who served his Majesty, to all *those disaffected persons who appeared so opposite to the royal ends in the House of Commons.*" One more description of the rising opposition.

The King admitted him into his presence, and twice held out his hand to kiss, granting all his requests, relating to his places and pensions, for which he betrayed great anxiety, and farther, the King renewed his promise of future church preferment. Williams intreated the King would intercede for him with the Lord-Duke. Charles replied, "that it became not him, a King, to take up the quarrels between his subjects; nor had the Duke ever expressed such enmity in his presence." "Your Majesty," said the Lord-Keeper, "may hear reports of my discontent, which I pray may not be credited, comfortable as I feel in your Majesty's favour." The King replied, that "He would do him that justice," adding, that "he little valued reports." Presenting his hand once more to the discarded statesman, the King dismissed him with a smiling countenance, and a cordial farewell.

When Sir John Suckling brought the warrant to receive the great seal, Williams gave it with an unusual solemnity of form, which may account for Heylin's observation, that "it was unwillingly done." The dismissed Lord-Keeper inclosed the great seal in a costly cabinet in Sir John's presence; but he refused to trust the key to Sir John's hand. Folding it up in a letter addressed to the King, he sealed it with the episcopal seal of Lincoln. This would appear to have been designed as a reprimand for the inferior rank of the messenger, or as a last hint to the sovereign, that he should be cautious into whose hands he confided the custody.

From that moment, with no diminished greatness, Bishop Williams retreated to the princely hospitality of his seat, where he busied himself in his studies and the cultivation of his grounds, and, at that day a novel taste, in forming a gallery of pictures. But his symposia attracted a closer observation from the freedom of his conversation, and some cursory strictures on the political movements of those inferior minds, who had ejected the master-spirit from their councils.

Bishop Williams, great in his retirement, still presented the same object of uneasiness to

the jealous Laud, who surrounded him with spies and eavesdroppers, too faithful reporters of the biting sarcasms of his late rival. Williams was teased by the petty persecutions of the irritable Laud. Their principles were for ever irreconcilable. These political rivals stood on the sharpest and the extremest points of opposition. Laud stigmatised Williams as a Puritan; Williams inveighed against Laud as a Papist: the limited capacity of Laud would have approached without uniting with the Church of Rome, and inculcated passive obedience; the hardier character of Williams had cast him among the innovators of the age, with whom he went on, till he found that bishopricks were in danger: Laud detested Williams for his deficient zeal in church discipline, and Williams held Laud in contempt for his unstatesmanlike qualities. Often must Williams have remembered the prescient sagacity of James the First, when Laud was thrust on him by Williams himself and Buckingham: "Laud," observed James, "is a restless spirit, to be kept back from all places of authority, for he cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change and bring things to a reformation floating in his own brain." And when at length the old monarch, as was usual with

him, yielded to their importunities, he exclaimed, "Take him to you, but on my saul you 'll repent it!" This was not the only political prediction of his father which Charles lived to see verified.

At length Williams overwhelmed Laud with all his learning, his wit, and his severity, in the volume which he published against him; but the vindictive Laud grovelled in a meaner and more cruel victory, by inflicting ruin on his antagonist in dragging him before the inquisitorial Star-chamber.

Such mutual persecutions do the heads of parties endure from each other,—and so often do they involve the public in their private hatreds.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CORONATION: POLITICAL ETIQUETTE.

At this gloomy moment the Coronation was to take place. The King had been compelled to practise the most humiliating economy, and the Coronation, as a contemporary letter-writer observes, seemed a private, not a public ceremony. The customary pomp of the procession from the Tower through the City to Whitehall was omitted; the alleged reason was, "to save the charges for more noble undertakings," that is, for means to carry on the Spanish war without supplies!

The Bishop of Lincoln, as Dean of Westminster, should have performed the service of the Coronation, but receiving no summons to attend, he addressed his late patron. The coronation had stirred a courtier's flame in a bosom still agitated by its reminiscences. The Bishop thus writes to the Duke—"Beseeching your Grace *to revive a creature of your own, struck*

dead only with your displeasure, by bringing of me to kiss his Majesty's hand, with whom I took leave in no disfavour at all. I was never hitherto brought into the presence of a king *by any saint besides yourself;* turn me not over to *offer my prayers at new altars.*"

This last paragraph is an extraordinary amalgamation of flattery and menace, and the whole an example of that sycophantic blasphemy, which the Court-bishops of that day carried to an incredible excess; a perpetual blot on these political prelates! Poets, mad with poverty and dedication, at all times have transgressed on decency and sense in their bribing panegyrics; but the present inflated court style in epistolary composition, was not the natural style of that day, for the letters of Mede, and other contemporaries, to which I have so often referred, are examples of colloquial force and simplicity, free of those pedantic and far-fetched allusions.

The bishop received a royal command to depute one of the prebendaries; this, to use the quaint style of Heylin, "put him into some dispute with himself;" a dispute, however, from which he extricated himself with his usual prudence. As he did not care to honour his co-rival Laud, and as the putting him aside,

by electing another, might have gained him the ungracious reproach of malice, the Dean furnished his Majesty with a list of the Prebendaries, that the King might make his own election. Laud was nominated.

The Coronation, it was imagined, would prove a joyous season, in an oblivion of all miscarriages, and a renewal of the loyalty of the people, whose imagination, awakened by their senses, would be struck by the hallowing ceremonies, and the binding oaths of that regal solemnity. But Fate had commenced her work early with him who was to be crowned, and the scene which naturally tended to reconcile the popular spirit, aroused its jealousy under the conduct of Laud.

It is a curious fact, that among many things left unreformed by the Reformation, the forms and order of the Coronation had retained the rites, the ceremonies, and the style of the Roman Pontificals. Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth had been crowned after their predecessors' custom, and the Coronation of James, which had been got up in haste, had retained many ceremonies of the old leaven. Charles, therefore, issued a commission that this solemn ceremony should be altered in happier accordance with the spirit of the Church of England. Al-

terations and additions were left to Laud. Among the innovations he restored a clause in a prayer, that "the King might have Peter's key of discipline, and Paul's doctrine." The clause had been omitted since the day of Henry the Sixth, as it seemed to confer a higher ecclesiastical jurisdiction on the Sovereign than accorded with the Papal supremacy; but as extremes of opposition may at length meet when opposite means are pointing to the same end, and as under a different name the same thing may be concealed, so it happened here, for the Pontiff and the Presbyter, however they reverse each other's scheme, finally agree that the monarchs of the world are "to lick the dust of the feet of the Church." This restoration, therefore, offended the Puritans! But the suspicions of the Parliamentarians were awakened by another clause, in which Laud, placing the Sovereign next to the Divinity, ranks the clergy in an odious pre-eminence over the laity, and exhorts the King to mediate between them. This imprudent division of subjects was not forgotten many years after, for in the trial of Laud, the Long Parliament accused him of altering the coronation oath, and of conferring on the King absolute power, to the detriment of the people.

Some persons at the Coronation watched with jealous eyes, and listened with a malicious ear. Laud, having accidentally found an ancient crucifix among the antique regalia, which was always locked up with great secrecy in the abbey, and brought out on these occasions, and which consisted of the staff, the sword, the spurs, and the sceptre of Edward the Confessor—the Bishop displayed this ancient crucifix with great form on the altar, and this was alleged as evidence of a papistical prelate! In restoring, however, that clause which the Pope had rejected, Laud had performed a Protestant's part, and in transferring the Pope's supremacy to the King as the Head of the Church, he heeded no reproach.

As this too was an age of omens, Charles himself fell under their observation; and trifles light as air, were afterwards expounded into presages. His grave character had already at the meeting of his first Parliament given some indications of that solemn dignity which would consecrate every great public ceremony—and in the present, contrary to the custom of his predecessors, who when crowned were clothed in purple, the King now appeared in white satin. Perhaps he fancifully considered that the day of his coronation was as the marriage

of the Sovereign with his people; but the rejection of the regal purple for the robe of purity, was variously commented on. Heylin, considering it ominous, as "fore-signifying that he should divest himself of his regal majesty, which might have kept him from affront and scorn, to rely solely on the innocence of a virtuous life, which finally exposed him to calamitous ruin." A wing of the gold dove on the sceptre was discovered to be quite broken off, "by what casualty God himself knows," observes Fuller, who calls the omen, "a maim on the emblem of peace." Another omen was the unlucky text of his chaplain, "I will give thee a crown of life." Apoc. ii. 10. This was thought to be a text reminding the King more of his death than his crown; and the expounders of presages discovered, that it seemed "as if the King was to listen to his funeral sermon when he was alive, as if he were to have none when he was to be buried."

Such was the temper of the age; and though these, to us, are very foolish trifles, yet the modes of public feeling are to be recognised by them, as a straw or a feather, light as they are, serve to point the course of the wind, as much as the most elaborate weather-vane.

The Queen refused to be present in the Ab-

bey church at the ceremony of the Coronation; and the Marquis de Blainville, the French Ambassador, who had recently arrived, had also excused himself. His motive was evident; for though Blainville, among the apologies offered to the Master of the Ceremonies, had declared that, from respect to the King of England, he would have risked making a small breach in his conscience, being bound by his religion not to assist at our prayers and church ceremonies, yet it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the Queen, his master's sister, had excused her participation of the solemnity of crowning, and even her presence; and to this declaration he added, as he was perpetually doing throughout his short embassy, some captious "exceptions" of etiquette. A place was offered to be fitted up for her Majesty, but she chose for her station the window of an apartment at the gate-house of the Palace-yard. The good Catholics made it a *jour de fête;* the Queen and her ladies were seen "frisking and dancing in the room," during the procession and on its return, in company with the Marquis, who attended not as ambassador, but in his private character. Henrietta was never crowned Queen of England; and, for a long while, she did not seek to create popular

favour by any appearance of public regard, estranged as were her tastes, her language, and her manners, from those of the people.

The refusal of the French ambassador to be present at the Coronation, occasioned much inquiry. Was the spirit of Catholicism implacable? or was it the prognostic of a war? In that golden age of Court-etiquette, when the peace of empires sometimes was disturbed by the jealousies of the drawing-room, this unexpected absence of the French threw into consternation the Venetian ambassador, who presumed to be his equal and his ally. This creature of etiquette, "tremblingly alive all o'er," breathed only by the nicest punctilios, and rested the glory, if not the existence of his republic, on the jealous maintenance of being considered *pare alle teste coronate;* an unquestioned parity with crowned heads.

When precedence becomes politics in the wars of peace, the diary of a master of the ceremonies becomes a record of mischances and misadventures, of despair and of stratagem, which must be consulted to be credited. A visit out of time, may be a visit never to be returned; an informal invitation may occasion a fit of indisposition; or a reception at the stairs'-head, or at the door, may produce a pro-

test or a remonstrance; and a political contest about a chair, or a stool, may open a campaign. It happened unhappily for our Venetian victim of etiquette, that he had recently been most deeply affected by an irregular invitation to the funeral of the late monarch. His *Excellentissimo* did not deny that he had received "the Blacks in the same full proportion for quality and goodness of cloth, as were sent to the two French ambassadors," who were then at the English Court. But Sir Lewis Lewknor, our first Master of the Ceremonies, was suspected to be of the Spanish faction, and not disinclined to put a slight on the jealous Venetian, who stood with the French. The two French ambassadors, the resident and the extraordinary, having inspected the *programme* of the procession, on a sudden changed their mind, and refused to assist at the solemnity. The Venetian, in consequence, was compelled to invent some excuse for his own absence, and, with Italian *astuzia*, he fell upon the Master of the Ceremonies for an informality: a message having been sent, which should have been personally delivered. On this the remonstrance was so serious, and the Spanish partiality of Sir Lewis Lewknor so strongly insinuated, that to appease the Venetian, our Master of the

Ceremonies was actually put under restraint, and suspended from his office. Yet the real cause of the Venetian's mortification, as the secret was rumoured among the diplomatic corps, was, that one of the French ambassadors could not stomach having a third person—and that, too, the Venetian ambassador!—marching in even rank with the representatives of France.

The Venetian, thus already too sensitive by the malice of a former French ambassador at the funeral, was now thunderstruck that the same affront had again been put on him at the Coronation. This forlorn victim of political etiquette, in his dilemma, debated the whole affair with himself—"If the French ambassador be absent at the Coronation, I cannot be present; not from any scruples of conscience as the Frenchman pretends, for I must understand it as an act of state, and not of religion. I cannot appear by the side of the upstart ambassador of the new States, a power of yesterday! without incurring the odium not only of joining with a heretic, but with a man whom the Spaniard would not sit with in his Majesty's presence—a man whom he calls 'the representative of his Master's vassals and rebels.'" The affair ended miserably for the Venetian. He who would have died rather than have

been seen in public violating a point of etiquette, now tried, by the connivance and aid of the assistant Master of the ceremonies, to slink into some corner where, unseen, he might be present at the Coronation; but his late unrelenting persecution of the Master of the Ceremonies himself, had extinguished all sympathy in the breast of the assistant, Sir John Finett, who observed, with equal judgment and malice, that if he attended on the Venetian, his official character would betray his Excellency to be a public Minister; and as no man more learnedly than himself could decide in all *punctilios*, as indeed his Excellency had of late most memorably proved, he must excuse the assistant Master of the Ceremonies from doing that which might again bring the Master of the Ceremonies himself into disgrace. Such was the history of this forlorn victim of etiquette, who had to memorialize his Ducal Republic, that he was neither present at the funeral of the one King, nor the Coronation of the other,—because from malice or design their French allies had hindered him from taking his station *pare alle teste coronate*.

CHAPTER X.

THE EXPEDITION TO CADIZ.

THE first Parliament abandoned the King. Charles was left without other means to dispatch the army and fleet, in a late season, than by voluntary loans on privy seals. These were circular letters, in which were stated the name of the person to whom they were addressed, and the sum required from him, the amount varying according to his condition. They took their title from bearing the private seal of the King. When those who either delayed or excused themselves from complying with the request, discovered that they were reported to the Exchequer, they were taught that when a king requests a voluntary loan, his request implies a forced one.

It was undoubtedly the King's intention to pay off the privy-seals by some future grant; yet many considered that the next Parliament would not sanction the people giving what

they themselves had denied. If the form of levying these contributions at an immediate urgency was unpopular, yet it bore no character of tyranny. The loan exacted was as small as the style was humble. The privy-seals specified that—"This loan, without inconvenience to any, is only intended for the service of the public, such private helps for public services, which cannot be refused, had been often resorted to; but this being *the first time* that we have required any thing in this kind, we require but *that sum which few men would deny a friend.*" The claims on great personages did not exceed twenty pounds. The King was willing to suffer any mortification rather than endure the obdurate insults of the Parliament —even that of the mockery of an alms-basket; for by letters of the time which I have seen, the charity of shillings was accepted! With such trivial contributions, demanded with a warm appeal to their feelings, was the King to send out a fleet, with an army of ten thousand men.

The political design of this expedition was to alarm the coasts of Spain; and thus drawing to various points the forces of the enemy, "to compel them to spend their money and men in other places." "Our allies," says Buckingham,

who opened his cabinet secret to the Commons, "can only scratch with the King of Spain, taking a town to-day, and losing it to-morrow; now they will be strengthened by the dispersion of the Spanish power by land. By this kind of war you send no coin out of the land; you issue nothing but beef, mutton, and powder, and the kingdom is not impoverished, but *may make good returns*,"—that is to say, let us wage a predatory war—hostilities so undefined in their nature, that our enemies formerly considered us as a people of pirates. Indeed the Minister lets us a little more into his secret hopes; let us listen to him. If it be asked "Where is the enemy? the King bids you name the enemy yourselves. As you issue nothing that is loss, so you will bring home something that is gain, and henceforward maintain the war *by its perquisites*. When the enemy is declared, you may have letters of Mart, none shall be denied; yourselves may go and have *the honey of the business*." It is said that an occasional Spanish war was always popular in this country; no doubt, for "the honey of the business"—when Spain had her galleons.

Like many similar attempts from the days

of Charles the First, to those of the great Lord Chatham, and to our own, this predatory attack concluded in a nullity.

It is the consequence too of this principle of action, that such predatory expeditions instigate the enemy in return to menace our own shores. Ireland was now alarmed by invasion from a Dunkirk fleet, designing to land an army, in case they failed in a descent on some parts of the English coast. While they were hastening to attack Cadiz, London was in dismay; "the trained bands were to be in readiness with complete armour, to march upon all alarms to what place soever."

The history of this expedition offers no imperfect picture of what such enterprises have but too often proved.

A veteran admiral, beloved by the seamen, put aside to make room for a chief commander unskilled in naval operations, raised an inextinguishable jealousy between the united services of land and sea. Each bitterly laid the fault of the failure on the other, but while they were retorting and recriminating, possibly neither party deserved the disgrace which they incurred by an ill-planned expedition.

It was rashly determined to attack Spain,

without having fixed even on a point. A plan of attack, drawn up by the old Admiral, Sir Robert Mansel, was not attended to, and he was removed from his command for Sir Edward Cecil, created on this occasion Earl of Wimbledon, and made Commander-in-chief. He was a military man who had grown grey in the wars of the Netherlands, but was totally unacquainted with naval operations.

All our historians condemn this unlucky veteran, and agree with Dr. Lingard, that the public voice pronounced that he was unequal to so important a command; but of what matter is the subject of this public voice often composed, and who are the utterers of this voice?

Perhaps this Earl of Wimbledon has received more than his share of the disgrace. Historians have usually neither space nor inclination for some necessary details. I shall give a series of absurdities, that are sometimes instructive as well as amusing—and they may teach a commander-in-chief not to command those who have not yet learnt to obey. We may conceive the relaxed discipline of the army during a peace of twenty years. We had some able military men who had seen service under the New States of Holland. That young republic was a nursery for military ad-

venturers; but our soldiers and our seamen had long been unaccustomed to warlike enterprise. They were now hurried together to go on an unknown service, with little affection for the King or his Minister, who had never mixed in their ranks. The talk of the town ran on this mysterious design, while the Government seemed so destitute of adequate means, that the very household of the King was reduced to contribute its small savings. "The beggarliness" of the march to Plymouth, which is the term Lord Wimbledon uses, was a popular subject of raillery. They were laying wagers that the fleet would not go, and they punned on the names of some captains, among whom were Bag, Cook, and Love; for which, said they, the fleet would not speed the better; for they were Bag without money; Cook without meat; and Love without charity. It was also probably the party of the discarded Admiral, who were complaining of "young and single Council," alluding to the Duke—and Lord Cromwell, in a confidential letter, reported to him "the discourse of the world." If Buckingham went not out with the fleet, his personal bravery would be suspected; if it prospered, it would be thought no act of his; if unsuccessful, the blame would be laid wholly

on him. How the thoughtless Minister felt on this occasion we know not, but he was too far engaged to deliberate, and every day pressed for the departure of the fleet.

The Commander-in-Chief, from the first moment, despaired of success, and reluctantly complied with the desire of his royal Master, or rather his injudicious patron, the Duke. "This expedition I was content to take upon me, though against my judgment, as I did secretly deliver both to his Majesty and your Grace before I departed from the coast."

A character of hopeless indecision is fatal to military success; but the veteran, who was now to be the victim, felt his obedience to his Sovereign's command stronger than his own particular judgment. "I would rather have been torn in pieces than to have gone with so many ignorant and malicious people." The truth is, the opposition party was already formed, before they set sail, and the deepest anxiety and incessant occupation clouded over the faculties, or exhausted the frame of the despairing Commander-in-Chief. "When my adversaries slept I waked, when they made good cheer I fasted, and when they rested I toiled."

At length eighty ships, with ten regiments

of a thousand men each, sailed from Plymouth. A storm disperses them. When they collect, a council of war is held to fix on a point of attack, for their instructions left them at liberty to choose. The Duke and his council left all things to chance; this was not a greater evil than the blunders they had unwarily committed; had they taken on themselves to prescribe the course the fleet was to have pursued, they might not have blundered less.

The Earl of Essex, Vice-admiral, warned by the glory his father had won at Cadiz, deemed it right for him to attack the Spanish fleet; but difficulties were started, and they debated so long, that the coast had time to be alarmed.

The Earl of Essex, we are told by some, wished to attack the Spanish fleet; but Lord Wimbledon is surprised "that the Earl is not called into question for letting pass the King of Spain's ships that offered him fight." Probably some heroes are disposed for fighting at one hour, and not at another.

It is agreed that the ships in the port of Cadiz might have been taken, but, except the Dutch ships, which had leagued with us on this occasion, twenty English ones never stirred. Wimbledon asserts, that he has proved several persons guilty, whom he could never

get examined by the council. Wimbledon went personally from ship to ship to enforce his commands. A body of seamen were landed with difficulty, but being resisted, they retreated. Sir John Burroughs, one of our ablest officers, who was afterwards fated to perish in another expedition, at the head of his regiment, attacked and carried the fort of Puntal. The troops now landed; and the only enemy they had to encounter were the wine-cellars of Cadiz. Every man was his own vintner, as a contemporary expresses it; and had the fugitive Spaniards returned on such invaders, they had found an easy conquest.

The Commander-in-Chief had published his orders expressly to warn them of the Spanish wines, but his undisciplined troops had not yet been habituated to the severity of orders from head-quarters, and the general gladly re-shipped his bacchanalian troops—no ships were burnt in the harbour—and they left the coast of Spain in no worse condition by their inroad, than what the morning showed the Spaniards in a vast number of empty casks.

Their intemperance was punished by sickness, which spread in the ships—and by the ingenious contrivance of taking two sick men out of the sick ships to supply their places by

two sound men, they propagated the contagion through the whole fleet. They lay in wait twenty days for the Plate-fleet, which either passed at night-time, or the day after; they could no longer keep their station, returning to Plymouth with the loss of a thousand men, not occasioned by the enemy. The Earl of Wimbledon was for a considerable time denied the King's presence. An inquiry was opened to criminate the military veteran,—journal was opposed to journal—opinions of landsmen were given on seamen, and of sailors on the tactics of the military. "He that commandeth is but one man, and the rest are many thousands"—pathetically exclaims this hapless commander-in-chief—and he has declared that "many who should have assisted me, were more careful in betraying me than in forwarding his Majesty's service."

This inquiry, like so many others of the kind, got more intricate and confused the farther they proceeded; accusers were themselves accused—witnesses were themselves criminals. In the cross interests of parties, one shielded the guilty, and the other aspersed the innocent. All parties were blamed, but none could be punished.

So unhappily for the feelings of the youthful

monarch, terminated his first great enterprize. Glory had been changed into dishonour! Scarcely had a few months elapsed since he was seated on the throne ere he was doomed to taste that bitterness of government which sickens the secret heart of majesty. Already thorns were in the ermine of his crown—and although he had not himself committed a single censurable act, yet he had found a Parliament hostile to the purposes for which they had clamoured—an army disorganised—a navy discontented—the affections of the people declining. His partial hope was still leaning on Buckingham, while he was looking for his urgent wants to be supplied by those who were intent to refuse their aid! There were greater evils in futurity!

CHAPTER XI.

MEETING OF THE SECOND PARLIAMENT.—THE CONTENTION BETWEEN THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND THE EARL OF BRISTOL.

FROM the commencement to the disastrous termination of the ill-concerted and ill-conducted expedition to Cadiz, which from the destitution of Parliamentary supplies had been hastened by the most disorderly ways, Buckingham had been absent from England, actively negotiating in person at the Hague with the northern powers, a treaty respecting the restoration of the Palatinate, the incessant object of popular clamour, and for neglecting which the pacific counsels of the late Monarch had been reproached with pusillanimity.

Now the scene had changed. A spirited and enterprising young Prince, under the influence of the Minister whom he loved too well, and the Minister under the influence of

popular feeling, which he too vainly courted, had adopted rather the politics of the English public, than the policy of the English Cabinet. Buckingham, on his return from Spain, had been saluted as "the saviour of his country," and there was nothing this warm and volatile man aspired to more ardently than popularity.

Buckingham was in earnest, for it was in a stormy season, and in considerable peril, losing a vessel in the passage, that he had reached the Hague to hasten the treaties by his own personal zeal. After a month's absence, he returned home to witness the most sudden mutability of his fortune! All his anxieties, his official labours, and according to his statement, large sacrifices of his private fortune had been devoted to this disastrous expedition; and now he had to encounter a more unexpected storm than that which had dispersed the fleets, and which, more terrible but as sudden, was to overwhelm the Minister.

It is probable that a party against the Royal favourite had been silently forming, and now found a voice in his ill-fortune; but it seems that the overt personal attacks came unexpectedly. Whatever the world thought, Buckingham in his own mind felt the change that

was prepared for him undeserved, and this feeling is finely touched on by Sir Henry Wotton. "It could not but trouble him the more by happening when he came freshly returned out of a meritorious employment in his inward conceit and hope."* Buckingham found that he was even reproached for not having himself taken the command of the army and navy, and the Lord High Admiral and Commander-in-Chief was accused of sparing his person from an ignoble motive. Sir John Eliot taunted him in the House when he said, "the Lord-General has the whole command both by sea and land, and can this great General think it sufficient to put in his deputy, and stay at home?" The intrepidity and daring of Buckingham yielded to no man's, as was afterwards proved. Charles knew that in this respect the character of his friend was unjustly aspersed, and the King did not wish to see his Minister's courage put to the test, when the venture was not absolutely required; but it was probably the bitter taunt of Buckingham's unsparing enemy, soon echoed by the public, which induced the Duke to take the command in person in his future fatal expeditions.

* *Conceit* here means *idea*.

Buckingham had a foresight of the approaching Parliament. He took certain precautionary measures, and was particularly desirous of keeping out of the House his future great opponent, Sir John Eliot, among others. Bishop Williams, who was always stirring at a crisis, though now in disgrace at Court, pretended that, in communicating with Buckingham's enemies, he was warding off the threatened attacks of a barking opposition. It was, however, a dubious argument which he urged to protect the Minister, repeatedly reminding the party, that when "a beast got into the midst of a field of wheat, if the neighbours ran in and hunted it about with their dogs, they would run down more corn than five beasts could devour." Williams well knew, that the simile was no argument for "the dogs" themselves. With the Duke's friends he used another counsel. He urged them to advise the Duke to retire to some great embassy, "as distant as that of Vienna, if he durst trust the King of Spain's nearest ally." To them Williams's advice seemed but an ambiguous friendship, as if this politic genius looked to clear the stage, and himself again to play a part to which he had been long used.

Charles summoned his second Parliament, as

he said, "in the midst of necessities," and to learn from them "how he was to frame his course and councils." To induce their compliance for immediate supplies, he laid before the Commons the most urgent reasons. "The unseasonable slowness may produce as ill effect as a denial," said the message. Mr. Brodie, who, as an historian, could not avoid giving these forcible reasons for an instant compliance with the King's demand, denies their justness, and as the Commons would not comply, our Scotch Advocate furnishes three pages of special pleading, where the most obscure motives are assigned as arguments stronger than "a sense of danger" in the country.*

Mr. Brodie has, doubtless, discovered many a motive with which some of the members would gladly have been furnished, to oppose to the grant required by the Crown; but what would history be were it only a voluminous brief, where nothing is to appear but what is in favour of the client?

The Commons, as duteously as ever, profess that "no King was ever dearer to his people, and that they really intend to assist his Majesty in such a way as may make him safe

* Brodie, II. 92.

at home and feared abroad." They acknowledge—and this point has not been sufficiently observed—that "they will support that cause wherein your Majesty and your allies are now justly engaged." They sanction the principles and the design of the war entered into, while they pertinaciously are withholding the necessary supplies! It has been alleged, in favour of the Commons, that they had been hurried into war by the false representations of Buckingham, sanctioned by Charles. I confess this allegation has always appeared to me most doubtful. However, the war in which Charles was now involved, from their own words, was of the most popular character. It was a war for the restitution of the Palatinate, carried on by a close alliance with the northern Protestant powers. It was an English war. We see by their "remonstrance" that the Commons did not deny this.

Before the supplies, the King was first, however, to accept the information and advice of Parliament in discovering the causes of "the great evils, and redress their grievances." The King accepted this "as a satisfactory answer," and thanked them for it. In regard to grievances, Charles said, "for your clause of presenting of grievances, I take that for a parenthesis

and not a condition; apply yourselves to redress grievances, but not to *inquire* after grievances." The fact was, that the Commons were preparing an impeachment of his Minister; and the King's style first betrays angried feelings. "You specially aim at the Duke of Buckingham; I wonder what hath so altered your affections towards him." Charles felt that the Commons designed to control the Government itself; and in his view, he could only ascribe their antipathy to Buckingham to the capriciousness of popular favour.

The Commons had now begun to practise the refined art of voting supplies, without giving them. They were to be received virtually on some "condition;" thus avoiding the term to which the King objected, but not the practice.

The affair, however, was not long doubtful. Dr. Turner, a physician, a class of men which it is unusual to find in Parliament, was chosen for the onset against the Duke. There were also rumours of a close intelligence, which had for some time been kept up with certain persons in the Upper House.

Dr. Turner adopted an extraordinary mode for impeaching the Minister; or, as the King described it, "The House had emboldened one

to do a strange act in a strange way." He drew up six queries. They were soon commonly called "Buckingham's Queries." Their object was, to inquire if the Duke were not the cause of the six monstrous grievances therein specified? concluding, that "all these were famed to be so."

This led to a singular debate, where "common fame and rumour" were separated by a curious distinction. "The general voice, the *vox populi* is common fame; and if common fame might not be admitted as an accuser, great men would be the only safe men; for no private person dare venture to inquire into their actions." The House resolved, that "common fame is a good ground of proceeding for this House, whether by inquiring or presenting the complaints to the King and Lords." This was a bold and novel principle. Thus a Minister was liable to be impeached merely on *rumours*, which Parliamentary philology had discriminated by its own dictionary of synonyms. It must be confessed, that this resolution, if acted on, would not diminish the business of a Prime Minister. It is, however, rather curious to observe, by the "remonstrances" of the Commons, that they did not think that "rumours" *against themselves* should be thus ele-

vated into evidence. They close their remonstrance by "beseeching that his Majesty would *not give ear to the officious reports of private persons for their own ends.*" Were the Commons certain that the reports which they themselves so eagerly adopted, might not also have originated in *private persons for their own ends?*

Some of "the bold speakers," as the heads of the opposition are designated in the private letters of the times, had now risen into notice. They poured themselves forth in a vehement, not to say, seditious style, with more daring invectives than had ever before thundered in the House of Commons. The party against the Duke had now found a voice. One had declared that the cause of all the grievances, as was said of Louis the Eleventh of France, is, that "all the King's council rides on one horse."

Charles now sent for both Houses to meet him at Whitehall. Thanking the Lords for their care of the kingdom, he was sorry he owed no thanks "to their fellow-house of the Commons." "I must tell you, that I am come here to show you your errors, and as I may call it, unparliamentary proceedings in this Parliament; but I do not despair, that this Parliament shall end comfortably, though, at the beginning it hath had some rubs." The King

left to the Lord-Keeper to say the rest. His lordship assured them, that "when the irregular humours of *some particular persons* were settled, the King would hear and answer all just grievances; but the King would have them also to know that he was equally jealous to the contempt of his royal rights, which his Majesty would not suffer to be violated by any pretended course of Parliamentary liberty. The King considered the Parliament as his council; but there was a difference between councilling and controlling, and between liberty and the abuse of liberty. He particularised their conduct in sanctioning the strange unparliamentary way of Dr. Turner, who, without any ground of "knowledge in himself, advised the House to inquire concerning the Duke of Buckingham,—it was an example which the King could not suffer, though it were against his meanest servant. His Majesty wondered at the foolish insolency* of that man who could think that his Majesty should be drawn out to offer such a sacrifice so unworthy of a King or a good Master." The Lord-Keeper closed by observing, that his Majesty, "holds

* This expression indicated a personal feeling of the King's, which I shall notice hereafter.

as insufferable," that they had signed a warrant for the signet-office to produce their records, books and private notes—made for his Majesty's service.

The King resuming his speech, remarkably reproached the Commons. "Now that you have all things according to your wishes, and that *I am so far engaged, that you think there is no retreat, now you begin to set the dice and make your own game.* It is not a Parliamentary way, nor is it a way to deal with a King. Mr. Clement Coke told you, 'It was better to be eaten up by a foreign enemy, than to be destroyed at home.' Indeed I think it more honour for a King to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy, than to be despised by his own subjects."*

* That the reader may have a specimen of that sort of comment with which the preconceived notions of party-writers have always so cruelly treated the memory of this hapless Prince, I shall give the remarks of Mr. Brodie upon this passage; and if the reader admire either the discernment or the feelings of that gentleman, he will thank me for informing him that he may find a hundred similar instances in the greater portion of Mr. Brodie's pages. This writer says, "By stating, that he thought it more honour for a King to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy, than to be despised by his own subjects; he *distinctly declared, that in his opinion, he reigned for himself*

There was a lofty tone in this reprimand, ill-adapted to soothe the inimical and jealous spirits which had to listen; it was indeed the indignant voice of sovereignty in its wounded feelings—and since Mr. Clement Coke had elevated the tone of debate into something like heroism, it was not irrelevant in Charles, in the exaltation of his emotions, to have responded by a sentiment equally heroic.*

alone, not for the benefit of his people, whose utmost miseries, for they must suffer the evils to which he alluded, were in his idea trivial, in comparison of his being crossed in his arbitrary measures."—ii. 104.

Now, as I am conscious that the mind of Charles was incapable of admitting any such extravagance, as that "he reigned for himself alone, and not for the benefit of the people," I can only lament over those party prejudices which actuate a writer to compose volumes in this spirit, and deduce discoveries which equally violate human nature and human history.

* The Commons *deny* that these were the express words of Mr. Coke—that he spoke nothing seditious, "howsoever he let fall some few words whereat the House being displeased, it was expressed by a general and instant check." Charles was then more right in the spirit, than in the letter; but to have produced "a general and instant check," from the House,—that is from the majority, who were not yet seasoned by the party—it is not impossible that Mr. Coke may have delivered something worse than what had been conveyed to the King. We learn from another quarter, that Sir Edward Coke reprimanded his son very severely for his

But there was a sting in the close of this address, which reminded them that "Parliaments are altogether in my power for their calling, sitting, and dissolution; therefore, as I find the fruits of them good or evil, they were to continue, *or not to be.*" He finally conjured them "to look to the distressed affairs of the kingdom, so they would do themselves honour, and he hoped that all Christendom shall feel the good of it."

The Commons retreated after their lecture, closed their doors, and debated in an open committee, on certain parts of these speeches. Whether they dwelt on those ominous words—*or not to be,* the germ of the civil wars, does not appear by their "Remonstrance." All that we know is, that Charles commanded the Duke to explain some misunderstandings to which his language on this occasion had given rise; this Buckingham did in a most conciliatory speech, and by the King's command informed them that his Majesty intends to trust to a committee of both Houses to take a view of his whole estate, "the defects of which are

words, and would not receive him for a considerable time after. Carte, iv. 156. The Commons' denial of the King's accusation altogether was unworthy of themselves.—Thus it happened also on a subsequent occasion.

not fit for the eyes of a multitude, nor any weakness that may bring shame upon us abroad." The personal distresses of the monarch were humiliating, whatever might be his style.

Buckingham took this opportunity of addressing them on his own behalf. He gave them an ample account of his arduous negotiations; of his suspected religion, which, had he had any ill inclinations, might have allowed him, to have been tempted by the offers made him in Spain. He assured them that nothing was adopted by single counsels, and for the proof appealed "to a journal which my Lord Conway keeps,"* and that if the late expedition had proved unsuccessful, it had not been without its use.

There is an apparent openness in the speech, which gives a favourable idea of the man. It might have been a premeditated address, and perhaps was written for him; which was not unusual; but the sentiments were his, and could only have originated in his instructions. He speaks of himself not without modesty. "I should be glad, before I end, to say something

* If this "Journal" have escaped the ravages of the steward, the cats, and the rats, who committed such depredations on the Conway papers, it may yet be recoverable.

of myself; but I shall request your favourable construction, for I fear that I shall offend." —"If in any of these employments my errors may be showed me, I shall take him for my best friend that will manifest them in particular. I have bent all my thoughts on nothing but my master's honour, the service of the state, and safety of them both. I never had any end of my own, and that may be perceived and proved by the expense of mine own estate. I am ashamed to speak it, and it would become another man's tongue better than mine own." But "his own estate" had entirely been derived from the prodigal favours heaped on him by his Royal Master. This is obvious; but what is not obvious, and which I am anxious shortly to show, is, that Buckingham was zealously active for public ends, and that the favourite was in earnest to merit the honours of a patriot. At his death, his family discovered that he had supplied unlimited sums to the King to aid him in carrying on the war, amidst the royal distresses, and had kept no vouchers or any accounts whatever.

"I am accused by common fame to be the cause of the loss of the narrow seas. I have always had twelve ships on the coasts, and

allowance but for four—the rest my own care supplied.

"When you know the truth, and when all shall appear, I hope I shall stand right in your opinions. It is no time to pick quarrels one with another—follow not examples. Gondomar and Inojosa would have had my head when you thought me worthy of a salute. Now, though I confess there may be some errors I will not justify, yet they are not gross defects as the world would make them appear. They are no errors of wilfulness, nor of corruption, nor oppressing of the people, nor injustice."

"Now, gentlemen, you that were eminent Parliament-men when this council was first given, make good your own engagement for the honour of your King and your own safety; and you that are young men in these active times, gain honour and reputation, which is almost sunk in the glory of your predecessors."

There was a spirit in this address designed to infuse confidence among those who could feel none in the mercurial Minister. Neither the King's explanation, nor the Minister's conciliatory tone, delayed the articles which the Commons were preparing against him, while

at the same moment Buckingham witnessed a rising adversary in one whom of all men he most dreaded,—the Earl of Bristol. He had hitherto succeeded in removing this nobleman to a distance from the Court.

The quarrel of two jealous and powerful Ministers, both entangled in the most intricate and the darkest of negotiations, as the Spanish match still remained to all the parties concerned, was now to close in a fierce encounter *à l'outrance*, armed by mutual impeachments.

The Earl of Bristol, on his return from Spain, had been unquestionably estranging the late Sovereign's affections from the favourite. James had called the Earl "an honest man whom he would answer for." The death of James occurred at a critical hour. Buckingham, on his side, had early indisposed the tender mind of the young Prince against Bristol, and he had directed all the royal influence to keep Bristol in restraint. Two years had now elapsed since the Earl of Bristol had suffered the exile of retirement, and that repose, if exile can be repose to a discarded Minister, was only conditional, that he should "sit still without being questioned for any errors past" in the Spanish Negotiation.

The present moment seemed favourable to any design against the favourite. Bristol broke the silence of two years by claiming his seat in the House. The Earl now decided to appeal to Parliament in vindication of his honour, and to throw off the political imprisonment, so long endured under the disguise of domestic privacy. A struggle ensued between the King and the Earl. Charles issued his writ to summon him to Parliament, in compliance with the desire of the Lords, who asserted their privileges, but at the same time insisted that he should forbear his personal attendance, in compliance with the condition of his former restriction. Bristol's resolute decision, to take his place in the House of Lords, was remarkable. It was therefore on this occasion that Buckingham showed the Lords the copy of a letter to the Earl of Bristol, in which the King himself, in unqualified terms, criminated the Earl for his conduct in Spain, and by which the Lords were to infer that Bristol was put in restraint for state affairs.

Bristol then petitions to be heard in accusation of Buckingham. Instantly the Earl is himself charged with high-treason. The artifice of preventing a blow by inflicting one, was defeated by that perfect indifference in

the House of Lords, which seems to have divided them by an equal interest for both the rival ministers. They therefore agreed to hear each cause in succession. By this means the accusations of one great delinquent would not prevent the accused from making the accuser an equal delinquent; the criminations and recriminations of two great Ministers would furnish all that fuller information and entertainment which both their lordships and the public were quite prepared to expect.

Buckingham, who had hitherto succeeded in keeping Bristol in restraint, and absent from Parliament, well knew that the dignified character of the Earl would shake his lighter and vacillating conduct in public opinion. He feared the tale which yet remained untold; not the perplexed narrative of the Spanish match, which it would be more easy to contradict than to comprehend, nor the charge, that for the purpose of gratifying his own passion he had raised the Spanish war, conscious that Charles would sanction the whole, and that the Parliament would not care to look too scrupulously into the origin of a war of their own choice. In truth, whatever secret motive Buckingham might have indulged in a war with Spain, he well knew that he was acquiring

popularity by humouring the present temper of the nation. It was another tale than all this which the Duke feared—the history of himself! The indecorous carelessness of the favourite had held in scorn all prescribed modes of conduct in life, and in diplomacy; there was too a tenderness sore to touch in the religion of Buckingham; for, though James had furnished him with the result of Protestant arguments, he confessed that the Duke could not retain the arguments themselves, and though Laud, by hard conferences, steadied him from backslidings, it was credited that a certain bigoted Romanist, under whose influence he often acted, had more secret influence than the polemical sovereign, or the casuistical Archbishop—the old lady, his mother, who could not conscientiously suffer her son to stray from the only infallible church.

Bristol charged Buckingham with being "popishly affected, absenting himself from all exercises of religion in the Earl's house, frequented by all Protestants, and conforming so closely to the rites of the Spanish religion, as to kneel and adore their sacrament, endeavouring to procure the Prince's conversion by all possible means, and receiving a bull in parchment from the Pope, to thank him, and to encourage him in the perversion of the Prince."

To all these allegations, Buckingham might have replied that he was only practising a deception on the Spaniard, which might assist in hastening the torpid negotiation. But he could not have pleaded as successfully for "the scandal given by his personal behaviour, things neither fit for the Earl of Bristol to speak, nor indeed for the House to hear, however he leaves them to your Lordships' wisdom how far you will be pleased to have them examined."

Bristol, and indeed all Madrid, had been as watchful as they were cruel observers of Buckingham's indecencies and eccentricities; and this great statesman had condescended to furnish himself with a *Chronique Scandaleuse*, a diary of licentious follies, supplied by the domestic spies of a most inconsiderate master. One of these communications exists.

Whoever will examine the elaborate articles of the Attorney-General against the Earl of Bristol, formidably classed into "offences before his Majesty's going into Spain, at the time of the Prince's being in Spain, and after the Prince's return," and the replies of Bristol to each article, minutely curious, will have before him one of the most extraordinary documents of the perversity of the human understanding, and the mysterious complexity of human events. According to Bristol, the Court of

Madrid were at first not sincere in their propositions, but at the end they became so; but when we find such perpetual misunderstandings requiring explanation, where so much was said which was never meant, so much done which remained to be undone, when the most equivocal language and the most suspicious actions were to be commented on at a distant day, we are not surprised that each party looked on these strange transactions according to his own particular view, and accounted for them on very opposite principles. But what is startling is the direct contradiction of facts asserted by one party, and denied by the other. Where the accusations are positive, and each accuses the other of doing the very thing he is himself taxed with, we start at the hardihood of perjury, or we may suspect that both parties are alike criminal.

The Earl is accused of offering to concur with the Prince in his presumed conversion to the Roman faith. At the Prince's first coming to the Earl, he asked the Prince for what he came thither? The Prince at first, not conceiving the Earl's meaning, answered, "You know as well as I." The Earl replied, "Sir, servants can never serve their masters industriously, although they may do it faithfully,

unless they know their meanings fully. Give me leave, therefore, to tell you what they say in the town is the cause of your coming—that you mean to change your religion, and to declare it here, and yet cunningly to disguise it." The Earl added, "Sir, I do not speak this to persuade you to do it, or that I will promise you to follow your example though you do it; but, as your faithful servant, if you will trust me with so great a secret, I will endeavour to carry it the discreetest way I can."* At this the Prince expressed his indignation, and, as appears by the Earl's answer, asked "what the Earl saw in his Majesty, that he should think him so unworthy as to change his religion for a wife, or any earthly respect whatever?" And the Attorney-General goes on to show the treason of the Minister, in the dangerous consequences of his conduct to the true religion and to the State.

The Earl in reply does not deny the charge, which, says he, refutes itself; for he exultingly points out that he, at that very moment, had declared himself a Protestant. The truth is, that on the portentous arrival of the Prince with his companion, there was a general rumour among the Spaniards, that Charles came

* Rushworth, i. 252.

to make his conversion. This seemed to be a State secret, which the jealousy of Bristol attempted to fathom, and, in secrecy, he tampered with the Prince to start a discovery, with all the guarded caution of a sage politician, by which conduct he had not compromised himself, while at the same time, whether the Prince were Catholic or Protestant, he had equally offered to exert, on his side, the same unalterable zeal.

The Earl of Bristol was an able single man in the Cabinet, but the tumult and passion of the Senate disturbed the gravity and reflection which he had perhaps contracted from his long residence at the Court of Madrid. Hence his famous son, Lord Digby, we are told, looked on his father with more affection than respect, and as this son, in his versatility of opinions, came round to Astrology and Catholicism, it has been suspected that the Earl of Bristol was himself inclined to the religion of Spain. Some persons contract more local habits than they are aware of. But it was the political creed of Bristol which was most relaxed, or rather enlarged, and which occasioned at times some ambiguous conduct and language which a rigid Protestant might suspect. He once advised a bold measure, when he recommended that

the young Palatine, Charles's nephew, should be educated in the Roman Catholic Court of the Emperor, in order that a royal marriage might conciliate two opposite interests; and when Sir Walter Aston, in a passion, declared that "He durst not for his head consent to any such proposal," Bristol replied, that he saw no great inconvenience in it; the Prince might retain his religion; and without some such great action, it was desperate to hope for the peace of Christendom. This great statesman had an odd notion respecting the state of Protestantism in his day. He declared that "conscience, and love to truth only, not any temporal respects, made men constant to the Protestant religion—for that they suffered too much, which was to their honour," and he was fond of repeating James's observation, that "he was the true martyr that suffered more for his religion than all the princes of Christendom besides," which he could instance in various ways. As mere political men, in balancing opposite interests when a great design is in hand, have not always discriminated the fine shades of conviction, these calamities of Protestantism sounded suspiciously from the lips of the statesman, and it might seem dubious had Charles

been a converted Romanist, whether the Minister who offered to remain equally zealous, might not have slided over like his son.

The Earl is positively accused by Charles not only of concurring with Charles's presumed conversion, but of inforcing it by pointing out to him its conveniences, it being impossible to effectuate any great purpose by other means. In what degree Spanish politics might mingle with English Protestantism in the breast of this able statesman, it might have been difficult even for himself to have discerned. The wisdom of a statesman was wrestling with the faith of a martyr. But assuredly it might have been expected that a zealous Protestant would not have advanced so far in such arguments, and that his indignation at this treason of royalty in an English sovereign, might have overcome the cold policy of the statesman, which, to say the least, had too evidently characterised these secret conferences.*

* Mr. Hallam acknowledges that "the Earl of Bristol might be more partial to Spain than we may think right, or even he might have some bias towards the religion of Rome. The last, however, is by no means proved, for the King's word is no proof in my eyes." Mr. Brodie is blamed by Mr. Hallam for his severe attack on Bristol: the acknowledgment of the veracity of Charles would assist Mr. Brodie's arguments, nevertheless he could not let slip this opportunity

of throwing great doubts over the royal honour. "It is impossible to determine what degree of credit is due to the statement." Yet probably overcome for a moment by the very conviction which I myself feel, Mr. Brodie adds, "though it is amazing to think, that a person in his elevated sphere should have had the frontless assurance to accuse one of his subjects to his face of such an offence, without foundation." *Amazing* indeed, because it seems to me *impossible!* I shall never believe that Charles was capable of the guilt of inventing an entire conference, particular in its detail, and express in its language; particularly as we find from other sources that Bristol entertained in other instances the same equivocal notions and conduct. This Earl offers a curious evidence of the variable conflict of politics and religion in the same breast. In my own mind I entertain no doubt of the Protestantism, perhaps weak, of Bristol: he gave the Parliament the most ample testimonials from his earliest days and through his whole conduct in Spain; and Fuller has distinguished him, probably from his own testimony, as "a stout champion of the Church of England." But, be it remembered that the Digbys were a family of Romanists, and that their historian Dodd, has inscribed the name of this Earl of Bristol in his catalogue, with a remark, that "though he was always a Protestant, yet he discovered himself both in the treaty of the Spanish Match, *and on several occasions*, to be no enemy to the Catholic interest."—Dodd's Church History of England, ii. 357.

CHAPTER XII.

IMPEACHMENT OF BUCKINGHAM BY THE COMMONS.

AFTER the maturing silence of two years, Bristol could bring forward against Buckingham nothing but vilifying personalities, more adapted to supply the month's talk of newswriters and gossippers, than to furnish an Attorney General with articles of high treason.

A Parliamentary anecdote on this occasion has come down to us. When the Earl of Bristol had ended his charge against Buckingham, Lord Spencer rising, inquired "Is this all you have to say against the Duke?" "Yes, my Lord, and I am sorry it is so much." "Then," rejoined Lord Spencer, "if this be all, *ridiculus mus!*" and sat down. Lord Cromwell hastened to Mr. Robert Spencer, the younger

son of his Lordship, and who was zealously acting with the party in the Commons against the Duke, "Dick, what is done in your house to-day against the Duke?" "My Lord, he is charged with no less than high treason."—"High treason! tush Dick! if this be all, *ridiculus mus!*"* This humorous application of Lord Cromwell's seems like a comment on the opposite politics of the father and the son; but it is not quite evident which side the humorist himself would have adopted. We see, perhaps, much clearer than either party did at the time.

A theme of loftier interest, an accusation far more solemn, where orators were to be the witnesses, and public opinion the tribunal, were now to open for the sovereign and the minister, in the impeachment of the Favourite by the Commons.

But the Commons did not come forward, as is admirably remarked by Hume, to accuse Buckingham for his conduct in the Spanish treaty. They approved the Spanish war too well to quarrel with its origin. Its object was English, for it was to wrest the Palatinate from ambitious Austria and to reduce Catholic preponderancy. The unanimous voice of the nation had sanctioned it, and the Lords and Commons on that

* Hamon L'Estrange, p. 29.

occasion, responded "as if the two Houses had been twins; what the one had thought and said and done, the other had thought and said and done." They chose the war, but they refused the supplies. To palliate this sudden change in the measures of the Commons, party-writers have imagined, that the Commons had now discovered that Buckingham had deceived them, and that they had been seduced by his statement. Not a single member raised any objection of this nature. If Buckingham had hastened a war, he knew that by such conduct he should acquire the popularity which it, in fact, brought him; and so far from the Commons having been seduced by Buckingham, it would be more just to say that Buckingham had been seduced by the Commons.

In one respect, however, the charges against the Favourite resembled that of Bristol: they turned chiefly on personalities.

The impeachment of Buckingham was opened before the Lords by Sir Dudley Digges, who afterwards was one of those who went over to the court party. Professing to deliver himself, "in plain country language, setting by all rhetorical affectations," he informed the Peers that the Commons had discovered that all the

evils which they suffered were drawn like one line to one circumference from one centre, which met in one great man, whom I am here to name—the Duke of Buckingham.

In mentioning the name, Sir Dudley looked up and made a sudden stand. The courtly patriot was disconcerted;* the undaunted Duke was facing his accuser. Sir Dudley held in his hand a voluminous roll, and in the preamble of the charge, he had to read the lengthened and the multiplied titles of the plurality of offices, and all the honours held by, as the words run, this "young and inexperienced Duke."

The lofty titles resounding through the House, raised our orator's spirit with a *paulo majora canamus*—and "the plain country language" rolls on into a folio metaphor. Earth and air are ransacked to describe the manufactures, the husbandry, and the commerce of the industrious Commons. The sun in the firmament is the glorious king, the fixed stars their lordships, the elements of fire are the clergy, and the judges are the air they breathe. Amidst

* The circumstance of Sir Dudley's sudden stop is noticed by Hamon l'Estrange, whence Rushworth appears to have drawn his curtailed information.

this elemental imagery, the discovery of a blazing meteor troubles the Commons, "who though they be the footstool, and the lowest, yet may well be said to be the settled centre of the State." But as for this "prodigious comet" they cannot look upon it, and for want of a "perspective, commend the nearer examination to their lordships."

Such a prologist as Sir Dudley, seemed scarcely to threaten in the circumlocutions of his ornate style. He left the less graceful parts to men who were less awed by courtly dispositions, and who did not cherish a concealed hope of one day climbing into that radiant firmament which he had so painfully delineated.

On the first day, the Duke sat outfacing his accusers, and outbraving their accusations; but he absented himself on the following day, when the epilogue to this mighty drama was elaborately delivered by Sir John Eliot, with a force of declamation and a hardiness of personal allusion, which have not been surpassed by the invectives of the modern Junius.

Eliot, after expatiating on the Favourite's ambition in procuring and getting into his hands the greatest offices of strength and power in the kingdom, drew a picture of "the inward

character of the Duke's mind, full of collusion and deceit. He was a chimerical beast, called by the ancients *Stellionatus*, so blurred, so spotted, so full of foul lines, that they knew not what to make of it. In setting up himself, he hath set upon the kingdom's revenues, the fountain of supply, and the nerves of the land.—He intercepts, consumes, and exhausts the revenues of the crown, and by emptying the veins the blood should run in, *he hath cast* the kingdom into a high consumption."

Eliot descends to criminate the Duke's magnificent tastes, he who had something of a congenial nature; for Eliot was a man of fine literature. "Infinite sums of money, and mass of land exceeding the value of money; contributions in Parliament have been heaped upon him; and how have they been employed? Upon costly furniture, sumptuous feasting, and magnificent buildings, the *visible evidence of the express exhausting of the State!*"

One dark insinuation ambiguously expressed crimes more dreadful, relating to the King. "Not satisfied with injuries and injustice, and dishonouring of religion, his attempts go higher, to the prejudice of his Sovereign. The effects I fear to speak, and fear to think. I end this passage, as Cicero did in a like case,

Ne gravioribus utar verbis quam rei natura fert, aut levioribus quam causæ necessitas postulat."

The implacable Eliot eloquently closes :—

" Your lordships have an idea of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. You have known his practice, and have heard the effects. Being such, what is he in reference to King and State; how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the King, he must be styled the canker in his treasure; in reference to the State, the moth of all goodness. I can hardly find him a parallel; but none were so like him as Sejanus, who is described by Tacitus, *Audax, sui obtegens, in alios criminator, juxta adulator et superbus.* Sejanus's pride was so excessive, as Tacitus saith, that he neglected all councils, mixed his business and service with the Prince, seeming to confound their actions, and was often styled *Imperatoris laborum socius.* Doth not this man the like? Ask England, Scotland, and Ireland, and they will tell you! How lately and how often hath this man commixed his actions in discourses with actions of the King's! My Lords! I have done—you see the Man!"

The parallel of the Duke with Sejanus, electrified the House. It touched Charles on a convulsive nerve. The young King was here not great, but indignant. Charles complained of Eliot's comparing the Duke with Sejanus, "implicitly he must intend me for Tiberius," said the King.* Once in the audacity of invective, and the flash of oratorical faction, overcome by his own imagination, a speaker compared a Monarch to Nero!—The King, rejecting the private calumny, only replied by his public silence.

The last charge against Buckingham was at least as merciless as it was offensive. Without possessing any other evidence than the appearance of the corpse, which, in a body of such gross humour as James's, seems not difficult to account for—the charge sanctioned the rumour of the poisoning of the late King, "by the plaister and the posset administered by the means of Buckingham." That rumour, at the time of which we write, was so rife, that even that political and dignified courtier, Bristol, in a moment of irritation, ventured on a painful allusion, when he had occasion to notice the late King's promise to hear him himself—"I

* I find this piece of secret history inclosed in a letter of the times, with a solemn injunction that it should be burnt.

pray God," he added, "that that promise did him no hurt, for he died shortly after." On a subsequent appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, Bristol craved pardon for his late earnest speech, confessing it to have been in passion. Whether Dr. Eglisham's famous libel originated in this rumour, or whether it were the contrivance of a party, is not now, perhaps, to be ascertained; but the cruelty of such dreadful accusations is, that they survive their victim, whether criminal or innocent.*

* "The Forerunner of Revenge" is a tract well known to collectors. It bears every feature of a dreadful political libel; the aggravating minuteness of its narrative betrays the extravagant imagination of the writer. The account of the presumed poisoning of the Marquis of Hamilton by Buckingham is ridiculous; and the description of the appearance of the corpse is perfectly grotesque. Mr. Brodie has entered largely and fairly into this investigation. Referring to Sanderson's testimony, that Eglisham wrote as many lies as lines, who was told by Gerbier, that Eglisham, when abroad, offered to publish a recantation for four hundred guilders, Mr. Brodie does not incline to give credit to the tale. I find it, however, confirmed in the manuscript memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier himself. "The falseness of his libels," says Gerbier, "he hath since acknowledged, though too late. During my residency at Bruxelles, this Eglisham desired Sir William Chaloner, who then was at Liege, to bear a letter to me, which is still extant. He proposed, if the King would pardon and receive him into favour again, with some compe-

The foulest taint of suspicion must remain attached to the character of Buckingham. I repeat, what I have formerly observed, that it requires more time and cost to repair an edifice than to damage it; and more zeal to defend the calumniated than care to raise the calumny. An attack, if it deserve notice, is necessarily lively, but a defence can only boast of an honest intention; and nothing short of a miraculous demonstration will so completely eradicate a false, or an aggravated charge, as to leave no traces of it behind in the minds of those who have long received the erroneous impression.

The conduct of Charles on this occasion, irritated as he evidently was, proved to be the beginning of his troubles, and the first of the more open attempts to crush the popular party.

The King came down to the House of Lords to vindicate the Duke from the charges of the Commons. "I can bear witness," said Charles, "to clear him in every one of them;"—but "he thought fit to take order to punish some insolent speeches. I have been too remiss in punishing such speeches as concern myself,

tent subsistence, he would recant all that he had said or written, confessing that he had been urged thereunto by some combustious spirits, that, for their malicious designs, had set him on work." Sloane MSS. 4181.

but Buckingham would not suffer me to take notice of them, lest he might be thought to have set me on. My Lords, I hope you will be as tender of my honour as I have been sensible of yours." The King evidently alluded to the last charge against Buckingham, which involved his own honour.

Digges and Eliot, the prologue and the epilogue orators, were called out of the House by two messengers, who, showing their warrant, took them to the Tower.

On this memorable day, a philosophical politician, had such a character existed at that time, might have presciently marked the seed-plots of events, which, not many years afterwards, were apparent to all men. The passions of Kings are often expatiated on, but in the present anti-monarchical period the passions of Parliament are not imaginable.

The Commons, with a fierce spirit of reaction for the King's threat of "punishing some insolent speeches," sent up to the Lords for the commitment of the Duke.* The same eager spirit which afterwards pursued Straf-

* Even Mr. Hallam confesses, that as the Commons heard no evidence in support of their charges, it was rather unreasonable in them to request that he might be committed to the Tower.

ford to the scaffold had now appeared, though it was yet unrecognized.

The Duke's speech to the Lords in answer to this arbitrary conduct of the Commons, must have been unpremeditated. It betrays neither the fears of a state criminal, nor the arrogance of a royal favourite. We may form some notion of the man himself, by the disclosure of his own genuine emotions.

" My Lords,

" If I should hold my peace, it would argue guilt; if I should speak, it would argue boldness. Your Lordships see what complaints are made against me by the House of Commons. How well I stood in their opinions not long since, your Lordships know; what I have done since to lose their good opinions, I protest I know not. I cannot so distrust my own innocency, as to decline any course or court of justice; they have done me a favour to deliver me out of their hands into your Lordships.

" I will not speak any thing to cast dirt at those who have taken pains to make me so foul, but I hope to prove my innocency before such just judges. I desire my trial may be hastened, that I may no longer suffer than I must needs; but since my accusers have not

been content only to make my process, but to prescribe to your Lordships the manner of your judgment, and to judge me before I am heard, I shall not give way to any of their unjust demands."

When the fate of the two patriots was known, the Commons instantaneously broke up, and in the afternoon assembled in Westminster Hall, to interchange their private sentiments on the fate of the two imprisoned members in sullen indignation.* The flame which had broken forth and had shown itself, now seemed to sink within its own volcano, feeding itself on its own bed, to rage the more at a fresh eruption.

The following day, the Commons met in their own House. When the Speaker reminded them of the usual business, with one unanimous shout they cried out, "Sit down! sit down!" they would touch on no business till "they were righted in their liberties." An open committee of the whole House was formed, and no member suffered to leave it, yet no one spoke. They were either at a loss how to open this awful conference, or they expressed their indignation by a sullen silence.

* The Diary of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, 646.—Harleian MSS.

At moments like these, an accidental folly, which another time might pass away, may render permanent the mischief it would prevent.

The Vice-chamberlain, Sir Dudley Carleton, who had long been one of our foreign ambassadors, and who having witnessed the despotic governments on the Continent, imagined that there was no deficiency of liberty at home, ventured to break the harrowing silence.

"I find," said the Vice-chamberlain, "by a great silence in this House, that it is a fit time to be heard, if you will grant me the patience." He opened with an idle tale of having in his voyage to Marseilles been cast on a variety of sands, and when the passengers were in despair, an old mariner looking on the compass, told them that to clear themselves from the sands, they ought to know how they came there, for by taking a new point it would bring them out. The book of orders was the compass here, and he beseeched them to look, whether the gentlemen (in the aggravation of their charges, particularly the last, of the cause of the King's death) did not go farther than the orders did warrant them, and how easy it would yet be to bring us from these rocks.

Alluding to one of the King's messages, where it was hinted, that "if there was no cor-

respondency between him and the Parliament, he should be forced to use new counsels;" he added, "I pray you consider what these new counsels are and may be; I fear to declare those I conceive." However, Sir Dudley plainly indicated them. "When Monarchs began to know their own strength, and saw the turbulent spirit of their *Parliaments*, they had overthrown them in all Europe, except here only with us." The Vice-Chamberlain had not yet learnt to distinguish our own *representative* Parliament, from the *Parlementaires* of Lawyers in France,—an ambiguous term, which like that of the French *Noblesse*, when confounded during the French Revolution with our class of nobility in a confusion of terms, gave rise to erroneous ideas and principles in this country. Our old ambassador drew an amusing picture of the effects of arbitrary governments on the Continent. "If you knew the subjects in foreign countries as well as myself, to see them look, not like our nation, with store of flesh on their backs, but like so many ghosts, and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet, so that they cannot eat meat, or wear good clothes, but they must pay the King for

it; this is a misery beyond expression and that which we are yet free from." A long residence abroad had deprived Sir Dudley Carleton of any sympathy with the elevated tone of freedom, and the proud jealousy of their privileges, which though yet depending only on precedents, unascertained, undefined, and still often contested, was breaking forth among the Commons of England. At the close, Carleton remarked on the tartness and personal attacks of Eliot, and here he was more reasonable.

The speech was designed to be conciliatory —but the physician had unskilfully applied an emollient, which produced inflammation. "These imprudent suggestions rather gave warning, than struck terror," observes Hume. It was evident, that "new counsels" meant, what subsequently was practised, a monarchical government without a Parliament! As for the ghosts with wooden shoes, to which the House was congratulated that they were not yet reduced, the House could only infer, that it was necessary to prevent the possibility of any such clouted apparitions.

Some offensive words, in allusion to the death of the late King, the Duke persisted in asserting, had dropped from Digges, and

to prove which assertion, he appealed to notes taken at the time. After an equivocal termination in the House of Peers, these were explained away, Digges declaring that they had not been used by him. It seems probable, that he was suffered to eat his words. The implacable Eliot was made of "sterner stuff." He explained a good deal, without retracting much.

But peace did not return with the two imprisoned patriots. It was fated, that the celestial spirit of our national freedom should not descend among us in the form of the mystical dove. The Commons did not decline in the serpent's wisdom with which they had begun. They covertly aimed at once, to subjugate the Sovereign, and to expel the Minister. A remonstrance was prepared against the levying of tonnage and poundage, which constituted half of the Crown revenues, and a petition "equivalent to a command" for removing Buckingham from his Majesty's person and councils."

The Remonstrance is wrought up with a high spirit of invective against "the unbridled ambition of the Duke," whom they class "among those vipers and pests to their King and Commonwealth, as so expressly styled by

your most Royal Father." They request that "the King would be pleased to remove this person from access to his sacred presence, and that he would not balance this one man, with all these things, and with the affairs of the Christian world."

He who would enter into the views and feelings of Charles at this moment, should consult another immortal page of the philosophical historian.*

In the eyes of Charles, Buckingham was not criminal, but the Commons were. They had engaged him in a war, and deserted their sovereign when they saw that for him a retreat was impossible. And to what amounted the charges against the Duke? The heaviest, that of the loan of the ships to France, to serve against the French Protestants, Charles knew to be a mere popular error, as we shall shortly show. Could they allege the ineptitude of the Minister? Great evils under his administration had not yet occurred, and the people sent forth no cries of oppression. Could the young King sacrifice his friend to the clamours of a party, and, as it seemed to him, for the mean motive of pecuniary purposes? Long after, Charles, even at a more critical period, vowed that "He

* Hume, vi. 221.

and Buckingham should perish together!" It was at this time that Sir Robert Cotton, returning from an interview with the King and the Favourite, observed, that the King will never yield to the Duke's fall, being a young man, resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly affectionate where he takes." * Charles, besides these private motives, had public ones. He felt that the sovereign authority would in fact be reduced, were it to become "contemptible, and carried to the lowest extremity?"

With the Commons, Buckingham was criminal enough, for they were not within the spell of his fascination. He was the splendid creature of the royal favour of two sovereigns. His youthful presumption, his towering ambition, and his undisguised enmities, had sickened the hearts of the envious, and stung the spirit of the vindictive. His enemies too were orators.

Charles, under the influence of angried feelings, hastily dissolved the second Parliament; and when the Lords petitioned for its continuance, the King warmly exclaimed, "Not a moment longer!"

* From a manuscript letter.

From the opening of this Parliament, the style of Charles the First had changed. It was now stately, and the courteous solicitation he once used,—the language of his heart—was no longer theirs.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLE OF THE IMPEACHMENT OF BUCKINGHAM: SECRET HISTORY OF THE LOAN OF ENGLISH SHIPS TO SERVE AGAINST THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

Of this impeachment by the Commons of a Minister invested with such a plurality of offices and honours—an individual so potent by situation, and so inconsiderate by disposition, as the Duke of Buckingham, it must be candidly acknowledged, as assuredly it might satisfactorily be shown, that Hume has not exceeded the truth in asserting that "the articles were either frivolous, or false, or both. After canvassing the matter near three months, they found themselves utterly incapable of fixing any legal crime upon the duke."

It is something more than curious to detect the misconceptions of our historians, on the heaviest charge of this impeachment, the loan of English ships to the French Government for

the purpose of opposing the French Protestants, —a strange transaction, which, however, ceases to be ambiguous when we unfold its secret history.

I regret that Mr. Hallam has too hastily assumed a sweeping conclusion on the articles of this impeachment. "He tells us many of them were *probably* well-founded." *Probably* is a term of nullity in historical evidence; it includes neither the labour of research, nor the force of argument; it is the cypher of prejudice, which placed by an unit of fact, swells out into a mighty sum what in itself is of very small amount. A more accurate knowledge of the prevalent customs of the age, a very little candour, and a closer investigation of the articles themselves, would have deterred the constitutional historian from this unjust severity to "the minion." Rapacity and avarice were not the vices of Buckingham. Even Mr. Brodie lays no stress on the impeachment, though he affects a solitary triumph by asserting, that by Hume's own account of the loan of ships to France, which were employed by that State against the French Protestants, Buckingham was guilty on this charge, which Mr. Brodie considers as "a principal article of the impeachment."

Buckingham, in reply to this heavy charge, in his able defence, drawn up by Sir Nicholas Hyde, declares that "He did that which belonged to an Admiral of England and *a true Englishman.*" A forcible expression, and in my mind at all times adapted to his genuine character. Buckingham certainly was always English in his feelings. But having made this declaration the duke faltered, and acknowledged that to clear himself, it was necessary to disclose a *State Secret.* On his solicitation to his Majesty, he afterwards obtained leave to do this, but the whole affair was interrupted by the dissolution of Parliament. On this Mr. Brodie observes, "The duke had the effrontery to state, that he had been over-reached by the French Court, who pretended a design against Genoa, and that when he discovered the imposition, he frustrated it, and by his measures in favour of Rochelle, the strong place of the French Protestants, he had hitherto saved it from destruction." All this Mr. Brodie considers as "the subterfuge of a state criminal."

We are deeply interested to ascertain the truth of this mysterious transaction. It will illustrate that important principle which I have already developed in a preceding chapter, and which throws a new light over those

ambiguous events in our history, when the Government, from a secret policy buried in the Cabinet, and concealed from the public eye, appeared to act in opposition to the interests of the country, when, in short, State-reasons prevail over popular feelings.

The state secret, alleged by Buckingham, not having yet been disclosed, our historians have been thrown into the most conflicting reasonings, and the most fallacious statements.

The loan of a single man of war, and seven merchant vessels to France, which France afterwards employed against the reformed of Rochelle, certainly without the consent, or the intention of our Government, was always looked on suspiciously by the English nation. Even in his unpublished Memoir, Gerbier, the confidential agent of Buckingham, and to his last day the faithful servant of three English Sovereigns, acknowledges, that "when these ships were employed contrary to the intention, it gave more colour to such as love to find fault than could have been wished."

The history of this loan of ships we shall trace from the beginning. When James the First, on the rupture with Spain, formed a strict alliance with France, the French Cabinet decided, however contrary to the private feel-

ings of the French Monarch, to head a league of the Protestant powers. The English Government was cherishing the aid and amity of France for the recovery of the eternal Palatinate, as likewise were the Hollanders, with the view of weakening the power of their ancient enemy and Sovereign. Spain, on her side, was not less active, and to avenge herself on her great rival, whose aid had essentially contributed to the emancipation of the New States of Holland, she had stirred up the malcontents of France into open insurrection. The Duke of Rohan, and his brother Soubise, were the great chiefs of the Huguenots, and were raising an independent Government in France itself.* On the remonstrances of the French Government, the Protestant allies of France could only consider the French Princes in the class of rebels, and in intimate connexion with Spanish interests.

The French Cabinet had promised to con-

* This circumstance is alluded to in the "Testament Politique du Cardinal de Richelieu."—The Catholic style is remarkable. L'Espagnol fit un Traité avec le Duc de Rohan, pour former un corps de rebelles à Dieu et à V. M., tout ensemble moiennant un million qu'il lui devoit donner tous les ans, et dont par ce moien il rendoit les Indes tributaires à l'Enfer."

clude a treaty on favourable terms with their Protestants; but ere this could be effectuated, the French Government pleaded the absolute necessity of suppressing the insurrection in their own realms before they signed the terms already agreed on with the Reformed, that for their own credit it should appear that these conditions had been granted by good will and favour, and not by compulsion. The French marine was then at so low an ebb, that Soubise seemed master of the seas. It was at this moment, and under these circumstances, that France urged the performance of a defensive treaty with England and Holland. The Dutch statesmen, conscious of the State-necessity of supporting France against the power and intrigues of Spain, furnished their great ally with twenty ships, according to an existing treaty, in return for money and other aid lent the infant Republic by France; and James, learning from his ambassadors at Paris, that the treaty between the French Cabinet and the Reformed was nearly concluded, agreed to the loan of a single man of war and seven vessels on the proviso, that they were never to be employed against the Rochellers, for whom the English Monarch had already obtained favourable conditions; it was stipulated that these English

vessels were to act against Genoa, or any other ally of Spain.

This affair now assumed to the public eye the most perplexed appearance. This state policy produced in Holland the very same consequences as in England. The Duke of Rohan, and his brother Soubise, having openly adopted the cause of the Huguenots, remonstrated on the iniquity of Protestants warring against Protestants for a Catholic power! It was proved against the States, that while they had indeed promised the Protestant deputies of the Rochellers all they required, they, at the same time, had dispatched secret orders to their Admiral to join the French.

Such are the high mysteries of "King-craft," as James the First described the intrigues of Cabinets. Each State, to obtain its own purpose, is apparently acting against its own interests. The people, who know nothing of such political involutions, revolted in Holland at the present one. The clergy declaimed from their pulpits, the populace was incited to pull down the house of the Admiral and his friends, and the public spirit was so uncontrollable, that the Dutch Government deemed it proper to give way to it. They were suspected by the French Cabinet of having connived at these tumults,

though it appears that they did not dare to exercise any authority, dreading a general insurrection throughout the United Provinces.

The promised treaty with the French Protestants was still delayed, and Rohan and Soubise were still in revolt. When Charles learnt that the treaty was uncertain, Gerbier tells us, that the King began to act with great caution and suspicion. To prevent any injury to the Huguenots of Rochelle, in whose interests our Cabinet was engaged, and which afterwards led to the French war, the King commanded Gerbier to write in cypher to Captain Pennington, that though he had cast anchor in the roads of Dieppe, and the Marquis d'Effiat expected to have the eight ships given up to French officers, on the receipt of Gerbier's letter he was to weigh anchor and return to the Downs. Pennington gladly obeyed, which threw the Marquis into a violent rage, he declaring that for this open act of disobedience of orders nothing less than the life of Pennington should satisfy him, and he instantly dispatched a messenger to Charles. For the truth of this statement, Gerbier appeals to Mr. Secretary Nicholas, then secretary to the Admiralty.*

* In the charge made by the Commons, the curious reader will find a most abundant detail of all the transactions relative

Pennington returned home, and proceeded to Oxford, where the Parliament sat. Buckingham is accused by the Commons that knowing from Pennington the state of affairs, he subtily concealed it from Parliament, observing "boldly and untruly," say the Commons, that "it was not always fit for Kings, to give account of their counsels, and that five or six months had already passed, and the ships were not employed against Rochelle,—and prayed their lordships to judge the things by the

to the loan of these ships.—Rushworth i. 322 to 333.—And when he shall have read the present chapter, he will learn how a heap of cross-purposes may furnish out a most formidable body of evidence against a state delinquent. A round-robin by the sailors was laid under the Prayer-Book of Pennington. It is evident that the English sailors were in as great a consternation as the Hollanders at fighting against their brother Protestants, and the Commons, as Hume says, "showed the same attachment with the sailors for the Protestant religion, nor was their zeal much better guided by reason and sound policy." Hume has taken the most profound views on this curious state of affairs. Such noble passages discover that political sagacity which confers immortality on his pages.—vi. 209.—Smollet seems at a loss to solve the riddle. "Even these Huguenots were supported by the King of Spain, and their revolt prevented Louis from assisting the English monarch in his designs against the House of Austria."—A valid reason for the King of England assisting his brother and ally of France to put down the insurrection of the French princes.

event, to which he would refer the whole matter." "By which cunning speeches," so the Commons animadvert, "he made the Lords and Commons believe that the ships were never meant to be employed against the Rochellers.*

In the meantime, Charles having received satisfactory accounts from his agents at Paris, concerning the Treaty with the French protestants, Pennington was again commanded to return to Dieppe, and give up the ships to the French officers. Mr. Larkin, who was an able and confidential agent of the English Government, had inforced the return to Dieppe, assuring our Cabinet, that the peace was settled between the French Government and its Reformed; but a sudden change in the French councils occurring, that Charles might be instructed with this important information, Larkin set off himself post from Paris; embarking in stormy

* It is useful to notice what sort of evidence a party will get up against a state culprit. A Monsieur *de la Touche*, probably a French Protestant, meeting at Salisbury Mr. Sherwell, a member, going to Parliament, and informing our member that the Duke had assured him these ships were not to act against his countrymen, notwithstanding they had since, concluded that *le Duc est un mechant homme*. The charge in the Impeachment winds up with this positive evidence of this good Monsieur de la Touche, of the delinquency of this impeached minister!

weather he was cast away, and arrived too late to be timely. Another agent, one Clarke, who had also been employed in this negotiation lost himself in the opinion of Buckingham, and was so sensible of his inept conduct that he died of grief.

Such is the secret history of this ambiguous transaction; and when Buckingham was accused of having betrayed the English cause, it was not wonderful that he should have faltered, and declared, that his vindication could only be effected by the revealment of a state secret; but he boldly assured them, that he had acted like "an Englishman."

We are now enabled to confirm the allegation of Buckingham. We can prove that the original destination of the ships was Genoa, with the design of alarming the Spanish coast. We can also explain certain obscure passages which Dr. Lingard has brought forward to criminate this Minister. "The offence said to have been committed by the Duke, was, that he, as High-Admiral, had lent English ships for the purpose of opposing the Protestants. That Buckingham's allegation was false, is evident from the whole tenor of the transaction, from the unwillingness of the Duke to give an explanation, from a passage in

his letter, dated Paris, May 30, 1625: "The peace with them of the religion depends upon the success of that fleet they (the French) had from your Majesty, and the Low Countries."* And from another passage in the instructions given to him on the 17th of October: "We conceive that the work which was required to be done by them, (the ships,) *being the suppression of Soubise*, is accomplished."

The reader will now for the first time understand these obscure passages, which perfectly accord with Gerbier's statement. "The peace with them of the religion, *i. e.* the French Protestants, depended on the success of the ships borrowed from the two countries." This success refers to the suppression of Soubise's maritime force, as it is precisely so stated in the instructions. The King, concluding that work had been done, now insisted on the final termination of the treaty of peace so long depending between the French Government and their Protestants.

The story of this loan of ships to France, is a very striking example of the effects of popular exaggeration. May, the poet and Parliamentary historian, no intemperate writer, in

* Clarendon Papers, ii. Appendix, xxv.

opening the chief causes of the civil war of England, after noticing "the unhappy and dishonourable expeditions" to Cadiz and the Isle of Rhé, as a more prominent cause, gives "that of all other most destructive to the Protestant religion, when King Charles not long before had lent a strong navy to the King of France.* It is curious to discover, on turning to the French historian's account of this transaction, that the aid of the English on this occasion was deemed so inconsiderable, that he almost passes it over in silence. I give Père Griffet's own words, as they confirm the truth of Buckingham's statement. "Comme on vouloit attaquer les Genois par mer et par terre on envoya demander des vaisseaux au Roi d'Angleterre et aux Hollandois. On ne tira du Roi d'Angleterre que des promesses vagues qui demeurerent sans effet; mais les Hollandois s'engagerent à donner vingt vaisseaux bien armés."†

We must consider the subject of this chapter, not only historically curious, as throwing a new light over the administration of

* May's "Breviary of the History of the Parliament," p. 7. This little volume must not be considered as a mere abridgment of his larger work;—it is an original one on the same subject.

† Histoire de France, xiii. 442.

Buckingham, but as developing political instruction of far higher interest. It proves that there are state secrets which cannot either in honour or policy be trusted to the public ear; and that when the Cabinet appears to be acting contrary to the desires of the country, the Government, with more wisdom than public newswriters and clamorous party-men will be willing to allow them, may be advancing the complicate objects of national interests. We see, in the present case, how the Dutch Government was right, as statesmen, in adopting their unpopular measures; and we also see how fatally, by submitting to the dictate of popular prejudices, they impeded the great design of reducing the mighty strength of Spain, the success of which design could only be insured by maintaining the interests of the only power which could balance Spanish predominance. In combating, then, with the Protestant insurgents of France, England and Holland were hastening that peace for the Protestant cause which had been so long delayed. There are paradoxes in history which conceal truths.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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